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AUG. 28, '20

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Holworthy Hall—George F. Parker—Arthur Train—Princess Cantacuzène
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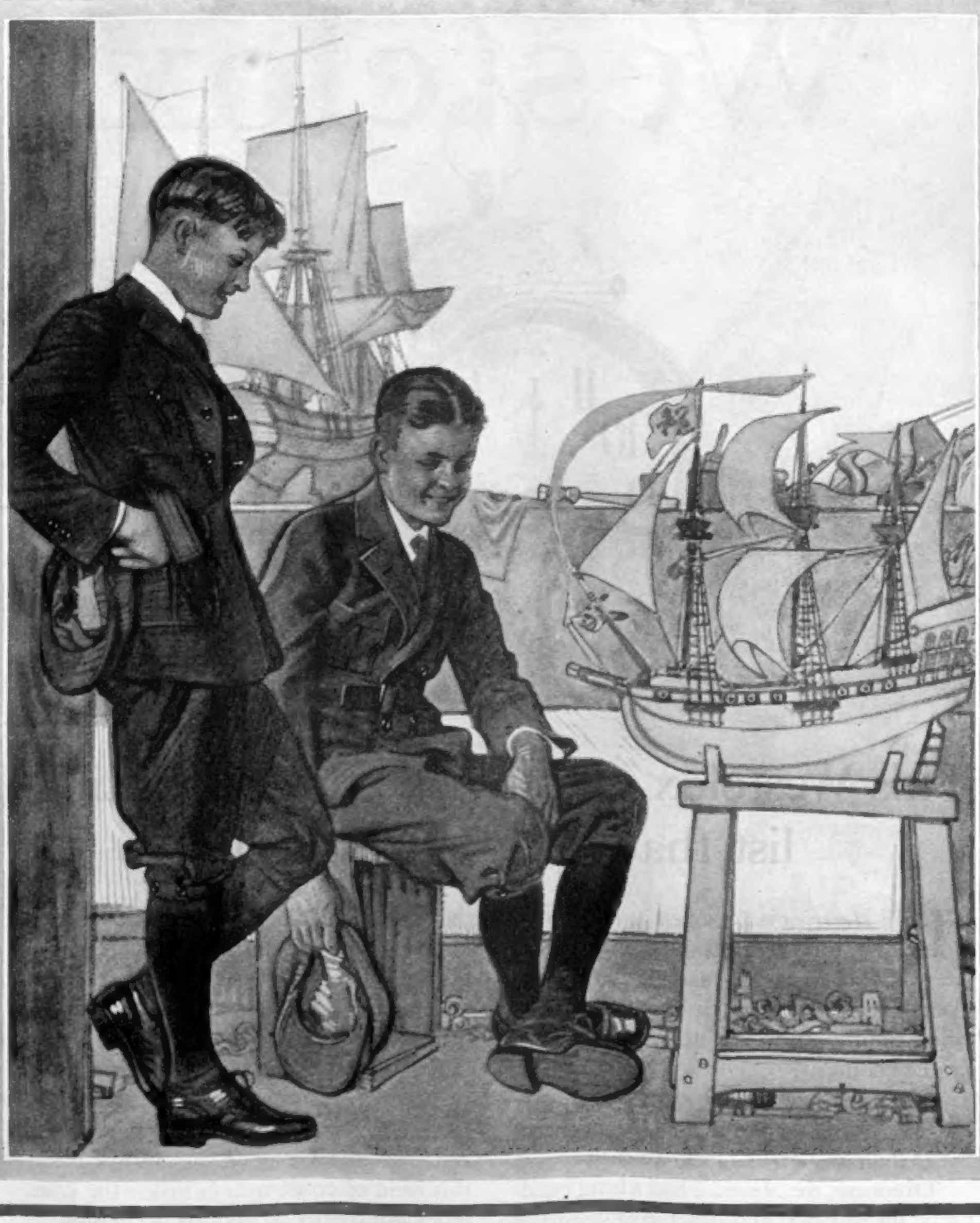

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Quality and style—the two things most wanted in boys' clothes—are in ours
Boys like the way they look; parents like the way they wear

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Boys' clothes as good as fathers'

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SNIFFSKI

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"I Ought to Have Known," He Said Abjectly. "I Never Had a Chance, Did I? I Never Even Had a Chance"

IN THE first place Jean Claygate's father was a city magistrate; and perhaps because there was never a change of fashion in his own employment or in the language he used from the bench, he was particularly sensitive to changes of fashion elsewhere. In the second place young Anthony Hackett was a modern of the moderns, and a man so typical of the period that his appearance and his deportment and even his vocabulary aroused in Mr. Claygate a keen and yet a fascinated intolerance. In the third place and finally young Hackett was the son of Mr. Claygate's best friend—a friend who had been so rare and so idealized that for his sake the magistrate was willing to concede almost anything in the world to Anthony. Indeed Mr. Claygate placed a single limit to this generality; nor was he thinking in current slang when he informed himself soberly that his own daughter Jean was the limit.

It mustn't be supposed, however, that Mr. Claygate based his appraisal of young men, and especially of young Anthony Hackett, upon clothes and conversation alone. On the contrary Mr. Claygate, whose daily occupation it was to sit as a Nemesis, was in the habit of taking his magisterial character home with him, so that he judged all people with discrimination and not on purely circumstantial evidence. But when he was on the bench Mr. Claygate had primarily to deal with citizens who had done those things which they ought not to have done, and when he was dealing with Anthony it was with a man who hadn't done the things he should.

His charges against Anthony were triple: Anthony at twenty-four was content to live on his inherited income—or rather he lived just beyond it; and Mr. Claygate had more than once observed that when Anthony's father had himself been twenty-four he could have managed to exist very comfortably on the interest of what Anthony tried to owe. Then Anthony, with a university education concealed somewhere about him, was satisfied to discount his native intelligence by using it to no purpose at all, not even to the purpose of a gentlemanly hobby, such as good government or the association of Big Brothers.

In defense Anthony said that he wasn't interested in good government, for the same reason that he wasn't interested in the Great Auk. He believed in it, of course, but he understood that it was no longer possible to catch one.

The third charge was that Anthony, with all the fine conservatism and energy of his father behind him, was complacent to occupy his mind with clubs and musical comedies, with haberdashery and the Social Register, and with young people of the opposite sex—young people who in Mr. Claygate's time would have been called débutantes, but now, when the descriptive title of flapper had become obsolete, were known vicariously as either worms or smelts. In reply to this last specification Anthony was worse than a three-tailed bashaw, for in addition to approving most heartily of his own manner of life he cheerfully maintained that anyone who lived any differently was a farmer.

It was wholly natural then for Mr. Claygate to be distressed when Anthony came to him to inquire what the magistrate would think of him as a son-in-law. Mr. Claygate had often rehearsed the answer which he would give to such a question, but now that it was actually put to him he balked at the literal truth. He was a firm believer in frankness, but he also believed in the usages of diplomacy, and he knew, too, that Anthony, for all his swagger and glory, was personally sensitive. To gain time he ambushed himself behind his heavy eyebrows.

"Have you said anything to Jean about it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

Anthony's words were flippant, but his backbone was straight as a crowbar, and he was palpably nervous and uncertain of himself.

"And what did Jean say about it?"

Anthony scowled.

"Why, Judge Claygate, it wasn't so much what she said. She—she didn't say so very much, but—you see, I'm not the only one by a long shot. I guess she's looking over the field. Only you and I've known each other so well, of course, and there's what you might call a Chinaman's chance that sometime she—she might see the thing my way, so it struck me as a pretty good idea to drop in and sound you out before anything happened."

Here Anthony produced a silk handkerchief with an embroidered monogram and blotted himself meticulously. The sight of that handkerchief gave Mr. Claygate a text.

He bent forward. "How much do you pay for those things?"

Anthony, startled by the sharp transition from romance to gents' furnishings, looked blank.

"Catch 'em, Sniffski! Didn't Remember the Date, But I Don't Love You by the Calendar Anyhow"

"Er—I beg your pardon, judge? Oh, these? Do you mean these?" He surveyed the handkerchief as though in the last instant it had become a curiosity to him. "How much do I pay? Why—do you mean apiece, or by the dozen? I could get you some if you ——"

"No," said Mr. Claygate with level emphasis. "No, thank you—I won't trouble you. I haven't that much pride in my nose. Yes, I mean apiece, or by the dozen, or by the gross—how much do you pay for them?"

"Why, I think it's eight dollars," said Anthony dubiously, and he blotted with abandon. "It's seven or eight anyway—seven and a half—somewhere round there."

"Apiece?"

Anthony looked still blanker.

"Why, yes, sir."

Mr. Claygate leaned back in his chair and gave himself to gloomy reflection. He remembered that twenty years ago when Jean was born he had shared with his best friend a dream that eventually the house of Hackett and the house of Claygate would be allied more closely than even by the closest of friendships. He regarded Anthony, and he told himself that not all Anthony's restlessness and perspiration now, not Anthony's sincerity on this one occasion, not Anthony's unprecedented tone of respect, could cancel the plain facts of Anthony's footless career.

Mr. Claygate moved up to his library desk and rested his arms on it and folded his hands, and in this attitude he gazed at Anthony until the younger man began to fidget.

"Anthony," he said, and his voice was low and kind, "I thought more of your father than I did of any man on the face of the earth."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony, squirming. "So did he—I mean, he agreed with you—I mean, he thought you were all hell—I mean, he ——"

"I've often wished," said Mr. Claygate, wincing, "that you had grown up to be more like him—enough like him, Anthony, so that I shouldn't feel the embarrassment and the sorrow that I feel now."

Anthony turned a healthy crimson.

"Ouch!" said Anthony just above his breath.

"For a great many years," Mr. Claygate went on in the same repressed kindliness, "we were virtually brothers. I don't pretend that sometimes we didn't disagree and exchange a few hot words, but a genuine friendship can and does endure such things. Ours was a solid fraternity founded on our affection for each other, and our common aims and principles. We worked to mutual advantage, we helped each other; and if sacrifice was ever demanded of either of us the other was ready and willing to make it."

Anthony nodded.

"I know that," he said, downcast. "He told me everything—Appellate Division and all. But I don't see ——"

Mr. Claygate had raised his head.

"He told you that, did he?"

"Why, he told me how you refused the nomination because he wanted it—and then they stood him on his head. He said you'd have run a mile ahead of the ticket that year, too, and then you never got another chance."

In spite of himself Mr. Claygate sighed.

"I shouldn't have mentioned it, Anthony, but it's an instance. I was glad to do it for him, and if I had it to do over again I'd do it exactly the same way, whether it meant the end of my own political ambitions or not. The point is simply that I always put your father's best interests ahead of my own. I wanted to; I loved him. And I always expected that I should have the same sentiment in regard to your interests, but I did expect that you'd furnish a part of the reason for that sentiment. But ever since your sophomore year in college I've known that if you came to me on this errand—an errand which your father and I once hoped for, and found great happiness in hoping for—I've known that if you did come to me, Anthony, I should be affected with embarrassment and regret. I put your father's interests ahead of my own, but I've got to put my interests and Jean's ahead of yours. You don't deserve her, Anthony; you aren't worth her; and you can't have her. I'm sorry."

Anthony, with his chin drawn back and his mouth in a straight line, sat motionless, dazed, staring ahead of him at the magistrate. At length he stirred in his chair and cleared his throat.

"What's the matter with me, Judge Claygate?"

The magistrate, whose head had dropped a trifle, hesitated before he handed down his grave and deliberate opinion:

"Indolence—not to say uselessness. Extravagance—not to say profligacy. Self-satisfaction—not to say conceit. Can you imagine how it hurts me to have to tell you that? I doubt it."

There was a tense silence, which was broken by Anthony's mirthless laugh.

"Well," he said, "I don't suppose I do break any world's records for modesty, but you see, I never did anything that was important enough to be modest about. And the reason I don't do anything is because I don't have to. That's pretty logical, seems to me. If I had to, why, of course, I would. And anyway, I don't think I am extravagant."

Mr. Claygate shook his head wearily.

"With silk handkerchiefs at ninety-six dollars a dozen—just for an illustration?"

"Oh, no," objected Anthony with pained righteousness. "As far as that goes, your illustration isn't any good at all. They come ever so much cheaper when you buy a lot at a time—the way I do. And besides, I don't think it's quite fair of you really, Judge Claygate, to pick out one trivial little thing like that and use it on me for a—for a sort of tape measure. I don't think it's fair."

"Straws," said Mr. Claygate grimly. "Straws in the wind. It's fair, because it's typical. Do you happen to know what your exact income is, Anthony?"

Anthony scowled at the ceiling.

"Why, no sir—but I can find out." He caught Mr. Claygate's expression and took upon himself another shade of crimson. "You see, the trust company just credits my account with everything that comes due, and then when I've overdrawn they call me right up and tell me about it; and then I go and borrow from somebody to tide me over until next time. I've never done the bookkeeping. Why should I? They're paid for it, aren't they? Of course if you want the exact figures for last year I can get them over the telephone. The trust company must have had 'em when they doped out my income tax."

He put out his hand for the receiver, but Mr. Claygate stopped him.

"Never mind, Anthony. Don't bother. I can make a pretty good guess offhand. My guess—and I want to be as fair to you as I can—my guess is that your net income can't be more than—say, ten or twelve thousand dollars. And if it's ten, then you're spending twelve; and if it's twelve, you're spending fifteen. Do you even know what you owe?"

Anthony brightened.

"Yes, sir; twenty-two hundred and seventy dollars and forty-nine cents."

Mr. Claygate lifted his eyebrows.

"Anthony, I mean what I say—it's refreshing to find that you can be accurate in anything at all that has to do with money. Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Well," said Anthony with engaging frankness, "it happens like this: I owe it all to one man, and he dunned me for it yesterday."

Mr. Claygate felt it his moral duty not to smile, but presently his lips betrayed him. Anthony, who was watching him like a cat, gave an unsteady laugh, which tripped in his throat and came out as an infectious guggle. Mr. Claygate tried to resist it, and failed; he succumbed utterly, and put back his head and roared until the tears were creeping down his cheeks.

"S-sometimes it's hard to be disappointed in you, Anthony," he said, wiping his eyes. "It's hard to have to disapprove of you. I give you my word it is."

"It can't be half hard enough to suit me," said Anthony. "I wish it were impossible." And at the note of penitence in his voice the magistrate resumed his official character and used his fist as a gavel.

"Then why in the name of common sense don't you make it impossible? Why on earth don't you get out and amount to something? Why don't you get down to brass tacks and live economically and pay off your debts? Why don't you associate with men instead of hanging round hotels at tea time and strutting up and down Fifth Avenue

with a flock of girls? What do you sit there and talk about it for? Why don't you go do it?"

Anthony was alert.

"And would all that make any difference, judge?"

"Doesn't your own intelligence tell you that it would?"

"Yes, sir—but does yours? That's what counts."

"It would make this difference, Anthony—if you should come to me at some future date with a record of economy and perseverance and usefulness back of you—if you ever showed me that you're capable of managing your own life with some sort of credit before you talk about managing somebody else's, why, then I'd begin to see you in a vastly improved light, wouldn't I? How could I help it? Of course I can't guarantee what particular action I'd take at that time, any more than you can guarantee what particular action you'll take before that time."

Anthony, who had been listening with acute concentration, put up his hand in protest.

"But I can guarantee what I'll do, Judge Claygate." He rose and stood fumbling with his hat. "I don't suppose this interview has been any circus for you, and it certainly hasn't for me. But I'm going to fool you, Judge Claygate. I'm going to do everything you said—everything. You're used to putting men on probation—that's all right. Wait and see how it works out."

The magistrate was also on his feet.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Anthony. If you stick to it—no, I won't make any promises. But I hope that for all our sakes you will stick to it. If you do it's bound to have results; it's bound to pay you infinitely more in self-respect and in our good opinion than it can possibly cost you in effort. I'll help you every way I can, Anthony. And in the meantime my house is always open to you, just as it always has been, and—oh, Anthony!"

"Yes, sir?"

Mr. Claygate beckoned to him.

"Just one thing. It doesn't signify a great deal, but it's been on my mind. You're welcome here, of course—and by the way, we're expecting you to dinner to-morrow night—but when you're here I do wish you wouldn't refer to Jean and her friends by those very colloquial—er—diminutives I've heard you use. A parent doesn't like to hear it. It isn't dignified or fitting, and if you want to please me you'll stop it."

Anthony was puzzled. "I don't seem to know exactly what you mean."

"Worm," said Mr. Claygate, shuddering. "And—and smelt!"

"Oh, those!" Anthony shook his head in deprecation. "Why, you don't imagine I'd call Jean anything like that, do you? Well, I should say I wouldn't! That's what they call all the girls nowadays, because there isn't so very much of them now, is there?" His smile faded. "But Jean! Oh, no, Judge Claygate, I wouldn't think of calling Sniffski anything like that! You certainly must be mistaken."

Mr. Claygate cocked his ear. "What was that outlandish name you just used, Anthony?"

"Outlandish?" Anthony was overcome by sudden diffidence. "I don't seem to understand you very well. Oh, do you mean Sniffski? Why, do you call that outlandish?"

His voice was hushed with reverence; and Mr. Claygate, who heartily loathed all nicknames and macaronics, especially when applied to his own daughter, weighed the title itself against the tone in which Anthony had spoken it. He looked up and saw that Anthony's eyes were remarkably soft, at the same time that Anthony's chin was unusually resolute. Mr. Claygate made a little grimace.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it." He offered his hand to Anthony, who took it with a firm grip. "And if you always think about her in the same spirit that you talk about her, why, you'll stick to your guns, Anthony—I know you will!"

But when Anthony had left him the magistrate stared hard at the door and his expression was one of bewildered consternation. "Holy mother of Moses!" said Mr. Claygate dazedly. "Sniffski!"

II

SHE was a girl who inspired affection; she had listened to her first proposals when she was just striking seventeen; a number of intelligent men had lost their heads over her; and yet you could never fancy the most poetic of her suitors planning to write a poem about her. She had fire and temperament and charm, and she could be as unattainable as a humming bird on the wing, or as downright and outspoken as a married aunt. She could be happy at a quiet house party in the Westchester hills or at a blazing cabaret; she was tireless in pleasure and untiring in kindness; and she was the sort of girl who made any man, friend or stranger, realize that he owed it to himself to protect her illusions.

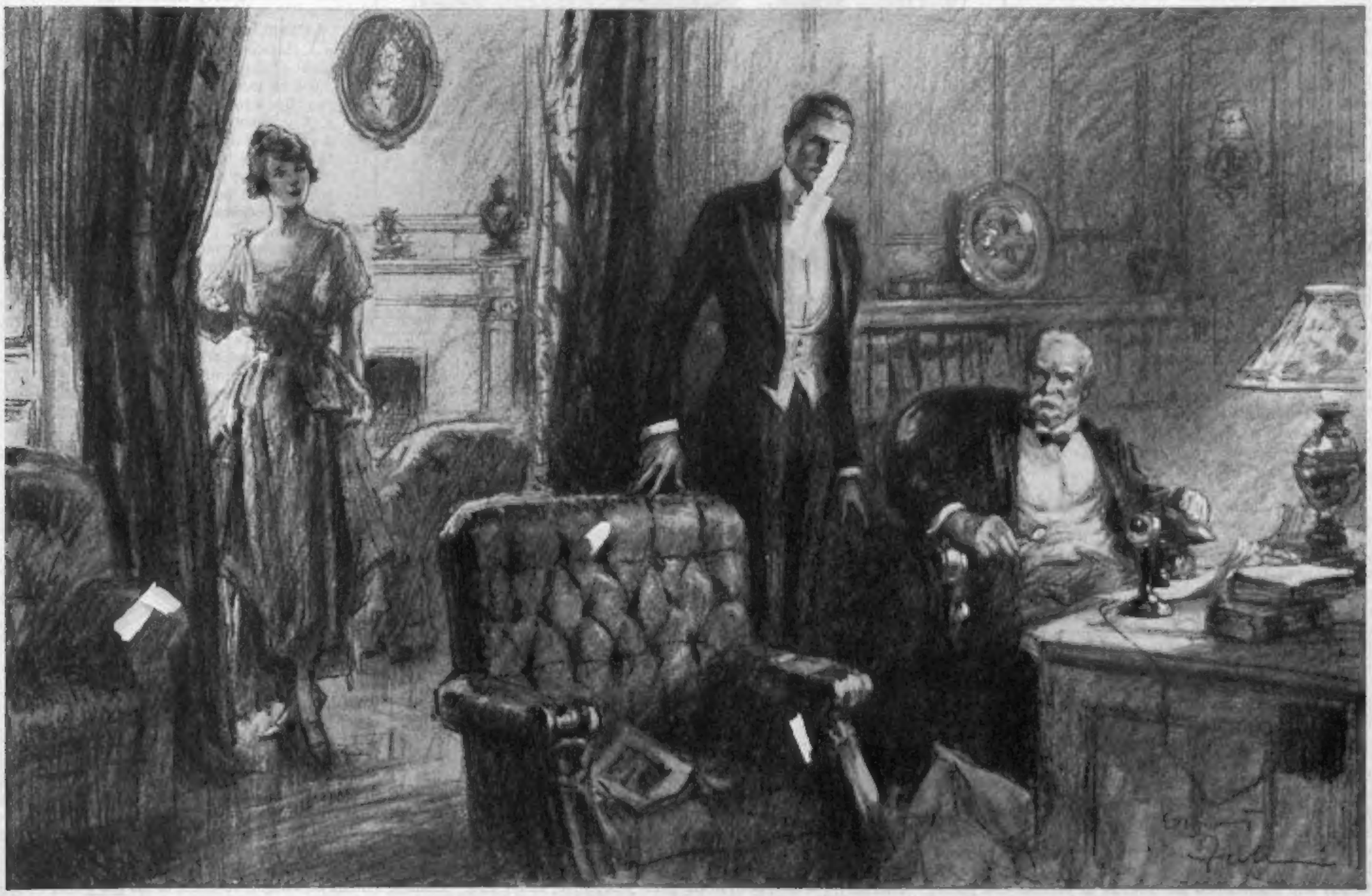
She had about her just enough of the old-fashioned girl to provide her with a universal appeal. In every generation men are looking for a woman who on the outside is pretty enough and fashionable enough to satisfy the eye, and who on the inside is innocent enough and therefore unfashionable enough to satisfy the ideal. As long as men are failing in the quest they loan their presence to the most convenient society in the neighborhood, and flirt without compunction. But whenever a Jean Claygate appears on the horizon the talk is spontaneously of marriage and not of moonshine.

Already she had refused her dozen applicants; stammering undergraduates—the liars! They had promised to die if she refused them—young business men with tremendous ambitions, a paleontologist, a banker, a youthful senator and the annual man who had done the most for Yale. And Mr. Claygate, who was proud of her for many reasons, was perhaps proudest of the fact that she could marry a man of her own choice instead of having to wait and wonder until she were presently chosen. In secret he was persuaded that no man alive was quite good enough for her, and now and then he was a trifle amazed that she bore company with men who fell so far short of perfection. To this extent he experienced the blind vanity of an aspiring mother.

At the moment there were only two men who with any appreciable chance of success were talking to Jean about marriage. One of them was Anthony Hackett, who talked about it as often as he got within earshot of her, whether it was at tea or at a matinée or in the middle of a fox trot, or while he was peering with her into a milliner's show window; and the other was Mr. Clinton Wetherwilt. Mr. Wetherwilt was thirty-seven, and owned by inheritance a hugely profitable newspaper which made its profits by virtue of its sensational indiscretion. But Mr. Wetherwilt himself was so discreet that when he was moved to speak of matrimony he did it with a rather formal indirectness.

Mr. Wetherwilt perceived that Jean was interested in the decorative arts, and so he bought books for her and took her to the Metropolitan Museum; and while she was absorbed in tapestries and wrought iron Mr. Wetherwilt would murmur to her that whenever she liked she could superintend the decoration of her own castle. Jean was passionately fond of horses, so that Mr. Wetherwilt took her to the Garden to see his champion hunters earn their

(Continued on Page 49)



"Anthony, I'm Beginning to Believe That You're a Hopeless Imbecile." "Yes, Sir," Said Anthony

Grover Cleveland's Career in Buffalo, 1855-1882—By George F. Parker

IN COMMON with everybody who has felt called upon to write about Grover Cleveland in formal biographies from the year 1882 downward, I have always realized that I did not fully understand his early life and training. From 1888 to his death in 1908 I was closely associated with him in friendship, politics, official duties and business. What I wrote about him was largely opportunistic—the thing needed at the time. I recognized from the beginning, as did everybody else who had occasion to study his character, that there was a long period from June, 1855, when he left his post as an instructor in the Institution for the Blind at Thirty-fourth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City, and his arrival in Buffalo a few months later to begin the study of law, of which little was known. Everybody accepted this lack of knowledge as fundamental and perhaps inevitable.

Mr. Cleveland's rapid rise to power from September, 1881, until he was inaugurated President, three and a half years later, had been so dazzling that nobody seemed to know or to care how the foundations had been laid. There had been biographies almost without number, but they were formal and had paid almost no attention to this formative portion of his life. Only one, that by William Dorsheimer, was written by a man who had known his subject, and as he was not a trained writer he had not deemed it important to deal with his early days in any systematic way. The limitations of this particular order of composition, narrow in its scope at best, but apparently a necessary incident in politics, seemed to touch only the high points.

In all our politics, when it has been found that a candidate for President was born in a log cabin or was a rail splitter or a mule driver on a canal, this petty fact has seemed sufficient for all the political biographic tribe. So when it was learned that this man, Grover Cleveland, whose head appeared above the surface so suddenly in 1881, had naturally been a law student before he became a lawyer; that he had been fairly successful at the bar; that he had been sheriff of his county and had become mayor of a comparatively small city, everybody concluded that he possessed not only the concomitants of an American politician, but it was also assumed that he, like everybody else, had worked his way up and that this process had been accompanied by hardship, deprivation and difficulty. All this was taken for granted, and public curiosity was satisfied.

PHOTO. BY J. T. ERSON, BUFFALO, N. Y. BY COURTESY OF THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Grover Cleveland at the Age of Twenty-Seven

Talks With Friends of Long Ago

DURING my long association with him, and especially in the five hundred leisurely visits made to him between 1889 and 1892, when the future relations of a man to a party and to the world and the future disposition of great questions were under common thought and discussion, there was much talk about these early days. I took it all in so far as one could, made notes constantly and impressed these things upon a retentive memory. I recorded scraps of them in my Recollections of Grover Cleveland, published a few months after his death, but having only their professed character, no claim was made to completeness or to knowledge of the days before I knew him. I suppose I had more of this in my mind than almost anybody then associated with him could have acquired, but I recorded only what was necessary for my purpose.

But for more than thirty years I have had in mind the fact that sometime somebody would go to Buffalo, see those familiar with this man's life, find out how he started, how he worked, what he thought and did, what amusements he permitted to himself, how narrow his life was in some respects and how broad in others, what were his reading and studies, with whom he associated, and how he obtained and maintained his interest in politics and public questions; and in short, to get some fair idea of what he had been doing between 1855 and 1882.

This errand, continually in mind, was steadily put off until a few weeks ago, when I concluded that if it was ever to be done by me that was the accepted time. It was then more than thirty-seven years since Mr. Cleveland had left his adopted city and gone into the larger precincts of the world. During that period he had ceased to be the property of a neighborhood or a municipality, and had graduated into the great university of the world, with its responsibilities and its duties, and a degree of fame that was always more of a surprise to him than to anybody else.

Having this feeling, I went to Buffalo, put myself into relations with men, some of his own age but most of them younger, who had known Mr. Cleveland intimately. Some of them had been associated with him in law, others in his sports and amusements and still others in various movements connected with the politics or the work of the community. I was surprised to find so many who—sixty-five years after he had gone to Buffalo—had held close relations with him and who knew him almost as they did themselves. In New York I saw Mr. John G. Milburn, long one of the leaders of the American bar, but once associated with the firm of which Mr. Cleveland had been a member. There I found also Judge Edward W. Hatch, who, though much younger, was familiar with Mr. Cleveland in the practice of the law both as an associate and a rival, and who, though adhering to the opposite party, was near to him both individually and professionally.

When I reached Buffalo I found his oldest associate, and perhaps almost the closest friend he ever had there, Charles W. Miller, born in the same year, alive, active and still retaining not only a clear recollection of Mr. Cleveland as a young man but of his every movement upward in profession, business or politics. Mr. Franklin D. Locke, now the head of the firm in which Mr. Cleveland began the study of law in 1855, though several years younger, retains not only that high regard for him that he always had but speaks freely of his associations in politics, law and every other relation that could affect a common citizenry. Mr. George Urban, Jr., though younger, was still old enough to be closely associated with Mr. Cleveland in all the relations of social life, as well as in that interest in his public career which was maintained through all the years of political rivalry when Mr. Urban was either chairman or treasurer of the Republican committee of his county, and therefore in antagonism to his personal friend. My story will show the extent of my obligations to Judge Albert Haight, and will also emphasize anew that fact hitherto unrecognized at its full value—how broad-minded Mr. Cleveland was in choosing his intimate friends without regard to party alignment. Mr. Edwin S. Fleming, for nearly forty years editor of the Courier, of Buffalo, had much knowledge of the connection that the Buffalo life had with the governorship and the Presidency. Other men, like Mr. D. S. Alexander, for many years a representative in Congress, and a Republican, though a late comer to Buffalo, did much by putting me into intimate touch with many sources of information.

Early Memories

AFTER a few days' search the result of these inquiries gave me an entirely new view of the man whom I had thought I knew so well and about whom I had presumed to instruct the public without in reality knowing the foundations that underlay his character and achievements. All these things impressed me anew with the fact that the popular impression that the country had been dealing with a man who was an accident in politics was entirely a mistaken one.

It is rather remarkable that something more than a glimpse should be obtained in the life of a boy of sixteen. This came through a revelation by the late Fanny J. Crosby, the blind hymn writer, who in 1892 described her impression of Cleveland during the time he had been with the Institution for the Blind in 1853. She said of him:

"When Grover Cleveland came to the institution in 1853 he was in his seventeenth year. His mind was unusually well developed for his years; so well in fact that he might be called a marvel of precocity. He was nearly full grown as to height, but slender, though he had reached mental maturity many years earlier than the average man. He had an intellectual appearance. Indeed it was surprising that one so young was able to hold a position of such importance and to make his mark in it. He seemed to have about him even then the manner of a mature man."

Perhaps his seriousness of manner had been enhanced by the recent loss of his father, which, as Miss Crosby recorded, seemed to have been felt very keenly. It did not, she says, take the form of melancholia, but he spoke about his father in an intimate and familiar way that was rather out of the usual with boys of his age.

He had gone to this institution upon the recommendation of his brother, the Rev. William N. Cleveland, who had entered it the year before. According to the report covering the year 1854, the latter was engaged for two years, or until the close of his theological course. This would indicate that he was keeping up the two kinds of work at the same time. In the same report the name of Grover Cleveland appears as a teacher in the literary department, so that to all appearance he was in the institution only a single year. It was therefore sometime in midyear in 1855 that he returned to his mother's home in Holland Patent and began to think of his life work.

It was only a few weeks later that he borrowed twenty-five dollars from Ingham Townsend, a family friend,

who—emulating the example of Franklin—made it a business to help young boys start in life. He always gave them money with the stipulation that it was not to be repaid but passed on to some other worthy person when opportunity afforded. It was with this money that the young borrower started, as he supposed, to the city of Cleveland—named for some member of his family—to take up the study of law, and it was here that his venture farther west was interrupted and suspended by a visit to his uncle, Lewis F. Allen, at Black Rock.

This, however, was not his initial visit to his uncle. About the time that he was finishing up his two experiments as a clerk in a country store he had made a visit to the Allen family at Black Rock in 1851 as a boy of fourteen. As he stayed some weeks longer than he expected, he had spent his pocket money and worked his way back on the Erie Canal into Central New York—not so much as mentioning to his uncle this lack of money.

On this second visit his uncle persuaded him that Cleveland was not the place for him, but that Buffalo was, and told him he wanted him to come and live with him and assist in the compilation of the Shorthorn Herd Book. He was therefore taken into the house as a member of the family, given all its privileges, provided with his board and clothing, besides drawing pay for his work, and late in the year of 1855—perhaps in September or October—his uncle took him into town and introduced him to Rogers, Bowen & Rogers, then one of the leading law firms of Buffalo. They agreed to receive him without stipulating for regular weekly payments, but permitting him to draw a certain annual sum at irregular intervals. Here he took up his studies, and his uncle, always solicitous about him, became rather dissatisfied with the tutorial attention he was getting. But when he approached Mr. Rogers he got the effective answer that the young man was doing well, and progress in such a case depended almost entirely upon the student himself and not upon his teachers.

His uncle was in many respects the leading private citizen of Buffalo, where he settled in 1827. He had married Margaret Cleveland, a sister of Grover Cleveland's father. Mr. Allen at once became active in the business development of the growing town, then scarcely more than a village. Mrs. Allen was a woman of high mental and spiritual gifts, with excellent literary tastes and some experience as a writer, and as she lived to within a year or so of her nephew's election as mayor of Buffalo, she was always a potent influence with him. As early as 1848 Mr. Allen had been president of the New York State Agricultural Society. He began his Shorthorn Herd Book in 1846 and kept it up until twenty-four volumes had been issued. Within this time he had registered the pedigrees of 125,000 full-bred animals. He himself, in conjunction with friends, bought sixteen thousand acres of the seventeen thousand that make up Grand Island across the Niagara River below Buffalo. Of this he reclaimed and retained a large farm of nearly a thousand acres.

Early Friends

HERE he became one of the largest breeders of Shorthorns, while living in the house at Black Rock built by Gen. Peter B. Porter, the Western New York hero of the War of 1812 and later Secretary of War. Mr. Allen was intimate with many leading statesmen and politicians in connection with the organization of the Republican Party. His house was filled with books, he had a wide range of reading and study and a remarkable capacity for expressing himself upon any topic of interest to him or his hearers.

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He Was an Enthusiastic Duck Shooter

Mr. Allen was a man of substance and activity in his chosen work, and next to Millard Fillmore was probably the most prominent social figure in the life of the neighborhood. Not only did this apply to the people among whom he lived, but his business as a stock breeder brought to his house many men of substance and intelligence. The boy was always part and parcel of this social life. He came in contact with men, and being serious and mature for his years he understood their talk and what it meant. He was therefore never lacking in any of the finer surroundings of life from the very beginning.

He endured no hardships, had a good home with all comforts, decent clothes, plenty to eat of the wholesome food that his body always demanded in rather liberal proportions, his share of time for play, and as tradition indicates, he was not entirely above the ordinary mischief that inheres in a boy at all times. No home, with parents of the most successful or indulgent kind, could have been more complete. Indeed he probably had far better opportunities for seeing the world and learning about men than if he had been in the home of his mother in the central part of the state. Speaking of this episode in his boyish life, he once said to me:

"I walked back and forth to the house at Black Rock for about two years after beginning my law studies in 1855. When I reached home and had had dinner I worked on the Herd Book often until early in the morning. In the absence of my uncle I conversed with the men who came to him on stock buying or stock studying business. I thus gained a knowledge from these surroundings and this association with my uncle that has been of the utmost value."

Learning to Know Men

"NOT only was he known as an authority on Shorthorns, but he had a large breeding farm over on Grand Island, where he kept from forty to sixty pure-bred cattle. This was one of the most extensive of its time in the immediate neighborhood, and as men came from far and near, both to his home and to the farm, in both of which I had a free run, my knowledge of men was enlarged by this actual contact. They came from almost every quarter from which such markets could draw customers or inquirers. My uncle's hospitalities, as those of all men engaged in any branch of the stock industry, were liberal, and naturally I had the benefit of them.

"Thus since I came into public life many persons have assumed that I had a fair knowledge of a variety of men and have asked how I obtained it. I could only answer that there is no reason for this at all. It was simply because I had come into actual contact constantly, and early in life, both socially and in business, with a various lot of men—buyers, sellers, actual farmers, boys, owners and drovers. I was friendly enough to gain some idea of their thoughts, methods and aspirations. As many of them were only a little older than myself, I kept in touch with them as our common lives were enlarged, and so this knowledge was extended both through them and through friends and associates.

"Thus I did not have to make a special study of practical things. It was there before me day by day in my regular work. I could not have escaped it if I had tried. I saw many of these men again and again on their business trips up and down the canal and still maintained pleasant relations with them. It is hard for people in this day to understand how carefully such associations were maintained. This friendly, open life was so much simpler then that it is almost beyond comprehension, especially by the average city dweller.

"This is why it was that the somewhat different types of persons which I have described to you as living at the Southern Hotel, whither I went in about 1858, were only a modification or extension of the same influences that had surrounded me during these formative boyish years. While I was never a farm boy, and though then living

(Continued on Page 76)

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President Cleveland, His Wife and Their Children

As it Was in the Beginning

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.—*An Apology for Idlers*—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LAWRENCE BERWICK thrust a pile of papers across the desk toward young Ely, his secretary, and reached for the dead cigar lying on the ash receiver. "How soon can you whip all that into shape?" he asked, lighting a match.

"Oh, by six or seven o'clock, I guess," answered Ely hopefully. "I can distribute the stuff round the office and tell 'em to rush it."

"All right," ordered Berwick, "go to it!"

Ely hurried out, and Berwick turned to the next item on his memorandum pad. Through the open window he could look far down the bay to the open ocean. Everything was moving seaward—sky, waves, swirling steam, the smoke from the steamers, the flags on Ellis Island—even the party-colored wash on the roofs of the Syrian tenements in the foreground. The whole world tugged and fluttered toward the eastern horizon. By some happening of cloud a long deep purple patch of shadow lay in the very middle of the glory.

For an instant Berwick was aware of a dull sense of imprisonment, as if he, too, were in the shadow, as if this brimming world of gold and white and blue were none of his. There had been a time not so very long ago—fifteen years perhaps—when the sight of the wave-lashed harbor or even a salt whiff off the river would have stirred his pulse.

They did so no longer. This riot of wind and light was not for him.

No, his happiness could only be found in the intricacies of the law governing easements and implied covenants. But by Coke, Lyttelton and all the lord chancellors, that same law had been good to him and Berwick had made his pile—not a mountain, but a good-sized hill. He might have stopped at the ripe age of thirty-nine, sat back and lived on his income, but he could not. Something drove him furiously on.

It Was a Skull Rather Than a Head, But It Was Still Covered With a Tightly Drawn Parchmentlike Skin Upon Which Here and There at Irregular Intervals Appeared Tufts of Dusty-Brown Hair

And each year the pressure became more and more irresistible, until now his only thought when he rose in the morning was to get to his office as quickly as he could and stay there until the Lithuanian peasant woman who cleaned the building nightly drove him out. He lived the very life for living which he had often laughed in his youth at other men. Yet in spite of it Berwick was still young, and the sunlight pouring down upon his smooth-shaven, good-humored if rather serious face disclosed no wrinkles, and only a few crow's-feet round the gray eyes.

Through the transom came the frenzied clacking of a dozen typewriters. He could hear the raucous voice of Hodgson, his senior partner, bawling nasally through the telephone. There was a constant ringing of impatient bells. Against the ground glass of his office door shadows hurried swiftly to and fro. Doors slammed. This was no time for day dreaming. He threw away the butt which he had lighted, opened the drawer of his desk and took out a fresh cigar. Then he pulled over another pile of papers and squared himself for his task. At that moment the door opened, revealing his senior partner.

"Look here, Berwick," he snapped, biting his mustache, "those London lawyers in the Northwyn matter are driving me crazy. The Government is pressing us for our figures and I can't get them to take any definite position. It's ridiculous!"

"How long is it since we began corresponding with them?" inquired Lawrence.

"Ten months! And they haven't given us a direct answer yet. Always taking the opinion of counsel. And when they've taken an opinion from one, then they go and get one from another. It's a joke!"

He strode up and down in front of the window.

"It certainly is exasperating. I suppose there'll be a penalty begin to run pretty soon for nonpayment of tax?"

"Rath—er! May first. Those fellows are long on the *suaviter in modo* of course. Most punctilious about acknowledging the receipt of everything, and full of assurances of immediate attention. Immediate attention! Nearly a year! Why, we'd have given 'em an answer the same day!"

"Well," rejoined Lawrence, "why don't you cable and insist on an immediate decision?"

"Cable!" retorted his partner. "Do you really imagine that would stir them? Not much! I've cabled and cabled and cabled. And each time they reply by letter in longhand two weeks later. They're goading me into madness! I'm ready to blow up!"

Mr. Hodgson had been on the point of blowing up ever since Lawrence Berwick had known him, and there was something horribly contagious about his condition. Indeed, the pressure in Hodgson, Berwick & Frick's offices was like that of a steam boiler with the safety valve throttled down and the furnace stoked white-hot. Hodgson had made up his mind as a very young man to get on.

He had, and he was, still getting on, innocently unaware that he was doing so in more ways than one. As he stood there picking his fingers he was a horrible example of what Lawrence Berwick might become. For Hodgson was now more than sixty, and he still lived in a frenzy of business, setting the pace for his two partners and the throng of clerks and stenographers who chased desperately after him.

The firm was extraordinarily successful in a financial way, and each partner enjoyed a large professional income, yet they lived in the same hurry and flurry and scurry as Hodgson had done when he had begun to practice law with a single room and an office boy. You could hear their typewriters clicking as soon as you left the elevator in the hallway, and once outside their door you were sucked in by a whirlpool of activity. Nobody was kept waiting long by Hodgson, Berwick & Frick. You were rushed in and out again, and the opinion rendered, the paper drafted or the litigation begun while you were—so to speak—*in transitu*. They had so elaborated system and become so dependent upon business conveniences, such as messengers, telephones, stenographers and accountants, that the smallest irregularity or delay was a matter of vital consequence.

And as such habits tend to operate in a vicious circle, the firm of Hodgson, Berwick & Frick found itself the victim of its own success. Business was their only end, and "Do it now" their law of life. They bolted their food, smoked their cigars furiously and spoke in quick, brusque sentences. They were the apostles, not of Nietzsche, who advises us to live dangerously, but of the great American god Success, who demands that we shall live breathlessly.

"When have you got to try that Steel and Wire Spring case?" suddenly inquired Hodgson.

"In about six weeks. Why?"

Hodgson gazed at him fixedly.

"The Proconsul is sailing on Saturday. This is Thursday. Why don't you jump over on her, fix this thing up and come back on her return trip? You'd have over a week in London. You can make those blooming English solicitors stand and deliver. You'll have nearly a month to prepare for the Wire Spring case after you get back."

Berwick rapidly thought over all his professional engagements for the next three weeks. Really there wasn't a single one that couldn't be postponed until his return.

"How about passports?" he ventured.

"All arranged. I've had the State Department on the wire already."

"And reservations?"

"The Cunard people are holding the last room and bath on B Deck for you until two o'clock."

Berwick smiled. It was just like Hodgson.

"I seem to be signed, sealed and delivered. If you get tired of law you might try running a tourist agency."

"This is no Cook's tour, my boy," grinned Hodgson. "You won't even have time to buy any spring clothes. You'll get in on a Thursday or Friday and you'll come back the following Saturday week. You'll be kept busy all right. If you can squeeze in a half hour you'd better devote it to the National Gallery. But you won't! You'll be dashing round London all day from office to office, and doing night work into the bargain."

Lawrence experienced a curious lightening of the heart. Instinctively he turned to the window.

"Do you realize, Hodgson," he remarked, "that this will be the first vacation I've had in ten years?"

"Vacation?" snorted his partner. "Vacation! This is no junketing trip. You'll have your hands full rounding up that bunch and making 'em talk turkey. You've got to interject some of our American business methods into their dreamy London ways. Put some pep into 'em. And by the way, I'll see that you get letters to the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney General and Solicitor General, and some others of the more classy members of the bench and bar—in case by any chance you have time to use them, which you won't."

"Just keep an eye on my boys' club," begged Lawrence. "They're the only babies I've got, you know."

"Boys' club? Sure! I'll look after everything. You talk as if you were going to be gone six weeks instead of less than three!"

II

LAWRENCE lived during the next two days in a state hectic even for him. His passport failed to arrive until the eleventh hour, his letter of credit became sidetracked between his own and the issuing bank, and it was only on Friday afternoon that he discovered that it was necessary to get a certificate from the Federal income tax collector. However, a client, who happened also to be a politician, leaped to his rescue and rushed him through, and that night he did not go to bed at all. Aided by several pints of black coffee and a box of equally black cigars, Ely and he put all his affairs in order and arranged for every possible contingency, accomplishing in those last few hours an amount of work which under any pressure less than that habitual to the offices of Hodgson, Berwick & Frick would have occupied weeks.

The hour of sailing was fixed at noon, and all passengers were required to be aboard by eleven o'clock. Lawrence, staggering under the weight of two heavy valises, was among the last. Well, he'd made it! It had been a narrow squeak, but, anyhow, the big boat wouldn't sail without him. It was Saturday. They would land in Liverpool the following Friday—almost a whole week with nothing to do!

It gave him a strange feeling of demoralization, heightened by the sight and smell of the baskets of flowers and fruit which were stacked round the companionway. He joined the queue of passengers at the window of the assistant chief steward's office to secure his seat in the dining saloon. Just ahead of him was a voluminous lady in a chinchilla coat, carrying a small Pomeranian under her arm. The line crept slowly along.

"I'm Mrs. Alfred Sanders," he heard her saying in a dégagé tone. "You probably remember me, steward—Mrs. Alfred Sanders, of St. Louis. I've crossed several times on this line. I hope you can give me a nice seat—as near the captain's table as possible."

"Seat Five, Table Thirty-eight," announced the A. C. S. crisply, handing her a cardboard slip without looking up. "You'll have to deliver that dog to the kennel man before we start, madam."

"But they told me ——" she began in an outraged tremulo.

"Before we start, madam! What name, sir?"

"Berwick."

The A. C. S. ran his eye over a list before him.

"Berwick? Oh, yes! You're at the captain's table, Mr. Berwick—no, you don't need any card."

Lawrence stepped aside, followed by the envious glances of his companions. Evidently Hodgson had done his job with the firm's accustomed thoroughness.

A white-jacketed steward conducted him to B Deck and to his stateroom, which besides having a bathroom was fitted with a brass bedstead, a writing desk, table and two large armchairs.

"You'll find it quite comfortable, sir," the steward assured him. "You can keep your portholes open all the way over. Do you wish your luggage opened, sir?"

Lawrence indicated his shawl strap, and hastily arrayed himself in heavy polo coat, golf cap, muffler and fur-lined gloves. He wanted to be sure not to miss a moment of the sail down the harbor.

"Anything more, sir?" asked the man with his hand on the door knob. *(Continued on Page 132)*

"It's the Death of the Day, Isn't It?" "Rather a Glorious Death," He Urged. "If Every Career Could End Like That One Wouldn't Mind Dying"

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

IN THE spring of 1884, that same year as the Grant & Ward failure, my grandfather had slipped on a bit of banana peel in crossing the sidewalk from his house to his carriage one morning, had fallen heavily and had done his hip and leg an injury. Helped back into the house, a few days of care had prevented any serious developments, but finally he was left with a very slight limp and a slowness of motion in rising or seating himself, and this trouble caused him always afterward to use a cane. The loss of his small fortune, and his consequent anxiety as to the obtaining of means to keep his home and family going, preyed on his mind. The difficulty of paying personally all the small creditors of the firm was a still greater problem for his keen sense of honor to solve, and when the funds were provided by the loan from Mr. Vanderbilt—for which his swords, medals and personal belongings went as security - he nevertheless continued to feel he must redeem that obligation immediately.

The hip trouble gave him some pain, and held him to a sedentary life, barring him practically from all exercise. This and his weight of care aged him greatly. The buggy and fast trotters were an impossible luxury, and my grandfather grew gray of face and gray of hair and beard.

When we moved to his house I was for the first time conscious that he was an old man in looks. The hair was still very thick and slightly waved, the face not much wrinkled, but with a few marked lines and a certain thinness, with less color than before. The strength of the nose was more apparent than ever; long, aquiline, well shaped though and distinguished, surmounted by the fine brow with rather shaggy eyebrows.

Letters From Grandpa Grant

MY GRANDFATHER often wore a slight frown, which grandmamma would stop, in passing, to smooth with her tiny beautiful hand. He always gave her a smile then, and the cloud of trouble for the moment was raised. I remember his smile as rather out of the ordinary, more in the eyes than in the mouth, for I do not ever recall seeing much change in the strong straight line of the lips and jaw. Only the eyes glowed or grew deep with humor or intensity. Without analyzing, for I was not old enough to do that, the impression remains with me of immense reserve power for action, for enjoyment or for suffering—behind a mask which, without being agitated, reflected all sorts of sentiments and responded instantly with a sympathetic light to what was going on round him.

Small, growing old with his lameness and his load of sadness, one felt this face and figure to be the center of decision, of intellect and character, in a group where there were many people out of the ordinary. Simplest of them all, he was their master both in greatness and in the perfect command of himself.

He never thought of ordering anyone to do anything, never raised his voice or asserted himself; but one saw the respect, almost awe he inspired, and the devotion given by all who came to him.

I was just eight years old and my baby brother had grown to be a sturdy toddler of three. He was still with our nurse, and I felt old and independent by comparison. I hadn't lost my place with the grandparents by the fact that we had been living away from them in Morristown. While there I had begun to take lessons, including drawing, and I had made a picture of some fruit in a basket, which I sent my grandfather as a birthday gift. This very bad drawing had brought me a delightful letter from him, and I had also previously received another letter. I had been so proud of them and read them so often that I think I could almost repeat them by heart, even now after thirty-six overcrowded years have passed. Both covered the whole of a notepaper sheet and began: "My dear big pet."

A Night Picture, Made With the Aid of Powerful Lights, of the General Grant Monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago

One was written to ask me how my lessons were getting on; and to encourage me at them. "You and grandpa will have to read together when you come here to stay." "Grandpa expects his pet to know how to read better than anyone else after this year's work." "Have you forgotten with all your lessons how to sing Juliana Johnson?" "The buggy and fast trotters will be waiting to take us driving as soon as vacation time begins." All this in the first letter, which said in its last paragraph that I must write and tell him what I thought would be nice for my Christmas presents, "so grandpa and grandma would have time to shop for them."

The second letter said at the beginning: "Your mother and father have come to pay us a visit, and we are very sorry they didn't bring you. They brought me instead the beautiful picture you made me for my birthday, and I hasten to thank my big pet for all the trouble she took, to give her grandpa such a fine surprise. Grandpa hung the present up where he can see it all the time, and be reminded of his big clever pet, and I hope next time they come your father and mother will bring you too. Love from grandma and thanks again from grandpa."

I quote these passages from memory, because the letters, which had been preserved through years in my Russian home, stayed in Petrograd, and have doubtless with all the other small treasures of family life fallen into Bolshevist hands to be destroyed.

Life at the Elberon Cottage

SO I HAD kept in touch with the kind grandparents, and was glad that loss of fortune drew us back into their home again. We children took up a carefree life on beach and lawn, and though our food was perhaps simpler, and various small luxuries were suppressed I suppose, I remember nothing of privation, save that I wore the last year's summer gowns—which to me was entirely satisfactory—and that the fast horses didn't exist for my grandfather to drive, with me between his knees. These tête-à-tête parties were a feature of our life I did miss, at any rate in the beginning, but the days were short and full of pleasant games, and we loved the Elberon cottage.

All through the early summer my father traveled morning and evening to and from New York, busy with some work for which he was paid enough to make a contribution to the general expenses of the household. But my grandfather no longer went to town. A little room shady and cool, furnished in simple wicker furniture, which had been called his sitting room before, was renamed his office now, and we children were told to make our trips upstairs and down by the outside balcony stairs, as grandpa was working. Several times grave gentlemen with impressive manners came to the cottage and transacted business with my grandfather. Once or twice they stayed to lunch, and though everyone was very polite and talked constantly I had a feeling that these were solemn parties. However, after each visit grandmamma was very cheerful and triumphant, and though I don't remember any expression of opinion from my grandfather, I know now how relieved and satisfied he must have been that his articles were a vast success, were clamored for, and brought him large checks. I heard also he was being begged to write his memoirs in book form, and had received very flattering propositions.

My father, General Porter, Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs were always conversing about the book. He was to begin at once and make it his own personal record of the Civil War. It would make him rich, everyone said, and everyone would help him to look up any data he needed to refresh his memory. My grandfather consented readily, glad to be busy and useful.

This was the state of things when I remember occasional remarks among various members of the family, or from the old servants, to the effect that he wasn't feeling quite well. Someone said he had taken cold and had a slight sore throat; and one scrap of gossip told us that he hadn't a cold but had felt his throat hurting when he had swallowed a small bit of peach skin; probably something was on the peach skin which scratched the delicate throat tissues.

The doctor who was called in said "Smoker's throat" and gave a medicine to gargle with. I assisted at the gargling often, and thought the whole thing interesting; only I was sorry my grandfather was not quite well. He was the first grown-up I had heard of as being ill; and as he moved about, was quite dressed, and kept his usual gentle smile and kindly word for me, I was not anxious. I do not think any others of the family circle were so either at that time.

We children ate at a small table in the corner of the dining room an hour or so before our parents had their meals. The nurses served my small cousins and me to dishes which were brought us by Charley, a young son of grandmamma's old colored butler, Harrison. Charley was a friend and comrade to us, and our meals were very gay; also we were deeply interested in Charley's future, for if his father and he made enough by the time he was eighteen he was to go to college, "and not just be a-servin' round a house," old Harrison said.

One day the usual conversation was being carried out under the usual conditions—our French Louise urging us to hurry and finish our noon beef and potatoes, so when all the ladies and gentlemen came to their luncheon we should not be found still sitting there and be ignominiously chased away, and we children were dawdling. Quite suddenly a great rumbling like thunder began, to our amazement, since the weather was clear and fine; then the most amazing thing occurred: the whole room—floor, tables, chairs and cupboards—heaved and rolled. On the table things slid or rocked, and some of the glasses with our milk were overturned. I recall the swinging chandelier, and that some glasses and plates which stood in a glass-doored cupboard opposite me rang out one against another as they fell. Louise pulled my brother from his high chair.

Then my mother burst into the room, seized the boy from his nurse's arms and rushed toward the open door, which opened on the balcony, calling me to follow quickly; and to get out of the house before it fell. It was an earthquake! I found my legs easily and at once, and joined my mother. Fright lent wings to my obedience. I had not realized what the matter was, having never heard of earthquakes before; and as I had never been at sea I had no point of comparison for this queer new sensation of a tottering universe. I had sat petrified till then, holding my milk glass with both hands to keep it straight, wondering at and scarcely fearing the amazing experience—till my mother's voice gave the enemy a name and told of danger. Then my alarm took shape.

Work on the Book

ON THE lawn, where we stepped from the low balcony, we were the only members of the household, till just as the moving and the rumbling stopped. Then various people appeared—Louise with our baby's sunbonnet; grandmamma with an exclamation that it reminded her of Japan and Mexico, and probably there would be another shock. My grandfather, cane in hand, and my father at his side came from the office, and I remember my father saying laughingly to my mother as she and I turned back toward them: "What were you going to do about saving me from the earthquake? I was just as much in danger as the children." And she answered him he was such a big strong man that she thought he would be able to take care of himself. Whereupon the group accused her of having forgotten her husband, and so on, and I lost track of their conversation while they went back to the house and we children ran off to see how angry and choppy the sea had become. It did look very dark and heavy, with whitecaps all over the surface, which we had left so placid when at noon we had gone in to our dinner.

It seemed as if my grandfather was ever more quiet; and as autumn came he occasionally mentioned that his throat was no better, and must be treated after the family moved to town. Also now and then some member of the family said to another that my grandfather had a headache, and attributed it to his present sedentary life, the trouble to which his hip put him in walking, or the concentration needed in writing the book. The talk always ended in remarks about how fine the book was as an occupation for him—his deep interest in it; and the satisfaction it would be to him in his old age to see himself and his family more comfortably fixed than ever before by the work of his own brain.

I was allowed once in a while to go into the office. A large new white deal kitchen table stood against one wall, on which lay various books and documents. Various people—my father, General Porter, a secretary and my grandfather himself—talked of these and looked at them from time to time; then they discussed a date or a movement of troops. Opposite this table was a fireplace, and on one side stood a small sofa, on the other a wicker armchair. In the latter my grandfather sat when he did not sit at a large table desk, which had its place in the center of the room. Between the windows stood another smaller desk, where a secretary, a personage new to me, sat always. Sometimes my grandfather was writing, or he would take a pencil and draw a small diagram or make a note. Then he occupied the middle desk's chair. Sometimes from the deep armchair he would dictate to the secretary instead. One wall of the room was occupied by many books piled or standing in lines on plain pine shelves. A clock and more papers on the mantel and a white matting covering the floor completed the furnishings, while the windows, thrown wide open, showed a shady balcony vine covered and a glimpse of Mr. Childs' cottage and the blue sea—a very attractive frame for work hours.

The General Asks His Boss

MY GRANDFATHER would always draw me to him when I went in, with his habitual gentle manner, and would say, "Good morning, my pet. It was nice you thought of paying grandpa a little visit"; and he would add in answer to my question, "Grandpa is well to-day" or "Better to-day"; and with a kiss and a quiet stroking of my cheek or hair he would let me go. The secretary was very nice, too, and showed me how he took down shorthand or typed with a machine which would make a self-respecting stenographer to-day feel discouraged at sight. The secretary and I had several talks, and I gathered he felt it a great honor to be placed with my grandfather, which pleased me very much. I was used to my grandfather's being considered above other men; but because I only knew him personally as so quiet and modest, I was always somewhat dazed by any fuss outsiders made round him. It was difficult to realize at my age much about his being a general or a President.

I remember sitting on the lower stairs one day, near his office entrance from the hall. His door opened, and my grandfather came out, crossed the hall and took his hat from the table. He saw me and said: "Well, my pet, I'm glad to see you; what are you doing there?" I returned both his compliment and the query, to which he replied: "I'm going out for a little walk." Then I inquired: "Well, have you told grandmamma you were thinking of going out, grandpapa?" "Why, no, my pet, I don't really believe I have. Now you mention it I will, though, at once." He went up the little flight of steps to their bedroom hall and, knocking on grandmamma's door, he went in and shut it. His eyes had their most amused smile as he passed me. Inside the room I heard his gentle, cheerful voice address my grandmother.

"Mrs. G., things have come to a pretty pass; even our little granddaughter seems to have learned who really is the boss, and she has just advised me quite seriously to come and ask your permission to go for a walk." And they both laughed, and said other things, farther away from the door so I could no longer hear. He came out soon and telling me grandmamma allowed him to go he invited me to go walking too. After that I heard the tale of our conversation retailed all over the house, always with more gayety than I could understand or approve, as I had thought it quite simple.

Soon, for some reason, my father gave up going to town to his work, and he became a constant inmate of my grandfather's office. I did not entirely comprehend why this change, but heard that with his hip injured it was hard for the

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Mt. McGregor, 1885. (Rear) Mrs. Grant Seated. Mrs. Sartoris, "Aunt Nelly," Standing, in White. Miserat Grant Seated, Colonel Frederick Grant Standing. (Front) U. S. Grant, Jr., Seated, Julia Grant, Her Brother, and Her Mother, Mrs. Frederick Grant

Seattle Slim and the Two Per Cent Theory

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

"Sometimes We'd Starve, Dear, But When My Luck Runs Good There'll be Diamonds for You, and Silks—Anything You Want I'll Give You, Jennie"

THE two per cent theory wasn't Slim's theory. Slim was a ten-day stiff and didn't evolve theories. A knowledge of facts sufficed him. From his own varied experience he knew, for instance, there was mighty small choice between the interesting possibilities of an unbroken horse, a pat straight flush and a woman. He believed the most fascinating work in the world was diamond drilling for ore and pulling the little gray cores of rock from the depths of the great gray mountains. He believed too that Seattle in June—but of this he was not sure.

Several years before he had been told that Seattle in June was the finest place in the world for a ten-day stiff to spend his winter's wages. At the time he had not appreciated the irony of the information, for what ten-day stiff ever had any of his winter's wages left to spend in June? But the possibilities of the city and the season intrigued him and each spring he fared forth from the camp where he had happened to spend the winter, determined to test the truth of this Seattle-in-June idea. And each spring his winter's savings failed before he reached the promising port or else some more urgent interest diverted him from his purpose. This time his money was still unspent, but he had stopped to help in the building of a new railroad where the migratory workers of the West were gathering.

Now the morning whistles were blowing and in the construction camps strung along that once-secluded Oregon valley men were stirring to reluctant wakefulness. Slim rolled to the edge of his unmattressed bunk and fumbled underneath for his overalls and jumper. He drew the coarse garments to him with a sense of sharp repugnance. To him this was no new emotion; rather a recurrent symptom of restlessness that on the morrow or the day following would cause him to throw down his tools and start again on his pilgrimage toward Seattle. He had been in the camp less than a week. Now the whistles heralded the coming of a new day and wakened in him an old, old impulse to be up and going.

"Fools!" he muttered sleepily. "All of us! Just fools!" He continued talking to himself as if restating an old subject for debate. "The question is," he said, "are we fools because we live like this or do we live like this because we are fools?"

He finished dressing and stood for a moment flexing the kinks from his work-stiffened muscles. Then he went out into the open to cleanse his lungs of the foul breathings of the unventilated bunk house.

Already the early sun, with random tintings of rose and gold and silver-gray, had mellowed the cold whiteness of snow-clad heights above the upper reaches of the valley. To Slim the beauty of the morning was an anodyne. He watched with untaught appreciation while fold by fold and ridge by ridge the advancing dawn disclosed the nearer mountains. The gray night shadows of the valley fled swiftly before the flooding sunlight, and still he stood there, filling his lungs with great drafts of the clean, fragrant air, reveling in the beauty of the distant scene. Then, in the sun's revealing light he became aware again of the stark, unpainted ugliness of the camp and his eyes clouded with the somber dullness of discontent.

From the stables came one of the teamsters of the camp, Larry Sheridan, a youth of perhaps twenty. He came leisurely, whistling, cutting the air with the hissing wire lash of his long shot-whip. He noticed Slim gazing moodily toward the distant horizon and stopped for a moment's badinage.

"Well, bo," he said, "what did the little bear see when he went over the mountain?"

"Well, kid," Slim returned, "what did the little bear see?"

"Just this," and in a rollicking barytone Larry sang the familiar refrain: "Oh, the other side of the mountain, the other side of the mountain, the other side of the mountain ——"

From the bunk house rose a silencing chorus of catcalls and mournful canine wailings.

Slim's gloom lifted.

"What would the little bear see if he went over these particular mountains?" he asked, smiling as he responded to the boy's infectious good humor.

"A desert of sage and juniper," Larry told him. "Beyond the desert, cattle ranches and open range. In the timbered foothills beyond the cattle country little unnamed streams with little shoe-string valleys where a fellow could homestead if he wanted. And maybe a girl—over there on the other side of the mountains."

"A girl," Slim considered gravely—"and a homestead. I've often thought about that. A place where a man could raise cattle and keep a few good horses. Let's go," he suggested.

"Wait until I get my blankets," Larry said.

An hour later they were swinging along the bank of the river that poured down the valley from the mountains beyond. In feature and build Slim and Larry were remarkably alike—tall and strong and slender, each with the arched nose of aggressive courage, the wide convex forehead of potential executive ability, the lean outthrust jaw of energy and decisive judgment. But Slim's lips were slack and full, while Larry's were held in a firm thin line. In that difference the difference in their characters was indicated.

Near noon they came to a crossroads store and stopped to buy provisions for their journey.

"What shall we take?" Larry asked. "I've never hoofed it before," he explained. "I don't know what we can pack to best advantage."

"Rolled oats," Slim told him. "We'll each take a nine-pound sack."

"What else?"

"Salt—rolled oats and salt. Mix 'em and cook 'em in a can."

"Three times a day? Bo, we'll be hiking steady for a week. Mush three times a day for seven days—maybe for more than seven days?"

"You'll learn to like it," Slim said. "We'll take coffee and a side of bacon and occasionally we'll stop and snatch a mess of trout out of the river. Rolled oats and coffee and trout and crisp bacon! What more could a man want?"

That evening they made camp in a meadow beside the river. They had rolled oats for their supper and coffee and bacon and a mess of fresh-caught trout. Then they unrolled their blankets and lay at ease under the brilliant evening sky. A breeze laden with the balsam of fir and cedar drifted lazily down from the timber above them and blending with the whispering of the breeze rose the music of the swiftly flowing river. Slim sighed in profound contentment.

"What more could a man want than this?" he asked. "A clear sky, and a bed to-night, and a new road for to-morrow."

"With ants in your blankets and blisters on your feet," Larry added, complaining humorously—"and mush—lots of mush. You ten-day stiffs have queer notions about what a man should be satisfied with."

"You seemed ready enough to make the jump with me this morning," Slim suggested good-naturedly.

"Sure I was ready," Larry told him. "I've been ready ever since I learned about the country on the other side of these mountains."

"Oh-ho!" exclaimed Slim. He half rose in his blankets and rested his weight on one elbow as he looked across the smoldering camp fire at his companion. "So you weren't guessing when you told me what the little bear would see on the other side! What about the girl? Is there a particular girl?"

"Sure there's a girl," Larry answered—"a particular girl—mighty particular if I'm not mistaken. Jennie Danvers, her name is. A red-haired little dame with golden-green eyes and a temper that matches her hair." Larry paused for a moment and smiled. "I like 'em spunky," he added, "and I've always wanted to train one for myself."

"Don't try to tame a red-haired one," Slim advised. "I'm an authority on red-haired dames. I saw one once. And you'd be foolish to try this taming business," he decided judiciously. "You're not ornery enough to get away with it. Take a hard guy like myself ——" Slim didn't finish the comment. "How do you happen to know so much about this Jennie What's-her-name?" he asked instead.

"A couple of lads who bunked next to me down in the camp were always raving about her—a couple of riders, brothers, Steve and Walter Brenton, who belonged over in her country. About a week before you came they quit the camp to take a contract cutting railroad ties. They were good sports about Jennie. They said when they got tired of cutting ties they were going back to make a final play for her. They said they were going to bunch their earnings and the one that copped the girl copped the purse with her. Good sports, but they talked too much." Larry paused and smiled again. "I have a hunch I'm going to give those Brenton boys a swift run for the little dame," he said.

"And what then?" Slim asked.

"A homestead—up in one of those little shoe-string valleys I told you about."

"Oh, yes, that was it." Slim had already forgotten the objective of this journey. "A homestead—a place where a man can raise cattle and keep a few good horses—and a girl." He slipped down in his blankets again and was silent for a time

"Go to it, boy," he said sleepily a little later. "We'll find a way to cold-deck those other lads -those Brenton brothers. Myself," he added after another little silence, "I've never been lucky with the dames. But it listens good—this homestead business—and Jennie."

The next day the valley narrowed and steepened as they climbed steadily upward through the timber. To Slim the dim trails leading away from the river offered endless possibilities and he would have been content to loiter there in the cool timber. But Larry held steadfastly toward the snow-covered crests ahead of them.

During the afternoon of the third day the road left the diminishing waters of the river and wound in abrupt grades toward the summit of the divide. They were watching along the sides of the road for a spring where they could get water for the night's camp when Larry stopped and pointed to hoof tracks in the dust of the road.

"A bunch of horses headed down toward the valley," he said. "Now why were they turned into the timber here?"

"It's not an old trail," Slim decided—"not more than ten or twelve hours old. Rustlers, most likely, traveling at night. They could do that with a bunch of broke horses."

"Let's take a look-see," Larry suggested.

Cautiously they followed the trail into the timber, walking slowly, listening, peering ahead into the gathering twilight. They came finally to a little meadow where horses were grazing, a natural clearing of perhaps two acres that had been fenced with brush and fallen trees. They hid in a clump of underbrush and watched until a horseman leading a splendid gray stallion rode across the meadow and made a gateway in the rude fence. A mare whinnied and trotted toward the opening. The rest of the horses, urged by another rider, followed the mare. Almost immediately horses and riders disappeared in the dusk of the coming night.

"I wish we had been close enough to get a good look at the men," Larry whispered. "What do you think of them?"

"Rustlers," Slim commented indifferently. "Fools to ride such conspicuous saddle horses."

"Their saddle horses would certainly be easy to identify," Larry said. "I'd recognize that great black pacer and that flaming sorrel if I saw them a thousand miles from here."

"Forget them," Slim advised abruptly. "And let's move. If one of those fellows should come back for something we'd find it unhealthy here."

The next day Slim and Larry crossed the summit of the divide. Late in the afternoon they came to a spring bubbling out from the side of a barren, wind-swept hill. Below them lay the desert—a far-reaching waste of sand and sage and juniper. Beyond, where lengthening purple shadows blended with the green of watered fields, lay the cattle country. Beyond the cattle country, dimly, in vague outline, could be seen the foothills of another mountain range.

"There!" Larry exclaimed, pointing with a lean strong arm. "There is where I shall live for the next twenty five years." He turned and for a moment looked at Slim. "And what about you?" he asked

"About me? Who knows?" Slim answered thoughtfully. "A homestead! And a girl! How long before I would be making a decent living for Jennie and me?"

"Ten years," Larry told him. "Ten years to make your start and fifteen more to make your stake."

"Twenty-five years is a long time," Slim reflected—"twenty-five years in one place," he qualified. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Let's eat and decide that little matter later," he said.

They gathered fuel and built a fire close to the spring. Then while Slim prepared the meal Larry unrolled his blankets and sat down to watch the changing sunset lights upon the desert.

"Why do you think twenty-five years is a long time?" he asked. "When a man is busy the years pass as this day has passed. And I sure aim to keep busy. I'm only twenty-one now. I'm going to find a homestead and begin buying cows. Maybe only one the first year, but she'll be a good one. Maybe only one or two the second year. At the end of ten years I'm going to have at least twenty, all good ones. After that I'll keep the female increase of the bunch and sell the male increase. Allow for a reasonable loss each year and figure how big a herd I'd have in twenty-five years.

"More than one thousand head -good ones that should be worth seventy-five dollars apiece. While I'm accumulating the cows I'll have to be accumulating land to run them on. Call it seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of land. I'm twenty-one now. Before I'm fifty I aim to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Suppose I don't do as well as I figure. Cut down my figure one-third. Call it one hundred thousand dollars. I'm allowing twenty-five years in which to make it and I'll still have twenty-five years in which to enjoy the income from it."

"One hundred thousand dollars!" Slim repeated thoughtfully. "That's a lot of money. But I believe you'll make it, Larry. I believe you'll make it."

"You could do as well," Larry declared.

Slim shook his head.

"No," he said gravely. "You could, but I couldn't. I'm lacking something fellows like you have—something I can't explain—something one man is born with and another isn't."

"You're wrong," Larry argued. "The difference is in the way we use what we were born with. And at that there's mighty little difference between the average man that succeeds and the average man that fails; usually not more than two per cent—two per cent more desire or two per cent more ability or two per cent more determination."

"In your own case," Slim asked, "what are you going to need to make that one hundred thousand dollars? Two per cent more desire or two per cent more ability or two per cent more determination?"

Larry paid no attention to the note of amusement in Slim's voice.

"I reckon I don't desire money more than most men do," he said, "and I can't boast of any remarkable ability. But, bo, I've certainly made up my mind to this thing."

As Larry spoke his lips set in their habitual firm line and Slim comprehended vaguely that no human agency would ever swerve the boy from his purpose. But he jested about the matter as he jested about everything.

"So it's simply a problem in percentage," he said, kidding Larry. "Plus two per cent makes a millionaire and minus two per cent makes a ten-day stiff. How are you going to apply the idea when it comes to winning a dame—this little red-haired Jennie, for instance? Won't she have anything to say in the matter?"

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"Whip Him!" Brenton Commanded Again. "Whip Him or You're No Sons of Mine!"

THE BOOTLEGGERS

By Hilton Howell Railey

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY. ROHN

THIS letter came to me last night:

I'm comming to see you on important business next month you ——!!! I'm out now and when I git thru telling you what you are you'll wish you never killed joy in these parts you ——!!! What I'm going to do to you is a plenty mind that and you cant say you aint been warned as these is my intentions which I sure am gone to carry out. You done had youre day. Now I'm gone to have mine you ——!!!

Remember J. J.

To fortify my soul I lit a virile pipe and gripped a soothing war-risk-premium receipt in the next letter. "Who in the devil," thought I, "is J. J.?" The "J" section of my private casualty list failed to establish his identity. Perplexed, I began to review my sins of a year ago.

A joy killer I admit I was—forced to be. As a law-enforcement officer of the United States Army I had preceded Mr. Volstead somewhat in the matter of infringement upon personal liberties, having been assigned, shortly after the armistice, to the delicate task of keeping Mena dry and pure. Now Mena, be it known, with its thirty thousand black and white souls, had appealed to the War Department as an ideal location for a National Army cantonment. Its arid atmosphere, restful of any excitement, and admirable civic attractions—ten churches, sixteen soda fountains and a Y. M. C. A.—doubtless influenced the General Staff in its favor.

Every perspicacious bootlegger in the South thereupon migrated to its environs, with the patriotic motive of relieving the soldiers by providing whisky at eighteen dollars a quart, a price that fluctuated violently subsequent to my arrival. Its general availability at that modest figure was, of course, keenly appreciated by every private. But after the Ozark Division had returned from oversens, and I had managed to procure a detail of fifteen selected hard-boiled birds, whose appetite for excitement had not been satiated by six major engagements with the boche, the market quotations soared to twenty-eight per—sight unseen.

With me they shared the opprobrium of a throttled populace, civil as well as military—"J. J." being among those present, I presume. Some idea of the life I led may be gleaned from the casual remark of my first sergeant, a former prize fighter and top kicker of the redoubtable M. P.'s of Andernach, Germany, that he "would rather jump off ten times before breakfast" than follow me for a single night through the peaceful streets of Mena.

Meeting the Moonshine Special

IT IS not likely that I shall forget my first raid. Jim Brown had been a Pullman porter on the Moonshine Special, as that particular train was known in prohibition circles, from her first run. Before the state went dry in 1915 he had been an inconspicuous, law-abiding member of the dark set. Then suddenly he bought a neat little cottage in a rather respectable section of the city, and ere long again attracted attention by purchasing, for cash, an expensive seven-passenger touring car. The leading newspaper, commenting upon the sale, dwelt upon "the frugality of this exemplary negro citizen, who, after long years of faithful service with the railroads, has apparently come into his own." In addition to ordinary conveniences he installed two telephones in his home, only one of which was listed. My station guard became suspicious when, later on, Jim's car met the Moonshine Special every other morning at two o'clock, and was parked in the shadows of the freight shed.

One day a drunken soldier talked too much and I learned that Jim was "puttin' out" at his home, and doing "a rushin' business by phone." An especially trustworthy member of my command was at once dispatched on an important errand, with a marked twenty-dollar bill in his pocket. In the meanwhile fourteen impatient champions of virtue awaited his return to my office. Within a surprisingly short time he reappeared, grinning broadly, and produced a quart bottle of bonded whisky, for which he had paid the then obtaining price of eighteen dollars. The procedure was elementary, though I confess to some excitement at the prospect of the raid.

It was late twilight when we approached in two cars from opposite directions. Jim, who was sitting on his front porch, saw us alight and disappeared like a flash into the house.

Before the State Went Dry He Knew Scores of Men Who Had Never Touched a Drop, But as Soon as the Law Said "Thou Shalt Not" They Immediately Cultivated an Insatiable Thirst

That precipitated a rush. A previously designated detail surrounded the entire property, while I, accompanied by the ready top kicker, whom I will call Scott, knocked loudly upon the front door.

"What y'all want, white men?" It was Mrs. Jim who drawled the query from within.

"Open the door, gal!" demanded Scott.

But preliminary negotiations were of no avail. Even a search warrant, exhibited through a window, failed to gain peaceful admittance. Then the door gave way like paper before our assaults. Bursting through the rooms with drawn revolvers, we found no trace of Jim, but in the garret, where I personally sought him, I stumbled upon a never-to-be-forgotten sight—fifteen hundred bottles of liquor red and liquor black, and liqueurs of kaleidoscopic assortment. While contemplating this find there came a shot below me, and I slid down the ladder and rushed into the yard. A hundred or more people had gathered in front of the place and it became immediately necessary to place a guard of two men to prevent their crossing to the premises.

Jim, I soon discovered, was at bay in the cellar, the approach to which he commanded with a forty-five. At angles much too wide for comfort, his range was perfect; his first and only shot had narrowly missed one of the men, who had stumbled accidentally on the cellarway. "If I only had a hand grenade!" mourned Scott, and fired twice into the open doorway, hoping a ricochet might get him.

Having received a riot call from the excited neighbors the police arrived en masse a moment later. A council of war was thereupon convened. The frantic shrieks of Mrs. Jim and her brood of six were silenced by the chief of my civilian allies, who promptly ordered absolute quiet and commanded her to call Jim out.

A Call From Jed Larkin

"YOU, Jim! You black fool, you! Come out o' dah 'fo' you get kilt! Ain't you got no sense, nigger?" she yelled. After an age—probably two minutes—Jim appeared, hands above his head, and Scott took prompt charge of him. The twenty-dollar bill was found in his pocket and the search for contraband was on.

Hours later, begrimed and sweaty, we piled eighteen hundred bottles of assorted delight in the office of the chief of police. The news was abroad in the land shortly after we reached headquarters, where avid reporters awaited the story. Publicity was quite undesirable for us, but newspaper men usually have their way, and thus I became a marked man, better known, thereafter, as that "goggle-eyed blankety-blank from Washington."

Prior to the Jim Brown affair our campaign had not seriously disturbed the liquor market, though minor operations made the curb somewhat nervous. When Jim was sentenced to a year and a day in the penitentiary at Atlanta I discovered that the achievement had dignified our efforts. Taxicab drivers hurled their contumely at us when we passed in our cars. To them, intensified activity on my part was a serious menace; to me, their hatred was ominous. I remember particularly Jed Larkin, their leader, whose mocking defy was boldly delivered to me shortly after I established my headquarters in Mena's skyscraper. He was not afraid of us! He dared us to catch him! As he was well over six feet, strong and wiry, I was advised by the chief of police, my very loyal friend, to watch him, because his record included crimes from ordinary bootlegging to manslaughter. In spite of his frequent appearance in court, however, he had never been convicted. 'Twas mighty queer, I thought.

Within a few months we had succeeded in arresting eight of his runners, each one of whom was fined two hundred and fifty dollars in the municipal court. Judicial mulcting seemed of no avail, though I am certain that Jed paid on each occasion. The nights were full of a sort of settled uncertainty after that, for it was currently rumored that he had determined to get me at the first opportunity, which, confidentially, I feared time would certainly provide.

One night three of my men intercepted an automobile on one of the highways leading into the city. It happened that the three cases of whisky they confiscated belonged to Jed, who, with the elimination of Jim, his most enterprising competitor, was rapidly effecting a corner in the trade.

I was sitting at my desk, several hours after the arrest had been recorded at headquarters, writing a report. Scott, refusing to leave me alone, had dismissed the men until the following morning; stretched out on the lounge in the anteroom he had fallen asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of the presence of someone else in the room and glanced up. There stood Jed Larkin, smiling contemptuously two feet away, his hand on his hip pocket.

"It's about time you and me had an understandin'," he remarked coolly.

So it was. I sprang up and with a punch that was as quick as it was desperate connected flush on his jaw. The full length of him dropped to the floor and his gun sailed across the room. Scott, dazed by sleep, but ever ready for a fight, jumped to my assistance, whereupon I stepped back and watched a beautiful exhibition of slugging.

The big lanky bootlegger was no match for the short, powerful and experienced soldier. The outcome was never

in doubt. Bat rushed time after time, only to receive terrific body blows and sharp cutting jabs in the face. The furniture suffered almost as much as he, but the battle was soon over.

"What'll I do with him, sir?" panted Scott, gripping his prisoner by the collar.

"Let him go." I directed. "He's had enough—for the time being, I guess."

The law-enforcement detachment, as my organization was officially known, grew in fame as the days passed. Bootlegging had become a dangerous trade, confined, for the most part, to "rubber-tired bars"—the taxicabs. Negro bell boys in the only first-class hotel in Mena paled to a greenish hue whenever a soldier asked them to get a little drink. Their lesson had been a bitter one, and unless the customer's identity was firmly established, well—"Naw, suh," they would grin sheepishly, "Ah doan know nuttin' bout dat stuff! Dat officer dey calls goggle-eye done went and ruin d'business roun' heah."

The strain of the work and being constantly on guard against possible attacks was terrific. Even the hostility that was unvoiced made itself felt; and doctors warned me that my utter disregard of Nature's laws would result in serious inroads upon my constitution. Sleep, indeed, was a matter of chance, rarely indulged in for more than three or four hours. When I would retire the phone would ring, and Scott, whose rugged body held rest in seeming contempt, would inform me that "We got another one, sir, and you better come down to headquarters and look him over."

Finally a sudden attack of appendicitis forced me into the hospital, where, for ten days after the operation, I was a rather unruly patient. Scott was a dependable soul—I loved the ground he walked on—but in law enforcement delicate situations frequently arise—situations so very delicate, in fact, that the honor of the service, as well as that of the directing officer, may be seriously involved. I fumed and fretted, begging permission to return to duty. "He has a law-enforcement psychosis," they whispered, sadly regarding my foodhardiness. But my impatience was destined to have a most unexpected and serious reward the very night I took up the work again.

An Evening Surprise Party

ALL the men except Scott were off duty: It was raining steadily, and Scott, who was conducting an inspection tour through the streets, insisted that I retire to the office and rest on the lounge. It was nine o'clock when he helped me out at the door of the skyscraper and with the admonition, "I'll be back in a few minutes to watch you," drove off to the garage.

When he returned he found me lying on the sidewalk across the street, bleeding at the mouth, a jammed automatic gripped in my hand, two policemen stooping over me, thinking, no doubt, I had been murdered. It was the rain that revived me long enough to recognize Scott.

This is how it happened: The key to the door of the building and my automatic were in the right-hand pocket of my raincoat. To use the former I had to remove both. I was in the act of turning the lock, holding the automatic in my left hand, when someone on the other side of the street fired at me from behind a large billboard. The bullet struck the brick wall at my left and glanced. Wheeling, I fired twice through the board.

The shock of the attack weakened me instantly and when I finally reached an opening at the left of the structure I had to grab the support of the fence. The darkness in that lot was nerve shattering. A hysterical impulse caused me to fire blindly into space, at random, without regard for life or property. My assailants had long since run away, but I continued my shakily directed fusillade until I had no more ammunition. When I reached the sidewalk again I had suffered a hemorrhage and, too weak to call for assistance—which, by the way, even at that early hour, the shooting had failed to bring—I sank unconscious on the ground. The police, assisted by Scott, arrested several men on suspicion, but it was impossible to establish the case against them. It usually was impossible to get convictions against the leading bootleggers.

By this time other reports besides my own had gone into Washington, and as soon as I was well enough to receive it I was severely reprimanded for unnecessarily risking my life; was told to call a halt or suffer the consequence of being transferred to another post.

The war, for the greater part of the Army, was over and the Allied Armies of Occupation had settled down on the left bank of the Rhine for the long siege of reparation. But for us it had just begun.

Why is it that a thing has only to be forbidden to make it a temptation? Long before Mr. Volstead had obtained the height in that remarkable Congress now at rest I discovered, anent prohibition, that in conjuring with the habits of the individual in society I was presuming to deal with a very sensitive matter. My confidant, the chief of police, informed me that before the state went dry he knew scores of men who had never touched a drop, but that as soon as the law said "Thou shalt not" they immediately cultivated an insatiable thirst, which, just because it was *verboten*, they determined to quench. However, that is a merely temporary reaction which will pass.

I had written to Washington that the situation left nothing to be desired. "I firmly believe," I reported, "that conditions in the extra-cantonment area of this post are ideal. We have virtually eliminated the street peddler and the hip-pocket bootlegger. To soldiers, the availability of whisky at any price is a thing of the past." And so on. Then, while awaiting the commendation of my commanding officer in the War Department, who seemed to have forgotten my very existence, I received a series of disturbing reports. This time it was the Moonshine Special.

A certain river bordering Mena on the north compelled the train to slow down for the bridge within a mile or so of the station. The approach to the freight yard was rocky and exceptionally tall grass covered the hills, through which an open tunnel had been cut, leaving, on both sides of the track, south as well as north of the station, rather high cliffs. To bootleggers adversity is the mother of invention. And while I had satisfied myself that whisky running via the various highways had been eliminated, or made so precarious as to be unprofitable, a few of the bolder joy merchants, Jed Larkin leading them, had devised a scheme that worked to their great advantage. I was officially requested by the mayor to stop it.

A personal reconnaissance of the battleground-to-be was a tactical consideration of profound importance, and one afternoon when Sergeant Scott and I felt reasonably certain that spies were not on our trail we sallied forth on a tour of inspection. We discovered that the special was compelled to slow down at a point one mile north of the bridge and that after crossing it its continuance to the station, some three hundred yards farther south, was laborious, owing to the freight congestion on the network of tracks.

Note Number One: Whisky, in suitcases carefully stuffed with straw, would, as our tip led us to believe, probably be unloaded all along the route, even in the northern extremities of the freight yard. Leaving the station, the special could not get up much speed for the first half mile or so, and there, too, the field was admirably adapted for the disposition of the precious ballast. The open tunnel came to an abrupt end about three hundred yards out, after which flat wastes, covered with a thick underbrush especially designed to absorb shock without breakage, paralleled the tracks.

Note Number Two: The special arrived at two A. M. and departed at two-thirty.

Note Number Three: The northern and southern approaches were poorly lighted, in fact were not lighted at all. It was obvious, then, that by lying in wait in the grass the outposts, taking station an hour or so ahead of time, were left free to gather suitcases and creep with them to waiting automobiles parked in unsuspected spots near by.

The sergeant and I agreed, first, that our full strength of fifteen men was insufficient, that at least twice that number would be necessary; secondly, that, in order to command the fields on both sides, and to cover our infantry, so to speak, automatic rifles, posted at strategic points on the cliffs, would be helpful.

When I presented my requisition for two the commanding general asked me not unkindly if I realized that the war was over. I vigorously maintained it had only begun, and in view of my all too frequent campaigns to preserve the health and morals of his fifteen thousand men he reluctantly agreed I was right. Fortunately for me, that particular general had confidence in my judgment, else I should never have been permitted the use of the vitally necessary light artillery. Fifteen new men reported pursuant to orders that afternoon and, leaving them to the efficient instruction of Sergeant Scott, I sought the quiet of the woods to perfect the operation.

Upon my return, late in the afternoon, Scott informed me that he had it straight—the Moonshine Special would bring in a load that night.

The Skirmish by the Tunnel

WE ASSEMBLED at midnight in two parties, one under my command, one under Scott's. I took the southern sector, he the northern. The men were not informed of our plans until we arrived on the scene, and by twelve-thirty we were ready for any eventuality.

I had taken quite a fancy to Corporal O'Neal, one of the new men, who had handled an automatic rifle against the boche like a four-time winner. Silent, he and I lay on the crest of the last and tallest cliff bordering the open tunnel. O'Neal simply chewed gum and waited.

At one minute after two the sky, bathed in the sickly pale of a new moon, was suddenly brightened. The Moonshine Special was crossing the bridge. A second later her powerful headlight swept the full stretch of the track. The concentration of it between the cliffs was brilliant and so close that I could have reached my hand into it.

One hundred yards apart my men lay in wait. O'Neal's automatic rifle commanded a stretch of a thousand yards or more and his eyes, accustomed to the night, seemed to pierce every gulley that might conceal a bootlegger.

After an interminable wait the special snorted a vigorous call to action, gaining speed as she approached. We crouched flat upon the rocks. The tunnel was narrow and a moment later the hot breath of the giant locomotive fanned our faces. I'm certain that every porter on that long, long train had business to attend to on the platforms. As the tiny green and red lights on the rear of it disappeared swiftly down the way an amazing assortment of baggage was precipitated into space. The moment had come! Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Nothing happened. O'Neal, who was a most surprising person, suddenly opened fire. I jumped to my feet in time to see a dark-clad figure flatten out on the ground three hundred yards away.

"Got him!" exclaimed the sniper with satisfaction that I, on the run, left him to enjoy alone.

When I arrived on the right of way, automatic drawn, there was sporadic firing all along the line. I could imagine a casualty list of tragic proportion, but there was no time for thought. Running madly down the tracks toward O'Neal's victim and praying to the heavens that he would not mistake me for a fleeing bootlegger, I halted precipitately and took to the dirt as though a G-I can was coming my way.

A man rose up—the very man that O'Neal had killed! I promptly emptied my automatic at him, whereupon he died again.

I crawled to him, some twenty-five yards away. Within a few feet of the spot where he fell there suddenly came shots, directed at, but wide of my person. I counted them. One, two, three, four, five, six! The gods were with me. He, too, was out of ammunition.

"Halt!" I yelled.

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"What'll I Do With Him, Sir?" Panted Scott, Gripping His Prisoner by the Collar

"Let Him Go," I Directed. "He's Had Enough—for the Time Being, I Guess"

MISS ASHTON'S HOUSE

By Anthony Wharton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AS YOU come from Somerset into Gloucester across Clifton Suspension Bridge you see, at the north end of the bridge, upon your right hand, a curving line of houses sloping somewhat steeply toward the river. This is Albermarle Terrace, and precisely at the middle of the terrace stands Miss Ashton's house.

"You Used to Prefer Gray Eyes," Said Penelope, Giving Him as Full a View of Her Own as Was Possible by Candlelight

Architecturally the curving line is pleasantly irregular, the growth of the terrace having been episodic, so that Georgian stone and Early Victorian stucco stand cheek by jowl, and the chimney pots of Number Eleven and Number Thirteen are on a level with the window sills of Number Twelve's top story. Number Twelve is the tallest and oldest house in the line, the doyen of Albermarle Terrace, a fine, dignified, four-storied stone mansion, once the town house of the Ashtons of Blindell. To-day, save in point of size, it is in no way to be distinguished from its sprucely matter-of-fact neighbors. For its tenant is a very well-known and prosperous citizen of Bristol, with a cheerful and very modern young family. But for fifty-three years Number Twelve was Miss Ashton's House. If you were a resident of Clifton, in the year 1918, for instance, you referred to it so, as a guiding landmark, like "The Bridge," or "The Promenade," or "The Mall." Thus you got off a bus, or met Mrs. Smith, or saw Doctor Jones in his car, at, just outside or passing Miss Ashton's House. And to this day, although for two years it has no longer been hers, as hers Clifton still thinks of it and speaks of it—a little to the annoyance of its present tenant, who is inclined to scornfulness of faint forgotten things.

For fifty-three years it stood unoccupied, a gaunt, stark derelict of a house, with a cracked and blistered hall door that never opened, and faded, as time went by, from its original black to a sour, dusty green. Most of the panes of its lower windows—windows perpetually shut and shuttered—were broken; those that remained intact presented the appearance of having been muffled with whiting. In the interstices of its stone steps and of the flags in its damp dark area grass and weeds throve unmolested. And behind its dreary face its rooms and staircases and passages lay for half a century in soundless abandonment. Sometimes an imaginative passer-by stopped to look up at it and went on his way wondering a little. Sometimes in the dusk another adventurous small boy broke another pane with a hastily thrown stone, and fled amid the joyous frightfulness of the resulting smash. But on the whole, for all those years, the world went by it unheeding and left it to the guard of the policeman and the mice and moths. Patient inquiry revealed to me the fact that in the year 1918, when, as I have said, it ceased in fact to be Miss Ashton's house, there was no person resident in Albermarle Terrace who had ever set eyes on Miss Ashton herself, and in Clifton not above a dozen who had any knowledge of her story. When, one winter's evening just after the signing of the armistice, I consulted the toll keeper of the bridge—who knows all about everyone and everything in Clifton—upon the matter, he smiled with genial skepticism.

"I knows what they calls 'er 'ouse, sir." He pointed across the mist rising from the river toward a dark gap in the lights of the terrace. "There it is. But as for 'oo Miss Ashton might be, if you asks me, sir, I says as she's a make-up. I never see 'er."

Sic transit! Though not altogether. The toll keeper knows all about Miss Ashton now.

II

ON ONE crisp February morning in the year 1865—the year after the toll keeper's bridge was opened—Miss Ashton was, not in Clifton only, but through the length and breadth of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, a very well-known and admired and envied young woman indeed. For not alone was she fairer than most daughters of Eve, and the descendant of an old and honored county family, and heiress to one of the largest properties in the west of England, but also she was of this goodly estate the absolute and uncontrolled mistress. No timorous or grudging or stingy mistress, it appears. Indeed it is plain that between her eighteenth year—when, upon her mother's death, she became mistress of Blindell and of herself—and her meeting and falling in love with Mr. Harry Cotterel, five years later, she brought to the business of living her life as it pleased her a right joyous and royal zest. The Ashtons of Blindell had always clung to their reputation for wildness. This latest of their daughters seems in those early years of hers to have made a cult of it.

In Somerset and Gloucester there are still, doubtless, some rheumatic and testy old gentlemen who were once, in peg-top trousers and roll-collar coats, Penelope Ashton's lovers; for she had, beyond all gainsaying, hundreds of them, and was accustomed to enlist them in bunches in her escapades. In the country round Blindell time has woven a web of mischievous romance about these youthful exploits of hers. Some of them are, on their face, merely legendary; but those that rest on unquestioned authority are quite sufficiently diverting.

For it would appear that in those prim smug days she wore, most charmingly but not always in becoming places, garments of crude masculinity, and that she was accustomed—of summer nights, it is to be assumed—to wander beneath the moon through the park at Blindell in no garment at all of any importance. She shot, hunted, fished, raced, gambled, and, on one occasion at least, swore at a bishop for beating her dog, like a very man. Also on a memorable Saturday night she climbed to the top of Blindell church spire, from which next morning the scandalized eyes of the congregation beheld a white silk stocking flaunting irreverently in the breeze. By this adventure she is reputed to have won five hundred pounds from one Colonel Leverett of the 6–th, who was at that time much enamored of her and who preserved the fellow to that audacious stocking to the day of his death in beribboned tissue paper. It is at present one of the most treasured possessions of the gallant colonel's son, a prudent and gentle-souled person in a little Wiltshire village.

There is a whole naughty epic of such exuberances and defiances. Penelope—how appropriate the name was to prove you will learn in the sequel—seems to have undertaken with single-hearted devotion the task of doing everything that a well-behaved young woman should never, under any then imaginable circumstances, have dreamed of doing. Under the dismayed chaperonage of a widowed aunt she made of those five years a progress of reckless, extravagant, flirtatious hoydenism. The staid county families who were her neighbors and her audience looked on, with eyes whose outraged amazement changed presently to expectant amusement, at her performances. Because she was an Ashton of Blindell and because her income was thirty thousand a year or thereabouts, but chiefly because of her smiling, imperious beauty, they remained her friends. Her tenants and all other humbler folk who had dealings with her adored her blindly.

I can tell you that she was, in those days, a tall, rather slim girl; that her eyes were gray, her hair blue black, and her upper lip unusually short. Her shoulders and arms were, I understand, greatly admired. But of her charm, of the quality of her voice, her smile, her look, her poise, of the real Penelope—the Penelope that Mr. Harry Cotterel saw, for instance, on that frosty February morning in 1865—what can I tell you? No more than Master François Villon of those other ladies of another day.

I have begun this chapter with that morning, and I end it with it. In the winter of 1864 Penelope met Mr. Cotterel

at a hunt ball. They fell, at sight, over head and ears in love with one another. And at ten o'clock on that February morning Penelope was to be married at Christ Church to the cleverest, tenderest, truest and handsomest young man that had ever lived.

III

IN THE drawing-room of Number Twelve, Albermarle Terrace, at half past nine, a little gathering of, I think, on the whole profoundly relieved relatives awaited Penelope's descent from upstairs in subdued but cheerful excitement. In the center of the room, on an enormous mahogany and crimson-silk ottoman, two aunts, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Stanley Ashton, sat in stately splendor mitigated by a tendency to murmuring confidence. Before the fire fidgeted Major Stanley Ashton, a stoutish but still dashing and most military-looking gentleman in very tight, light trousers, who, when he was not admiring his profuse blond whiskers in the mirror above the fireplace, stood with his back to it and admired them in another mirror at the farther end of the room. At times this warlike uncle glanced with some impatience at his watch and demanded to be informed if Penelope was ready. None of the other occupants of the room paid the least attention to him or to his inquiries. And indeed it was plain that he entertained no expectation that they would; for on each occasion he resumed the consideration of his whiskers before his watch had even been satisfactorily returned to the fob of his lilac waistcoat.

A third aunt, Mrs. Crowther, that anxious widowed chaperon of Penelope's to whom I have referred before, appeared at intervals at the door and smiled and nodded mysteriously and disappeared again in great haste. It was understood that, as mistress of ceremonies, she conveyed to them by these signs that they would find Penelope in her wedding array quite as dazzlingly beautiful as they had expected of her, and rather more so; and that this result was largely due to her, Mrs. Crowther's, affection for Penelope, affection being indeed, as they were all well aware, the only kind of assistance the poor dear lady was capable of rendering to anyone upon any occasion.

By the piano a little flock of comely and whitely shimmering age cousins fluttered prettily in a gentle wind of sentimentality. The young lady with brown ringlets seated on the music stool was Miss Barbara Lawrence; the other young lady with brown ringlets turning over some music rather feverishly was her sister Millicent; and the two young ladies with golden ringlets who stood side by side between the brown-ringleted pair and giggled a good deal in unison were the Misses Catherine and Margaret Ashton, the fair daughters of the fair-whiskered major. To these light-hearted young people, who were to be Penelope's four bridesmaids, their respective mothers addressed from time to time from the ottoman gentle remonstrances and reminders of decorum. But their high spirits refused to be quenched, and they prattled and chattered and tittered and fluttered about the piano in ladylike and amiably mischievous noisiness. Miss Barbara Lawrence even went so far as to plunge with reckless fingers into the Guards' Waltz, which stood open on the music stand. But at the end of the fifth bar she stopped as abruptly as she had begun.

"I wonder if Mr. Way will come to the church," she said with a smile maliciously arch.

The Misses Ashton tittered violently and said in the same breath, "Never!" "Barbara!" "To the church!" Then they glanced slyly at Miss Millicent Lawrence, who colored up and became deeply absorbed in the cover of a schottische.

"If I see him there," said Cousin Barbara, "I shall laugh in his face. I know I shall."

"My dear Barbara!" protested one aunt. "Barbara, my dear!" protested the other.

"But it's just what he would do. Come to the church and pose himself in some corner where everyone would be sure to see him and pity him for his poor broken heart."

"Silly donkey!" added Cousin Catherine.

"Great conceited stick!" added Cousin Margaret.

Cousin Millicent, conspicuously, added nothing. Perhaps, hopeless as the prospect appeared at that moment, she foresaw that one day the calumniated Mr. Way was to place his broken heart in her little hands. At any rate she colored again so deeply that she felt constrained to retire behind the sheltering cover of the schottische.

"Well," said Cousin Barbara, who was a person of invincible candor, "I suppose now that Penelope is safely out of the way there will be a chance for some of us poor plain neglected things."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence. "What an extraordinary remark!"

"Really, Barbara!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashton. She dispatched a glance of quelling sternness over her shoulder toward something suspiciously like a chuckle from the hearthrug, and said again with chilling severity, "Really!"

Cousin Barbara, undaunted, pivoted on the music stool to face the ottoman.

"You know it's quite true, mother," she said calmly. "Penelope has practically abolished matrimony in our part of Somerset. Every eligible man we know is an admirer of hers—and of nothing else. And most of the ineligible ones, too, which is just as bad, if not worse. One can resign oneself to not getting married, but one does like to be amused sometimes."

Here the Misses Ashton giggled rather shrilly, and seizing each one of Cousin Barbara's shoulders shook her with a terrifying agitation of their golden ringlets. Even Cousin Millicent smiled at her sister's audacious sally and emerged from behind the schottische. And the two elder ladies, after the administration of some formally disapproving glances to their respective daughters, exchanged between themselves one of private sympathy. Fondly as they loved Penelope, I fear that it cannot be denied that to their maternal bosoms Penelope's marriage had brought, as has been already suggested, a profound relief.

"Twenty minutes to ten," said the major, with his legs very widely apart. "Time Penelope was ready, you know."

But the Guards' Waltz resumed at this moment, with Cousin Barbara's relentless little foot depressing the loud pedal permanently, completely submerged the worthy gentleman's protest and he returned without resentment to the contemplation of his whiskers. Presently he took from an inner pocket a small case of morocco leather. From the case he took a tiny tortoise-shell and silver comb. And with the comb he excited his left whisker to a still more satisfying exuberance.

Downstairs, where beneath the severe gaze of Henniker, the family butler, a godlike man, the preparations for the reception were receiving the final consummating touches; a

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"Well," Cried Penelope, "I Am Not to be Married To-day. Not To-day or Any Day"

REFUGE

Mrs. Sheehan Delighted in Seed Catalogues and Sporting News

SHE was a sentimentalist, though the word was not known to her, save as a collection of syllables often used in newspapers; and she fancied it was the name of a sect of some sort. Mrs. Sheehan was not an earnest reader. She delighted in seed catalogues and sporting news. The athletic pages of the Boston papers were necessary to her business, for she conducted a tea shop on the edge of Framlingham village, and her patrons were the boys of Saint Andrew's School, which lies half a mile below Framlingham and is the only reason for Framlingham's existence.

Margaret Murphy Sheehan thought of herself as part of Saint Andrew's. Her husband had been the school gardener. She knew the names of all the boys graduated since 1896, and could call them by their nicknames when they came back to visit their sons or younger brothers. Her tea shop was the limit of the school property, and boys were forbidden to pass its fence, though there was nothing harmful in the single street of Framlingham, except the food at the little hotel. She enjoyed the confidence of the head master and frequently gave him sound advice on the handling of difficult lads, as all the school gossip resounded in her parlor each afternoon over cocoa cups and plates of cake. She heard what they thought of new teachers and new rules, and as her ears were good she knew what rules were most broken. She was not a clever woman, but long association with two hundred boys made her wise in their habits. The word "psychology" was also puzzling to her, yet it was she who by crafty persuasion prevented a dozen big lads from running off to enlist in the spring of 1917. "I hadn't any idea of this, Maggie," the head master told her.

"An' how should Your Reverence have any idea? It's me that hears all they're thinkin', ain't it? Which you never could in the world."

Doctor Amberly smiled at his ally.

"I suppose we're the only two people who think Saint Andrew's School is the biggest thing on earth, Maggie. Well, we'll start a cadet corps and that will take the fever down a bit. Oh, has Jerry Newlin been talking of running off any more?"

Maggie beamed. She had a special weakness for Gerald Newlin, because he reminded her of one Shamus Tuggart, whom she had declined to marry in County Mayo in 1886.

"Jerry run off, and him three years in school? What's Your Reverence thinkin' of?"

"Why, he's doing extraordinarily bad work," said Doctor Amberly, "and he looks as blue as indigo. See what's wrong with him, Maggie."

She observed young Gerald expertly the next afternoon. A rainy day always filled the shop with boys deprived of track practice, rowing on the shallow, bright river, and early baseball. Her favorite was drooping. He sat in a corner by the fireplace, ate three monstrous slabs of chocolate cake and did not talk. She detained him guilefully when the rest had tramped off downhill with a great chatter and flashing of gay Mackinaws.

"Now then, what's wrong with you, you limb? You're lookin' like a chicken caught in a fence."

"Oh I I'm rather worried."

"Fourteen's too young to be worried about nothin', darlin'."

"Well," he confessed, "my mother—my stepmother's going to Paris. She sailed Monday. She's going to do some sort of Red Cross stuff. I'm worried."

"A gentlewoman couldn't do less, Jerry lamb."

"Yes—only, you know, if anything happened to her—it'd be awfully tough on dad. And there's the submarines too."

Maggie consoled him, and he ran off on the stroke of the bell in the school chapel tower announcing evening roll call. The old woman watched his green Mackinaw flicker off down the wet slope toward the school gates, and reflected a while; then went to order about her niece, Veronica Healy, in the kitchen.

"And you'll say a prayer to-night for Jerry Newlin's stepmother that's on the seas with them submarines shootin' at her."

"It was in the papers his pa gave an awful wad of money to the Red Cross," said Miss Healy, nibbling an abandoned square of cake.

"An' why not, with him makin' near all the money there is in the created unyverse out of his automobiles? And put it in the book that Stevie Van Ness didn't pay for his cocoa."

It was a relief to Maggie that the war ended before Gerald Newlin was old enough to think of enlisting. His father, the motor king, visited the boy several times, and was brought to shake hands with Maggie, who thought him a grave-looking man for his age, though she assumed that the business of making motors was probably severe. Still his dark hair was filled with white splashes and his eyes were melancholy. She counseled her niece that wealth is not happiness, and pointed out wisely that Gerald must look like his mother.

In December, 1918, there was a picture in the Sunday supplement of "Detroit Motor Millionaire Greets Wife Returning from Red Cross Work in France." The photograph pleased Maggie, since Gerald appeared in it, grinning with embarrassment; and she thought Mrs. Newlin a handsome, slim lady, if rather too thin. She pasted the picture on the kitchen wall close to the stove, and often stared at it while she was cooking.

Next fall Gerald brought her some slips of rose from the Newlin gardens at Gross Point, outside Detroit. Maggie kissed him violently. Her garden in front of the cottage was the solace of summers when the school was closed and there were no boys to talk to in the empty shop.

"The Police Were Smashing in the Doors of the Rooms in the Hotel Where They Were Caught"

"I'll be plantin' them next spring. And now how is your pa and your mamma—I mean your stepmamma."

"She isn't very well, Maggie," said Gerald. "Worked too hard in Paris. She used to be a trained nurse and she likes nursing."

"As any Christian woman would. Well, don't you be worryin', and you on the football team this fall very likely."

She made inquiries from time to time about Mrs. Newlin, who was no better; and she heard that Mr. Newlin no longer made trips to his New York offices, but stayed in Detroit. There came a day in savage midwinter when she saw Gerald driven past in the head master's carriage toward the station, and that afternoon boys who waded through the snow to the shop told her that her favorite had been telegraphed for. The next day's Boston papers reported Mrs. Newlin's death. Maggie shed tears for a woman she had never seen, and said many prayers. The lads talked of the event a little over their food, and Stevie Van Ness, Gerald's particular friend, gave Maggie a cutting from a New York paper.

"My father says it's rotten bad form to print things like that," he sniffed, "but I thought you'd like to see it. It's rather queer."

Maggie bade her niece read the fine print at their evening meal. It ran in the usual way, with comments on Mrs. Newlin's war service and the beauty of the Newlin house at Gross Point. But it ended in a startling paragraph:

The death of Mrs. Newlin has naturally revived the recollection of Mr. Newlin's first marriage. The whereabouts of the motor manufacturer's first wife is not known to any of his associates, and it will be remembered that his advertisements for her were continuously published from 1906, the year of her disappearance, to 1914, when Mr. Newlin married the second time. In 1906 Mr. Newlin was struggling to finance the first of his factories, and was employed in the Stratton Motor Works as a foreman. It was reported at the time that his wife had grown discouraged by his failure to raise money on his invention, and left him, taking their second son with her after a serious quarrel. The inventor's first-born son, Gerard, is a sixteen-year-old student at Saint Andrew's School.

"And they couldn't even get his name spelled right," Maggie snorted, "and I've no doubt at all the rest of it is a pack of black lies."

She raged against the heartless mendacity of newspaper editors until the head master dropped in to call at eight. But Doctor Amberly straightened his clerical collar and gave a shrug.

"Very painful for Jerry, as his father's never talked to him about it."

"You mean to say this is true?"

"Yes, it is, Maggie," said the head master wearily, "and more's the pity."

"Mother of God," she gasped, "an' what kind of woman'd go off and leave the like of Jerry in his cradle with nothin' but a man to look after him?"

"I don't know anything about her," Amberly said, "except what Mr. Newlin told me once when I had dinner with him in Boston. It seems she was a stenographer in the motor company where he worked then. He says Jerry looks like her. Too bad for the boy to hear about it. He'll think all sorts of rubbish of course."

What Gerald thought she did not dare inquire. He came back to school in a few days, dressed in full black and seemingly taller. Mr. Newlin visited him once before the Easter holidays, swinging out from Boston in a huge motor, which plowed through the muddy snow of the road arrogantly. The story had spread in the school and she heard discussions among the older lads. It angered her. She boiled up one March day and planted her stout self before a corner table where a low-voiced argument was going on.

"An' you'd all like it fine if this had happened in your own families—though God forbid the like of it should at any time! An' Jerry thinkin' of his brother that's lost and gone from him. You should all be ashamed to death of yourselves instead of makin' a tale of it."

Someone whistled to warn her, and she saw Gerald wiping his muddy shoes on the little porch. He came into a hush that broke into babble directly, for it was clear no one wanted to distress Gerald. He had grown to be something of an idol, Maggie knew, and perhaps this gossip was really a tribute to his eminence in the big school. He spoke to her of the matter finally when he arrived to say good-by in early April. All day motors from Boston and suburbs near-by had been carrying boys off for the two weeks of Easter vacation. The special car for New York would stop at Framlingham station at five. Gerald slung his suitcase in a corner of the immaculate kitchen and helped Maggie

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

slice cake. Her niece was on a visit to Dorchester and the fat woman was alone in the cottage.

"I don't know whether I'll come back to school at all. Might be the last time you'll see me," he grinned.

"That's a silly kind of speech you've got in your mouth, Jerry!"

"Well, there's no one with dad but servants and secretaries and that kind of junk. I suppose you saw all that—that rot in the papers?"

"I did, darlin', and may them newspaper writers get a long term in fiery places for printin' it."

Gerald threw back his head and laughed with real cheer.

"You're a wonder, Maggie! It's awfully hard on dad, though."

"An' can you remember her at all, dearie?"

"Not a bit. I remember when I was a kid, though, there were always lots of letters from detective offices on dad's desk. There comes the gang."

The departing army bought masses of food to eke out the dining-car service on the way to New York. Maggie gave them her blessing, and her eyes as usual blurred when she reflected that all sorts of accidents might overtake them in two weeks while they were committed to careless parents and friends remote from the ordered wisdom of Saint Andrew's. She advised the taller ones to beware of cigarettes and such temptations as lurk in the homes of the rich, and tucked their mufflers inside the small boys' coats. Her flat face got sticky with chocolate-smeared kisses. She reveled in sentiment and forgot to mark down many purchases in her ledger.

When they were herded off to await the train she went up to make devout prayers for their safety before her image of Saint Margaret, and concluded with a special mention of Gerald, bound to Detroit in the wilderness. In the morning the parlor had its look of desertion to make her gloomy, and she began to spade up the beds of the front yard as a cure for melancholy. The day was warm and the earth smelled fine. She cleared the winter wrappings from her ten rosebushes and was pleased with hopeful sprouts in the area devoted to narcissus. Only the lonesome bell of the school chapel clock made her sorrowful, and the prospect of two weeks' converse with mere women. She had no opinion of her sex. Women were needful so that the school should be kept filled with boys, but female doings bored her. She was cursing her cumbersome skirts when a shadow reached her fingers on the lumped, dark soil of the narcissus bed, and she saw a boy leaning on the fence, staring solemnly. He took his cap off his cropped light hair and grinned shyly.

"Those are pretty nice crocuses," he said slowly.

"They do pretty well," she agreed, "but I don't care about crocuses myself."

"I suppose it's a late spring," he sighed. "I haven't seen any snowdrops yet."

"I've some behind the house," Maggie boasted. "Come in and look at them, if you've a likin' for flowers."

He had. Maggie led him about the cottage and showed him the snowdrops in the shadow of the back porch, and the tulip bed as well He kicked the earth knowingly with the toe of a smart brown boot and peered at the lilac bush.

"You ought to cover up the roots of that some more."

"So I ought, but you're a funny boy to mind about gardens now."

He flushed, then sighed again, really wistful.

"You see, I live—I mean I lived in a nursery—at Poughkeepsie."

"Them's the Prescott Nursery gardens. I do be gettin' their catalogue every year, and they have fine roses there."

"Mr. Mackay runs the rose garden," he said proudly.

"A Scotchman now? Well, it takes the Scotch for roses. But you're too young to work in a nursery."

"Well, I lived with the Mackays." His bronze eyes wandered off to the school, brightly lit on the green of the valley in a curve of the river. "What's the name of that town, ma'am?"

"A town? That's Saint Andrew's School," she said.

"It's big, isn't it? Saint Andrew's—I expect it's an orphanage, isn't it?"

Maggie glared at him so that he shrank away and his brown skin paled.

"Pretty soon you'll be tellin' me you thought this was the state of Maine instead of Massachusetts. Saint Andrew's an orphanage! Wherever in the world was you brought up?"

But it proved that he was honestly ignorant of the school, and Maggie began to instruct him, gathering meanwhile that he was staying at the hotel with his mother and father and had arrived the previous night. She took him into the parlor and showed him the endless photographs of the school teams and crews and told him tales.

"And if you'd got here yesterday mornin' you'd have seen the lads all about like rabbits; but it's vacation now. And where do you go to school and how old are you? And what might your name be, since we're talkin' to each the other so easy?"

His name was Laurence Roberts. He had gone to school in Poughkeepsie at the high school there, and he was nearly fifteen. His eyes were the dreamy sort she knew meant that this was an imagining kind of boy who would probably be given to doing badly at mathematics and well at languages, but he knew everything there was to be known about gardening, and she gave him a cup of cocoa while they talked roses and soils. Since he was male and civil, she examined him closely, saw that his gray-flannel suit was new, expensive and well made. His shoes were too handsome for a boy of his age, and his wrist watch was too ornamented. It was puzzling to connect him with a Scotch nurseryman's cottage and a public school.

"And where d'you live now, young fellow?"

"Well," said Laurence, "I don't just know. I expect I'll live with mother now. You see, I lived with the Mackays while she was away."

"You lived there a long time to get to know all you do about roses."

"Well, eight years is a pretty long time," he nodded.

"Eight—your mother was off from you eight years now? An' when did she come back, in heaven's name?"

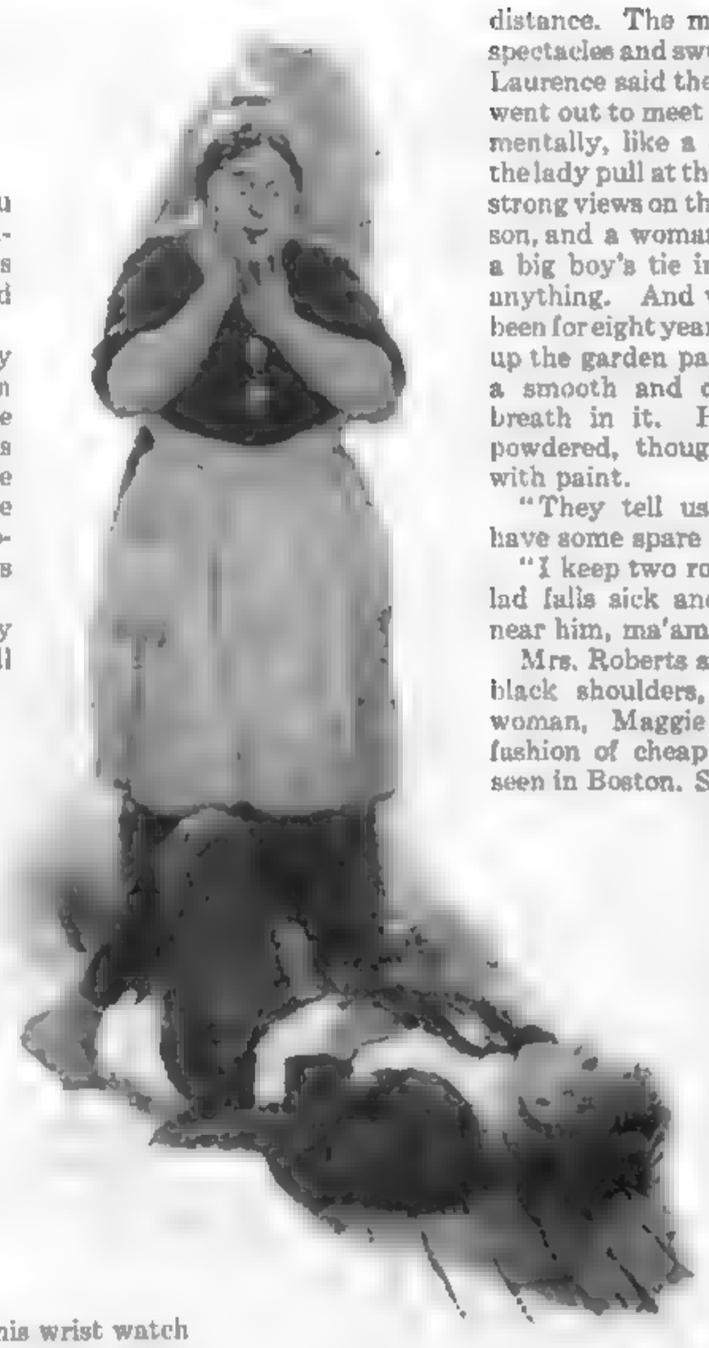
"Just last week," he said without any joy in the fact.

Soon a tall lady in wonderful black clothes came strolling up the road from the village, and the whiteness of her face betrayed powder at some distance. The man with her wore dark spectacles and swung a stick as he walked. Laurence said these were his parents, and went out to meet them. Maggie bristled mentally, like a dog annoyed, watching the lady pull at the boy's necktie. She had strong views on the attitude of mother and son, and a woman who would straighten a big boy's tie in public was capable of anything. And where had the creature been for eight years? Mrs. Roberts swept up the garden path and addressed her in a smooth and delicate voice with no breath in it. Her whiteness was not powdered, though her lips were tinged with paint.

"They tell us at the hotel that you have some spare rooms, Mrs. Sheehan?"

"I keep two rooms ready in case some lad falls sick and his folks come to be near him, ma'am. I don't rent rooms."

Mrs. Roberts smiled and shrugged her black shoulders, not like a well-bred woman, Maggie thought, but in the fashion of cheap stage players she had seen in Boston. She told Maggie how bad the food at the hotel was and how they had come to the country for quiet and how ill her husband had been—all this carefully phrased in the small, refined voice which was untrue to the depth of her chest. Her skin had the tint of a camellia grown under glass. She must be near to forty and about her bronze eyes there were creepings of ugly wrinkles. But Laurence came to listen to the talk, and Maggie liked him too much to abandon him to the cook of the hotel, an evil-minded Portuguese who used garlic freely.



He Slid Back, Dropped

"I'll show you the rooms, ma'am," she said at last, and was soothed by the boy's grin.

She repented her kindness that afternoon. Mr. Roberts smoked cigars and Mrs. Roberts smoked cigarettes. The vapor oozed from under their bedroom door and made Maggie sneeze. Behind the screen of that door their voices warred and jangled in a multitude of swift sentences, rasping on his part, shrill on hers. But Laurence helped wash the luncheon dishes and asked for more stories about the school. Maggie sent him downhill with a note to the head master's coachman asking that the glories of Saint Andrew's be shown him.

"I suppose that that's Saint Andrew's School," Mrs. Roberts said, coming down later in a gorgeous pink-and-gold garment. "One hears so much of it. And where has Larry gone, did you notice?"

Maggie mumbled a reply. The wreathed-and-woven hill of the lady's hair, seen without a hat, was sirup colored. Her large eyes, in this light from the western sun, were a deeper bronze, and her chin had a single dimple set below the lip. She looked like Gerald Newlin. That was it. And the boy, if his hair were not cropped so close and his shoulders were bigger, would look like Gerald.

"Oh, you sent him to look at the school buildings? How many boys are there in the school?"

"Two hundred, ma'am," said Maggie, "only they're off home. Easter vacation."

"Really," smiled Mrs. Roberts, and went upstairs again. Maggie sat down on the kitchen bench and wiped her face. Her mind would not work readily. She was entangled in a dreadful web of ideas. To get rid of them she started dinner cooking, and was salting the steak when Roberts came blundering into the kitchen and asked for matches.

"In the box on the side of the stove, sir."

He took some, then paused, and Maggie could see him looking at the newspaper photograph of the Newlins still pasted on the wall. When the door above had closed she gasped a prayer and stole as lightly as she could after him. She had given Laurence the room beside that of his parents, and there was a door between. The voices came through the panels plainly.

"Yes, it is. Newspaper photo. Him and his wife and a kid—a boy." *(Continued on Page 131)*

"Roberts—Whatever His Name Was—Fired a Revolver Through the Door and They Fired Back—the Fools"

The Come-Back of a Send-Off

By BOICE DUBOIS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHEN Demosthenes went down to the Athenian Brighton Beach of his day and measured the volume and tone of his oratorical vibrations against the smash and roar of the sea he made a forty-love score with Oscar F. Onderdonk, president of the Paint and Putty Corporation, because Oscar loved to orate, and his soul marched out across the years that had scooted into the historical card index and was in tune with the Greek orator. Both knew those sensations of delight which intoxicate the eloquent, and both were always ready to quaff anew from foaming beakers of rhetoric and metaphor. Of course Demosthenes had an impediment in his speech, and used to slip pebbles under his silver tongue, though Oscar had no such handicap.

Therefore, having placed this little explanatory disk in the narrative, you can imagine for yourself what happened when Jimmy Costigan, of the Paint and Putty retail department, became the first member of that corporation to offer his services to the Government in the recent war.

It was some banquet, as the house committee of the Advertising Club will tell you, because they turned the banquet room of that institution over to President Onderdonk and told him to ring the welkin, toot the patriotic calliope and let the oratorical fireworks sizzle.

There were flags, banners, shields, pictures of the presidents and a Paint and Putty band with four trombones that just naturally frisked in a few syncopated jazz numbers occasionally, and when Jimmy came into the hall with his old mother on his arm, President Onderdonk having insisted upon inviting her, the papier-mâché cupids belonging to the decorative ensemble on the ceiling let their yellow-ocher smiles expand to the peeling point just because of the din and racket.

Talk about democracy! There was Jimmy seated on one side of the president and his mother on the other, right next to his private secretary, and not one of the hilarious diners even so much as passing the wink about the funny little hat that Mrs. Costigan had on, though there was a decorative plume on one corner of it that looked for all the world like one of Blakelock's moonlit trees; and throughout the feast it kept waving joyful-like, whether Mrs. Costigan laughed or cried, because after all her tears were but expressing her joy, and everybody knew it

Jimmy Meanwhile Figuring What He Would Order When the Boss Took Him Out for Lunch

It certainly was a real party, and when the president finally rose amid the wild plaudits of the Paint and Putty employees everybody settled down comfortablelike in their seats and said "Now you will hear something." And they did, but inasmuch as Jimmy's record will have to be etched into the story it will be necessary to leave President Onderdonk with his fingers lightly poised upon the damask until we come back.

Jimmy made his connection with the corporation the day he left school, and it was a precipitous exit from an educational environment to a white-lead atmosphere. He arrived at the temple of learning late one morning, and the supervising male oracle of that worthy institution asked him why.

"I had to go some place for me mother," replied James, truthfully.

"Well, go some place for me," exclaimed that irascible gent. Whereupon he grasped Jimmy by the two convenient fabric handles of neck and trousers and threw him down a flight of stairs.

That was Jimmy's class history and his valedictory. So after pinning up the nethermost fracture, which handle was in the greatest need of first aid, he devoted the morning to playing with two of his truant neighbors, and along about eleven o'clock, having licked both of them and finding that even the leisured class have hours of ennui and boredom, he went over to Dooley's Musical Emporium on the avenue, where he worked nights, and asked that gentleman if he would give him a steady job.

"Nothing doing," said Dooley.

"Maybe your brother-in-law, who comes in here nights, knows of something," said James.

"Not him. He's in the paint department of the Indian Oil and Tar Company. But speaking of paint, I see by the ads in the paper that the Paint and Putty Corporation over on Eleventh Avenue wants a strong boy. Go over and get that."

It was only three blocks away, and James reached the place in as many minutes. But upon arriving he made the discovery that after all education is more or less universal, because about twenty other strong boys had evidently read the same advertisement and were there ahead of him. There they were—twenty. Jimmy counted 'em from the opposite side of the street. James also noted the fact that the house porter was engaged in trucking a stack of white-lead kegs into the warehouse.

"Are they all looking for this job?" asked James, crossing the street for that purpose.

"Cer'n'ly! Get in line if you wanna take a chance," said the porter.

"How long have I got to wait?"

"Till the boss comes."

"When's that—next week?" asked James sarcastically.

"Naw! He'll be here in about twenty minutes."

"That's a helluva way to get a job," said Jimmy as he contemptuously spat upon the sidewalk and walked away.

A few minutes later he was back talking with his pals of the morning.

"Either one of you fellows want a job?" he asked.

"Where?" they chorused.

"Dooley's music store."

"No," they replied in unison.

James eyed them derisively for a moment, then decided to lie to the uttermost.

"It ain't hard," said he. "All you got to do is go there nights and play shimmy records on the phonograph for customers."

"That's different," they once more chorused.

"All right, come on. I'll recommend you. It'll be for Saturdays, because I work there nights. But you got to do something for me first."

"What is it?" asked one of them.

"Come over on Eleventh Avenue and do some scrappin'."

Five minutes later the waiting assembly of work-hungry youngsters on Eleventh Avenue stampeded for the fistic combat which had been staged by Jimmy Costigan about a quarter of a block away from the Paint and Putty Corporation's warehouse, and directly after that they formed a howling but nevertheless joyful circle round the battling stool pigeons, where they encouraged those brave lads to mortal combat.

And Jimmy in the meantime was earnestly interviewing the porter.

"Tip me off when the head gent comes in, will yuh?"

"He just got in by the back way," said the good-natured porter, who half guessed that a strategic move was under way.

"Then I'm going in," said James. "And say, you look like a good scout. Lemme carry in one of them kegs, will you?"

"Sure," grinned the porter.

Then it was that Jimmy quickly hoisted

"Costigan, I Want You," Said the President, Snapping His Fingers Impatiently

"Is it Any Good? Say, it Will Pull Paint Apart the Same as Hot Water Will Spoil the Shape of a Snowball!"

one of the white-lead kegs to his shoulder and a moment later let it thump to the floor at the feet of the superintendent, at the same time handing him the morning paper with the advertisement in it and the words "Strong boy wanted" heavily underscored.

"I'm him," said James, pointing a grimy finger to the place.

Which remark proved to be prophetic, because the superintendent hired him forthwith, and to show the rapidity with which James accustomed himself to the duties of his new position it is to be stated that without previous instruction or suggestion on the part of his new employer he promptly went to the door and said to the returned group of strong lads: "Fade away! You're an hour late."

Thus did James commence to punch the Paint and Putty time clock, and though he quickly discovered something like seventeen different ways of beating that unholy instrument of distress, yet be it known that he fell not, neither was he tempted, for he had hitched his wagon to a star and was jake to follow same, even though it was destined to lead him seven times round the zodiac.

So one morning about six months later, being still whizzed along in the wake of his cosmic tractor, James hackled and hemmed his embarrassed way into the manager's office, and after standing round pelicanlike, first on one foot, then on the other, for about a half an hour he was invited to spill it quick.

"Please, sir," said James, "I came in to ask if you couldn't give me a try-out in the retail department."

"What do you know about selling goods?" snapped the manager.

"I'm pretty good over in Dooley's Music Emporium on the avenue. I work there nights."

"All right. Go ahead—sell yourself." Here the manager took out his watch. "You got just one minute in which to do it."

"You want it in a five-grain capsule—is that the idea?"

"Yes, snap out of it."

"All right. Dooley sells on the installment plan, and I've noticed that once you get a customer thinking up nice things about himself or somebody else you got him sold."

"That's a whole chapter, son," said the manager, who had actually been thinking how nice it would be if he could grant the boy's request. "I'll go in and see Dooley some night, as I know him very well."

Two weeks later he dropped into the music emporium.

"I hear that Jimmy Costigan is selling musical instruments for you," said he.

"You mean he was selling," corrected Dooley.

"Isn't he with you now?"

"No."

"What happened—too slow?"

"No, too speedy."

"That's a rare and wonderful gift these days," said the manager.

"Not in the installment line. Listen to this: A woman came in here one night to buy a phonograph, and after slipping in all the trick records and turning the clock back to her party days Costigan suddenly asked, 'How many children have you got, lady?' 'Twelve,' she answered. 'Then you should buy two machines. One wouldn't be enough in a family of that size.' And she took his word for it—actually signed on the dotted line for two machines."

"Well, isn't that good salesmanship?" asked the manager.

"What? When we sell this line on monthly payments? Suppose she had been looking for a grand piano?"

"Is that all you have against him?"

"I should say not! He's too gabby. Last week when I took a night off he staid here until one o'clock in the morning talking paint with my father-in-law. That's all he thinks of. He's flapping loose, that kid is, and if you don't believe it listen to this: He says that if anyone was clever enough to mix good jazz music and a snappy paint talk on the same record the public would fall for it just on account of its being different."

"I'm much obliged," said the manager with a wonderful grin. "He's just about ripe for a job in the retail department of the Paint and Putty Corporation."

And he was. In fact the first day he went behind the counter he demonstrated that he was overripe, because President Onderdonk, as was his occasional habit, came down from the wholesale department to look things over; and James, being full of guile, made for him as if he thought he was a customer, which clever little subterfuge was a two-wicket-and-stake shot for Costigan, inasmuch as it tickled the president silly. Of course not having seen the boy before he took it for granted that the new clerk had mistaken him for a buyer. "Do you ever have occasion to use a good paint remover?" asked James, picking up a quart can of Onderdonk's pet product.

"Is it any good?" asked the president, winking at the manager.

"Is it any good!" exclaimed James reproachfully. "Say, it will pull paint apart the same as hot water will spoil the shape of a snowball!"

"That's what they all say," observed President Onderdonk with a grin.

"Listen," said James, leaning across the counter. "This is a new idea. You brush it on, see? Then it eats out the oil. Get that? It breaks the oil out of the white lead. Honest, mister, I can put a coat of this paint remover on—er—on som'thin', and after a coupla hours slush it with th' hose and it's clean. What do you think of that?"

By this time James was hunting for a place to stop while the stopping was good, and the look of profound surprise that was forming on the president's face told him that he had reached the spot.

"Young man," said he, "I happen to be the president of this corporation and the inventor of the paint remover you have tried to sell me, and your statement interests me. If what you say concerning the use of the hose is true it will prove to be valuable information. I shall be glad to look into this matter."

Which he evidently did with satisfactory results, because when James looked into his pay envelope the following Saturday he found an increase of five dollars, whereupon that confident but precocious youth remarked, "There are times when you can take a gun away from a burglar."

But success for James was as dangerous as new wine in old bottles, inasmuch as conceit began to ferment within. James became cocky—so much so that a romping crew of cockroach thoughts began to infest every corner of his brain, and from the interesting youth that everybody in the retail department was anxious to assist he grew to be a perky little pest; and meanwhile having failed to put his foot on any of the insidious mental creepers they were frisking at will until there was a croaking vermin chorus which kept repeating, "Everybody is against you and your chance is gone, so what's the use," and James himself began to say, "I got to get out of here." Therefore when the call went bounding through the land for lads of bone and brawn to uphold the sacred honor of the Stars and Stripes James walked into a recruiting station and asked them to put him on the scales.

Wherefore, no matter what Jimmy Costigan had said or done to certain individual employees of the Paint and Putty Corporation, they forgot all about it at the banquet given in his honor and howled their heads off when President Onderdonk closed his address by saying, "All honor to the youth who is the first among us to offer his life to the Republic!" Then he added, "Jimmy Costigan, there will always be a place for you somewhere in the Paint and Putty Corporation."

So James went forth with the gallant Marines and sweat out his very soul in the thirty-two days of Belleau Woods, the hell of the Meuse-Argonne and the inferno of Mont Blanc. Wherefore when the conquering march into Germany began he was a three-striper and all in due season saluted Lady Liberty from the deck of a rusty transport and landed in New York with a fearsome Franco-American vocabulary in which "beaucoup jack," "pipe down," "tout sweet" and "shove off" were indiscriminately mixed.

Hence the new edition of the old James that walked into the main office of the

(Continued on Page 42)

"Lift Up the Disk," Suggested Jimmy. "Good Heavens!" Exclaimed Grant

MESPOT IN MUFTI

By Maude Radford Warren

ASK any native of Mesopotamia, Arab or Jew or Christian, what has been the chief change brought about by the British occupation, and he is certain to reply, "There is almost no murdering and much less robbery than there was under the Turks."

The securing of public safety is only one of many improvements the British have made, but it seems to be the one that has chiefly impressed the public mind. The first person who spoke to me of it was an Oriental, a teacher of Arabic. We sat in a house in Basra on a cloudy evening looking out of the window, watching the shadowy forms of passers-by.

"Before the British came," he said, "no man would have dared walk beyond this house after nightfall. If he did he was murdered. Even if he did not leave his house he was not safe from robbery. I had a friend who went to live in the house next the gendarmerie—what you call police. He asked me to come and live with him. I said I would not, because the place was too lonely. He replied that he was next to the police and therefore safe. But one night robbers came to his house. He shouted for the police, and those of them who were outside rushed into their own place and locked the door.

"So I came to live in this house. You will notice that the Arab houses have blank walls facing on the street. If the walls are broken by windows these are barred. If there are doors these are small or else secured. Do not think that this is done for the sake of keeping the women sheltered or the sun off. It is to keep thieves out. One night I was sitting in this house with my friends when a knock came at the door. First I looked out of the window. I saw a number of people on two sides of the house. I went to the door and I said, 'Who is there?' The answer was, 'I am a thief.'"

A Thorough Job

"I SUPPOSE in America if anyone was so lunatic as to say that, you would telephone for the police. But here under the Turks it was wise to let the thieves in. Why not? There were too many of them, and they would have been angry and would have killed some of us in revenge some day. So we let in the man who knocked, and some of his friends came with him.

"They did not make polite greetings, but they took all the people into separate rooms, the women in one, the children in another, the men in a third. This was because if they had been left together they might have secretly encouraged one another not to tell where money or jewels were hidden.

"All the people in the house were very much afraid, and they told where their hiding places were, but said that they had been robbed only a few weeks previously and they had nothing left.

"The thieves were very angry. 'We must have something,' they said. So they sent for a cart, and they took what furniture and bedding and cooking dishes they wanted, and then went away. They left us our lives, and that was about all.

The Mosque With the Dome of Gold. Above—Bagdad

"You see how quiet these streets are even now about nine o'clock? That is not entirely because Arabs prefer to go to bed early, though they do not keep late hours. But they have the old habit of not taking risks at night."

For all their efforts, the British have not been entirely able to do away with thefts. As well expect them to change the Arab type of face. Brigandage is ingrained in Arabs almost as much as their religion. For centuries it has been a recognized form of revenue to them, providing the maximum of profit and a measure of agreeable excitement along with the minimum of labor. In the hotel at Basra the mess sergeant warned us to keep our doors and windows locked because of the loot wallahs who would come into our rooms before dawn and steal whatever we were not actually lying upon. A group of us were sitting on the veranda when we were warned, and at once we began to retail stories we had heard of theft. This is what an American archæologist contributed:

"There was a man the other day sleeping out in the desert not far from here with two or three servants. He went to bed one coolish night with a tent above his head, good warm blankets over him, his clothes hanging across a box and his false teeth set in a glass on top of his clothes. A sense of chill waked him. He found over him nothing but heaven and about him nothing but the desert. Even his teeth were gone."

Fishing for Freight

MY OWN experience is anticlimax. Coming up from Basra to Bagdad, a stop at one of the stations roused me about two o'clock. Unless one were deaf one could not fail to wake upon arrival at a Mesopotamian station in the night. Before the train even slows down there is excited shouting, a crescendo rush of bare feet, frenzied chatter and the sweeping gesture of dozens of Arabs, coolies or would-be passengers, or perhaps merely spectators. One would think that some harassing, untoward event were happening. Perhaps in the nighttime these Arabs, under the influence of their wide spaces, their silence, have gone back to their old somnolence and immobility in that state when they say "There is no one but the earth and God."

Then of a sudden the modern devil spirit is upon them in the shape of a train. They come harshly to the twentieth century, and they yell. Some such yelling wakened me. I lay idly holding the top edges of the steamer rug, when—just as the train started again—I felt it gently slipping from my grasp. I took a mighty hold upon it and sat up. There, running alongside the train, was a simple child of the desert who had put his arm inside the window and got hold of the fringe. Luck was with me.

Next morning I heard that two travelers had lost a bag each. They gazed out with mournful interest upon some open freight cars well loaded and covered with a heavy net of ropes. The reason for this was that the Arabs had a little industry connected with great six-pronged anchors. An Arab would take one of these, tie a long rope to it, fastening one end of it to a palm tree or telegraph pole, and then as a train moved past he would fling it on top of an open freight car. He always got some rich haul, until the railroad officials circumvented him.

The Arabs are the most agile and most noiseless thieves in the world. It is a pity the Allies could not have had them during the war to string up the barbed wire in France and to cut the German wire. We should have saved many a man. Those who used to be robbed take avidly to the new system. The other day a company of Arabs from the region of Kerkuk, which is in the northern part of Mesopotamia, sought out the political officer in charge and said words to this effect:

"For many years now we have paid a monthly sum to certain men in this region in order that we should not be

robbed. But now that the British have trained native policemen and have brought them in here we no longer need pay. There have been six robberies since they came, and in each case they found the thieves and returned to us the money. But now we ask this: "Tell us how we shall get back from these thieves the money we have paid them for years for protection. For we believe the English are great enough to see that we get back what we have lost."

No doubt to diminish brigandage in Mesopotamia is to take away a great part of its romance. The fact is that close up there isn't very much romance in the country. It lies mostly in the imagination of the traveler, born of tales of the good Harun-al-Rashid—and perhaps if you are a woman you will recall that Harun-al-Rashid used to pitch ladies into the Tigris. If a woman had implored his reason she would have been told "That's just like a woman."

It is rather fascinating to arrive at Basra, to sail beside flat, palm-edged lands and through miles of river traffic of all conceivable sorts, to catch glimpses of strange people on the shores—and Bagdad from outside is alluring. At first there is only a foreground of flat desert, and in the distance a lovely rampart of palm trees. Then almost suddenly one sees some forty blue and yellow domes and slim minarets defined against an azure sky.

The Mystery of the East

THIS sky line is the most beautiful thing about the city. If one looks at dawn or at sunset across the rapid, noisy Tigris, one sees the most beautiful colors, delicate or strong, pink and pale green, hard orange and gold, with the palm fronds embroidered against them. At dawn there is the deep crooning of doves, and at sunset the mingled voices of the people crossing the pontoon bridges and the women and children sitting on the steps that lead down to the water, telling over the events of the day, as the men in the bazaars tell over their amber beads. Even when one enters the streets and the bazaars some of the mystery remains, though a good deal of the subtlety goes.

What are they talking of, those men in the brown abas, their red or blue headcloths held in place by rounds of camel's-hair wool? They sit on tall wooden settees in the cafés, their shoes beside their wooden pipes on the ground. They smoke these pipes or cigarettes, or they drink their tin cups of coffee, and they talk together quietly and look out inscrutably upon the stranger. What are they saying or thinking? What is in the mind of that Moslem woman closely veiled as she draws away from the unveiled Christian woman in the pink silk aba?

In the bazaar, that place of clashing variety, of overbrilliant color, one can see every type of Eastern face; one can hear in the course of a few minutes speech in Arabic, Turkish, Kurdish, Armenian, Persian, French and English. Then one can leave this seething life and go out into the desert, out into the blue, as they call it here, and see nothing but space, hear and feel only silence. Away on the horizon there may be a line of palm trees or a little cluster of cloth-covered Bedouin tents; there may be a herd of donkeys that one takes for camels, so deceptive are the distances. Or perhaps a mirage will suddenly open a marvelous vista of lakes and islands, remote and lovely.

Sheik Emir Ismail Bey

But all this is a lure for the traveler. The Western who lives in Mesopotamia must see it with other eyes. The man or woman who works here must care tremendously for his job, or else for the country which decrees the job. A woman who comes with her husband must care tremendously for him. For country clubs and tennis and polo and races do not disguise the fact that to stay here is to exist rather than to live. Dust or mud in the winter and infernal heat in the summer: thousands of men without homes

Since the peace with Turkey is not yet signed, I have no right to make any statement as to the number of British troops here, but I think there cannot be more than two hundred English women here. They live in billets, or narrow little houses, very unlike what they were accustomed to in England.

No one uses the word "home" here. They say "billet." A British child is a rarity. I know of two men who have children of five years of age whom they have never seen. I have met men whose leaves of absence are overdue, but as long as they are fit enough to do their work they can't be spared. Good men are scarce. A man's best chance of getting leave is to break down.

I was dining in Mosul with a group of political officers, one of whom was expecting leave—a boy who had not seen England for four years.

The Price of Occupation

"I'LL have two months at home," he said, "and every moment of it is planned for."

"Let him dream," said my host, the colonel. "He'll carry that look for a week or two, and then he'll be disillusioned. We go back full of zest—and presently there is nothing to talk about. The people at home don't understand our life here, and we are out of touch with theirs. It is a part of the price."

There isn't a Britisher here, private or general, who isn't paying the price, and increased salaries cannot make up for what they give. But they carry on amazingly, especially through the months of gasping heat, when from eight to five no soldier is supposed to do any work; when even the animals must do nothing; when people must wear their pith helmets and spine pads all day; when men out in the blue lie pantingly in their tents longing for night to come; when the most important piece of knowledge is the location of the heat-stroke station.

No wonder nerves sometimes fray and break. But still the work goes on. It would not be surprising if any country stood still during wartime. In Mesopotamia the British fought a war and re-created the country as they made their advance from Basra north.

(Continued on Page 92)

Basra

Above—The Arch of Ctesiphon

The Bridge at Mosul

IT PAYS TO SMILE

XVI

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

MY DEAR father used to say that the test of good breeding lay in the ability to maintain the social amenities toward someone who had wronged you. Kipling, I think it is, cites the instance of an Englishman who continued to dress for dinner alone in the jungle, as a more perfect example. But then, Kipling had only the Englishman's word for it, because if he was alone when he dressed, which seems probable—indeed is so stated—how could anyone have seen him? Whereas I have watched my dear father turn the other cheek to the barber who used to visit our establishment weekly, when one cheek had been badly scraped, and not utter anything stronger than an inquiry about the man's health!

And the art of behaving naturally, yet not too naturally, if you understand me, through the routine of living under trying domestic conditions, certainly appears to come more easily to persons whose traditional training has been in the line of self-restraint rather than that of self-expression; in other words, to those of aristocratic forbears. Perhaps that is why the purest aristocracy so seldom attains anything except good manners. But I digress. My intent was merely to make a passing philosophic comment upon the dinner party of three—Mr. Markheim, Mr. Pegg and myself—which was held that evening at the villa.

Somehow or Other I Tottered to a Chair and Sank Into It, Calling Feebly for "Water! Water!"

For though no one could deny Mr. Pegg's sterling worth there were times when his, as it were, silver needed repolishing. And this was such a time. As for Sebastian Markheim, for all his wealth, the veneer of culture, which had never been much more than tailor-deep, now showed the common clay beneath all too plainly; and the bandage which his New York physician had arranged over one eye did nothing to make his behavior more becoming. Whereas on the other hand I was my own cheery, chatty self, only more so, if possible, entertaining both gentlemen with a pleasant account of a railroad accident of which I had read that day, and an explanation of the main differences between knitting and crochet work.

However, they were not very responsive, proving conclusively my dear father's theory. In point of fact they were both so uncommunicative that it was necessary for me to exercise considerable tact and ingenuity before I could get out of them the fact that Sandro di Monteventi was still at large, though he had been traced as far as New York City.

Indeed I cannot imagine why these two gentlemen should have been suspicious of my trustworthiness, yet their reticence could have no other implication. However, when I made quite sure that no further information was to be had out of them I continued to be quite as delightful as before, even insisting upon serving their after-dinner coffee with my own hands in the library.

I confess that my solicitude about the serving of this was not wholly disinterested, inasmuch as I administered a small dose of veronal in each cup—a mere five grains to insure their sleeping—and sleeping early. And in truth my dear father never approved the taking of coffee in the evening, and I know that neither of these men had had sufficient sleep during the past forty-eight hours. I did not wish my project to fail through any oversight on my part. Moreover, neither being a good judge of coffee, they made no comment on the flavor.

Thus it was that when, shortly after nine o'clock, first one and then the other excused himself and went off to bed, I did not seek to detain either, but remained myself in the library for half an hour, ostensibly engaged in the perusal of a volume of Carlyle's French Revolution but in reality with one eye fixed upon the clock, and my attention absorbed with waiting for the moment when I might retire to my chamber without apparent undue haste.

At length the clock struck ten, having been considerably longer than its usual time in getting round to it, or so I fancied, and I rose in a leisurely fashion, putting away my book and ringing for the footman. When he appeared I bade him a cheerful good night and told him to put out the lights. Then I made my way upstairs to Peaches, my heart beating with excitement but my head quite cool and collected as I admitted myself to our, as it were, joint prison.

I found the dear girl already dressed in a dark suit and small hat, her face still pale, though her sleep had greatly refreshed her and her eyes were once more the great fiery cat eyes of amber that I loved to watch.

"Free," she began at once, "is there any news of him? Have they caught him?"

"Not yet," I replied, "but he's in New York somewhere—at least that's what they think. Don't forget to take your toothbrush."

"And you are sure that Dicky understands what to do?"

"Of course!" I replied, going to my top bureau drawer and regarding the contents critically. "Now let me see what I shall take."

"I guess father will never forgive us," remarked Peaches dolefully. "But it seems a person never can do what they think right without getting in wrong with someone."

"I shall take my father's chronometer," I mused half aloud, "smelling salts and a pack of cards, for solitaire. Also my small folding check book. These, together with my toothbrush and clean handkerchief, will just about fill my reticule." I was putting these articles into their receptacle as I talked, but my attention was fixed upon Alicia's face. She looked as if she were seeing a vision; never have I beheld such an expression of anxious beatitude, if one may say so, on any human countenance either before or since. It was hardly wholesome.

"Did you put on low-heeled shoes?" I asked practically. Peaches came to with a start.

"Yes," she replied. "Free, do they let you get married in jail?"

"They send you there for getting married too often," I replied. "Now keep your mind on the excitement of the moment and hook up my shirt waist for me, there's a good girl."

"A shirt waist that hooks up the back is a blouse, Free," she replied, smiling wanly. "How am I ever going to make your sense of luxury as strong as your pocketbook?"

"This blouse by any other name was just as dear," I replied.

And so with light chaffing of each other we made the interval of our preparation and waiting durable to each other; and at length I sat down by the opened, darkened window for the third night in succession, to listen for Richard, the chauffeur, to signal. One by one the other lights in the house were extinguished and gradually complete silence reigned over the massive pile of what had but a brief three days ago been Peaches' future home, and which we were about to forswear forever in the cause of love and spiritual freedom, not to mention actual physical freedom. At five minutes of the hour Peaches broke the silence with an impatient whisper.

"All this stage stuff is the greatest bunk!" she exclaimed under her breath. "I wish to goodness you'd open the door and let us walk downstairs like rational human beings!"

"And break a Talbot's word?" I retorted. "Never! What I promise your dear father I keep my word about."

"Freedom Talbot, I sometimes think you are stuck on pa," commented Peaches reflectively.

And then, before I was obliged to reply to this most inconsiderate comment and indefensible charge, a low whistle sounded from the garden—the old familiar whistle with which I had heard Peaches signal to Richard, the chauffeur, a thousand times. At once she was upon her feet, her body tense, her foolish remark mercifully forgotten as she responded. Three liquid notes, soft yet clear. Then silence.

"Now for it!" I whispered. "You follow me—I know the way!" And carrying my shoes in my hand I stepped forth across that window sill, which must, so I believe, bear about it the odor of romance forevermore.

I am pained to relate that the first thing Peaches did upon reaching the ground was to embrace Dick Talbot and kiss him upon both cheeks. But such is the distressing truth, inappropriate as the action was in view of the fact that she was escaping from one fiancé in order to go in search of another, and that Dick was neither of them. But he did not seem to object in the least, though the moment she freed him he very properly turned his attention to helping me on with my shoes.

"All set, Aunt Mary!" he whispered then. "This way, please, and watch your step in case the enemy sets up a barrage!"

In silence we followed him through the garden and out across the meadow, keeping in the shadow of the trees and hedges whenever possible, and trampling the brave little white crocuses underfoot. At length we reached the fence which separated the grounds from the highroad, and as it was fortunately not very high he helped us over without difficulty, the main gates at the lodge being, as he informed us, locked for the night.

Drawn close to the fence was a powerful car with the engine running softly. Richard assisted me into the rear seat and Peaches sprang up beside him in front; there was a grinding sound from the creature's innards and we slid smoothly out into the open road.

The river road from Ossining to New York is one of surpassing beauty, even at night, when the smooth winding ribbon of it is practically without traffic. But I was not much concerned with its loveliness, as the night was too dark, for one thing, to permit more than a speculation as to what lay behind the hedges and rows of trees with which it is lined, and the Hudson lay hidden in the black depth of its own valley save when a moving light or two from a nocturnal vessel betrayed its whereabouts. The overhanging clouds threatened rain, and a mist crept up from the broad stream, obscuring the lamps and blurring the occasional lighted window by our way. At any moment I expected that, as The Duchess would say, the heavens would open to emit a torrential storm; and I wished heartily that I had worn my other hat.

Furthermore, if I had been able to see anything of the landscape as we passed I could not have focused much attention upon it because of the terrific rate of speed at which Richard, the chauffeur, had determined to drive. At each and every curve I anticipated an accident of some sort—a collision with some unfortunate night traveler, a possibly fatal encounter with a train or trolley car. But miraculously nothing of the kind happened. I made one or two futile attempts to dissuade him from his reckless course, inasmuch as the discovery of our flight was extremely unlikely to occur for many hours to come. My words were merely blown back into my face, and solicitude for my hat and feathers at length caused me to relinquish my efforts and sit dumbly clinging to the seat with one hand and to my headgear with the other. I assume that he was driving as much from the stress of his emotions as by reason of Peaches' urging him to haste, but I could not help reflecting, sorry as I was for the young man's hopeless passion, that love is a selfish thing—a remark which has doubtless been made by earlier writers.

I could not hear a word of what conversation was going on in the front seat, but there seemed to be little enough of it, and all Dick's energies were obviously bent on driving—a fact for which I dumbly thanked the Almighty, and it was not until almost an hour later, when the outskirts of the city had been reached and our driver drew up at the curb before a species of nocturnal dairy, or all-night lunch, as I believe such places are called, that we had any real conversation regarding further plans.

Richard insisted that we get down from the machine and enter the humble eating establishment, whose window displayed nothing more inviting than a few dozen oranges, which my practical eye recognized as inferior sweated Southern fruit, and a black cat, the latter sound asleep.

But once entering its tiled interior, which made me oddly uncomfortable, conveying as it did a sense of being in a most dreadfully public bathroom, the refreshing odor of coffee and hot cakes revived our more material senses, and over a generous supply of both we told Dick the whole story, from the moment of our arrival in the East up to the point of the aforementioned pancakes and coffee.

While Peaches was telling him about the duke and how she loved him, young Talbot could not endure to look at her—a fact of which she appeared oblivious, so wrapped

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Hurriedly the Duke Took Out His Penknife, Ripped the Edges Apart, and From the Interlining Took Out a Thin Packet Wrapped in Waterproof Tissue

THE ROSE DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XVI

WHILE all these relations were being established California had gone on her serene way through her seasons. The carpets of flowers had come to seed and had laid them down on the warm soil to rest until another year. Over the hills the alfilaria, the foxtail, the wild oats had turned brown and the live-oak trees in contrast stood clear and rounded, cuddling each its precious shadow under the sun; and the sun drove his chariot triumphantly through blue days.

People sat out evenings in the tepid air, and the night was ecstatically alive with creatures that chirped or croaked or fluttered on painted, downy wings round the dim gas jets in the halls. At noontimes a somnolence fell, so that people overcome by it went into cool, darkened rooms, and the land slept in a golden haze.

The next afternoon following Kenneth's illuminating talk with Carlson and Frank Moore he rode slowly alone down Main Street at this hour of the siesta. He was almost the only moving creature to be seen. Saddle horses, heads drooping, dozed with one hind leg comfortably out of focus; dogs spread out flat in the shade; even the mule car, having stopped at the beach end of the track, seemed to be staying there indefinitely. The fine white dust of the roadway, as though animated by the life-giving heat of the sun, stirred and rose at the lightest breath of air. It followed Kenneth like a spirit.

Why he was out on horseback at this time of day he had no very clear idea; or why he had not gone riding that morning with the other young people. He certainly was not consciously taking stock after his illuminating experience of the evening before, though he may have been doing so subconsciously. The morning he had spent fussing about in his room. He had read more of Carlson's poems; he had written a few letters; he had oiled his shotgun; he had loaded half the brass shells. For this was probably the first sixteen-gauge shotgun ever seen on the Pacific Coast, and ammunition for it was not to be had for purchase. People shot tens at all sorts of game, though occasionally some small-bore crank used a twelve at quail. He would never have thought of doing so at ducks. A sixteen was of course a popgun. Kenneth had fifty brass shells, which he reloaded. After lunch he became restless.

The beach, too, was empty of human life, except for two of Largo's men mending nets on the dry sand above high-tide mark. Kenneth drew rein for a moment, taking in the cool air that breathed from the sea. He was in the act of turning his horse to the left for his customary canter on the hard sands when he heard his name called.

He turned. A girl riding a horse closely followed by two dogs had come upon him unheard through the soft sand. She was riding astride a stock saddle and wore a divided coat over bloomers and boots. This was sufficiently startling at an epoch when every woman rode side saddle and nothing more lively than a piano ever had legs. Kenneth was duly startled, and sat up and took notice. She wore the almost universal broad hat thrust low on her head, and had gathered her hair under it. Kenneth raised his hat, puzzled. She was a very pretty girl, with a clear, imperious gaze, piquantly irregular features and a brown skin beneath which surged rich color; and she sat her daintily stepping animal in complete nervous response to his slightest movement.

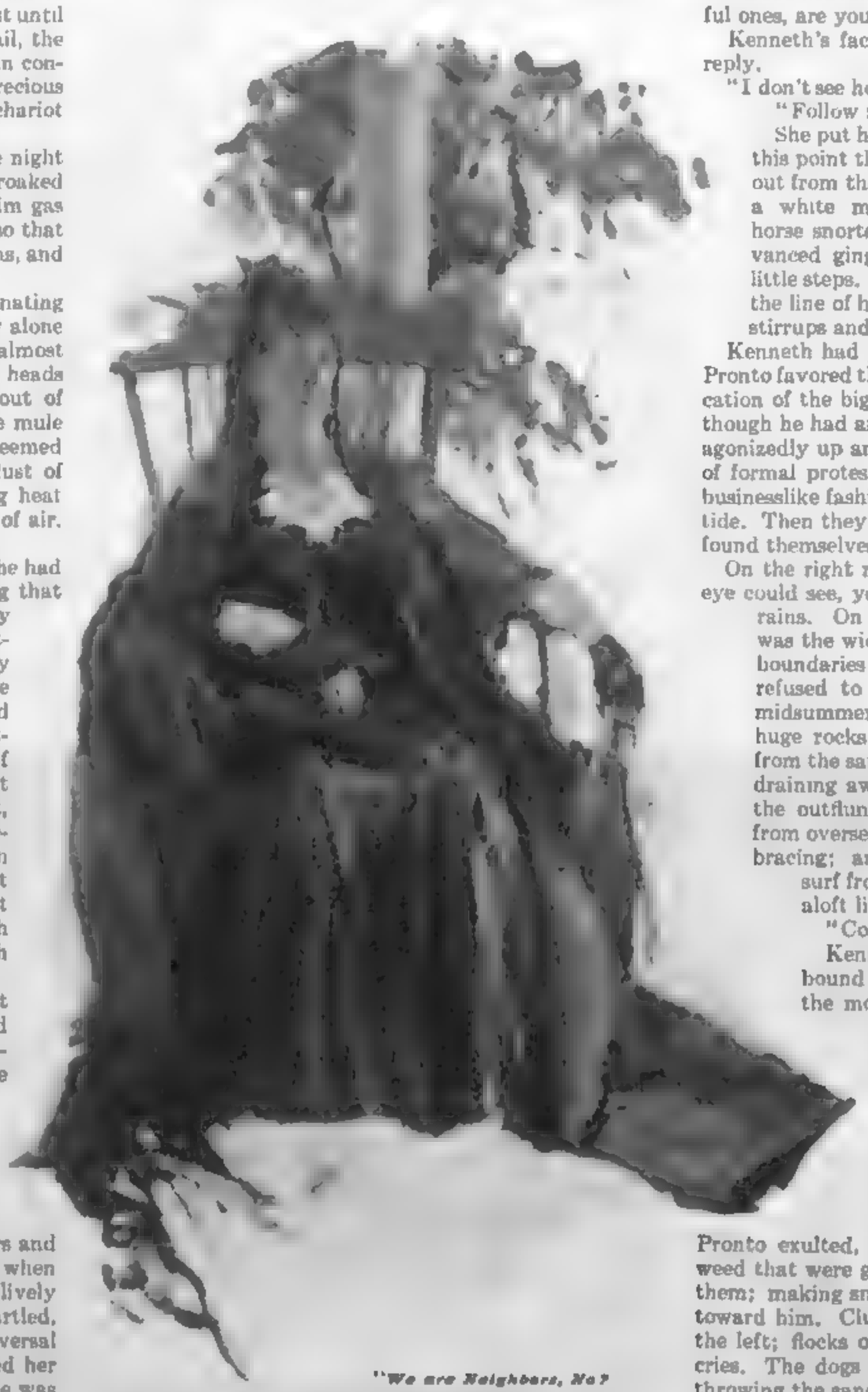
"Why are you going that way?" she asked him. "Have you never been up beyond Gull Rock? It's ever so much nicer."

"I never have," confessed Kenneth, still racking his brains and trying to act as natural as though she was not riding astride. "I didn't know you could go beyond the next little beach. Doesn't the sea shut you off against the cliffs?"

"Come and see," she invited him.

They rode at a footpace to Gull Rock. Kenneth started much conventional small talk, to which he got little or no response. Yet she seemed neither snippy nor unintelligent, for ever and anon she would proffer some friendly comment on what offered itself—the cormorants on the logs, the band of quicksand where the sulphur spring seeped up, a strip of kelp lying fantastically, and the like—in a manner that seemed to take for granted an identical point of view. Being at the age when a pause in conversation between members of the opposite sexes is a social crime, Kenneth found this peculiarity as intriguing as the cross-saddle riding.

Thus they reached Gull Rock. The tide was low, but—as has been pointed out—even at that a horseman had to make several bold dashes as the wash receded. The first horse made a difficulty, more in play than earnest. The girl's slim figure straightened and stiffened. Twice she brought her heavy quirt down on the horse's flanks. He reared and snorted. She leaned gracefully to his motion, swung him to his feet and seemed literally to force him by the will power in her rigid young body. He snorted and made a dash forward, the suddenness of which did not in the slightest degree disturb her seat. Pronto, more accustomed to the sea, followed soberly. They were now on a short, steep, curving beach a quarter mile in length between Gull Rock and a point where steep cliffs ran down into the sea.



"We are Neighbors, No?"
It is the Custom of the Spanish Peoples to Make the Gift at These First Fiestas of a Young Girl"

"You certainly can ride!" cried Kenneth.

"That isn't riding," she replied scornfully.

"No, but I can tell by the way you sit—the way you go at it."

"Now it doesn't look as though you could possibly go another inch, does it?" she cried animatedly, dismissing Kenneth's compliment. "Come and I'll show you."

She touched heel to her horse. The beach was shelving at this point, and the sand soft. Her horse's hoofs flung the loose sand back by handfuls, stinging Kenneth's eyes. He had either to draw rein and fall back out of range or race alongside in heavy, laborious footing. He chose to do the former, in which his judgment coincided with that of the two dogs, which rolled their eyes comically up at him and wagged their tails. They caught up with the girl's horse, dancing restlessly.

"Why didn't you come along?" she demanded.

"Pretty heavy going. That soft, steep sand is mighty hard on horses."

"Good heavens, you aren't going to be one of these careful ones, are you?" she cried impatiently.

Kenneth's face flushed darkly, but he made no direct reply.

"I don't see how we can go any farther," he commented.

"Follow me!" she commanded.

She put her horse directly at the swirl of waters. At this point the waves broke not more than twenty feet out from the cliffs, and the wash rushing forward in a white mass was rebuffed in whirlpools. The horse snorted loudly as he was put at this, but advanced gingerly, nevertheless, feeling his way with little steps. Almost immediately the water rose above the line of his belly. The girl kicked her feet from the stirrups and raised them out of the way.

Kenneth had perforce to follow, though neither he nor Pronto favored the move. Indeed, it required strong application of the big-roweled, blunt spurs to start him at all, though he had another horse to follow. The two dogs ran agonizedly up and down a short arc of the beach by way of formal protest, then sadly plunged in and swam in a businesslike fashion, buffeted to and fro by the swirl of the tide. Then they all rounded a sharp spur of the cliffs and found themselves in a far country.

On the right ran the low cliffs, unbroken as far as the eye could see, yellow and seamed and tunneled with the rains. On the left was the sea. Between the two was the wide, moist beach, and these three were the boundaries of a world beyond which the imagination refused to stray to the dry, hot, dusty California midsummer. Like islands in a river, here and there huge rocks or groups of smaller rocks outcropped from the sand, and the tide was in them, rushing and draining away. And here, out of the protection of the outflung coast, hummed a strong, sweet wind from overseas, the summer trades, fresh and cool and bracing; and with it came a thundering, tumbling surf from which the tops were stripped and flung aloft like veils.

"Come on!" cried the girl.

Kenneth struck spurs to his horse, and in a bound was alongside. He felt under his hand the momentary play against the bit, and then Pronto settled down to a rhythmical pound. The dogs, who had been idling after a roll in dry sand, came to attention and settled down to business. The brown, wet beach seemed to be flowing toward him. The pace gradually increased. Tears stood in his eyes so that he saw but dimly, and the great wind ran past him with a roar. Beneath him Pronto exulted, too, skipping pools, rocks, piles of seaweed that were gone before Kenneth had clearly sensed them; making small, playful shies as the tide reached out toward him. Clumsy ducks spattered, panic-stricken, to the left; flocks of beach birds divided and wheeled with cries. The dogs were running at the edge of the wash, throwing the sand and the water, their tongues out. One of them rolled his eyes companionably up at Kenneth as though to say: "Aren't we having a good time?" Pronto, neck stretched, felt powerful beneath him, as though he could go thus forever, like a machine.

Then he became aware that the girl was leaning back, pulling. He began to get Pronto in hand. Soon they had slowed to a hand canter, and then to a walk as they approached a wide reef of rock thrown across the beach.

Through the miniature ledges of this the animals picked a gingerly way. Beyond it they came out upon another clear stretch. Kenneth cleared away the tears. The horses plodded soberly along. The dogs panted and grinned; and one of them, from sheer exuberance, hippity-hopped along ten paces or so on three legs. The girl settled her hat a little more firmly, but said nothing. She seemed to be unaware of Kenneth and to be frankly enjoying the beach. Now that her color had been heightened by the scamper, she was most decidedly a good-looking girl, one you could hardly forget, and yet Kenneth could not for the life of him remember where they had met.

The dogs, discovering that their humans intended to go slow for a time, began to range ahead, chasing up the wet sand at a great rate, or investigating painstakingly mysterious dog interests to be found in the dry sand above high-tide mark. There was much to see. An impression of life—teeming, busy, self-contained, self-sufficient, independent life—informed this remote sea land. Dozens of compact bands of tiny white sanderlings fringed the edge of the wash. They followed the receding water with a twinkle, twinkle, twinkle of black legs, picking busily at

mysterious things they found, pursuing a spent wave fairly into the maw of its successor; and then when it seemed inevitable that they be caught and overwhelmed, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle back they ran, keeping always just ahead of the water, no matter how fiercely it pursued. So timed and accurate were their evolutions that they gave the appearance of executing a preconcerted drill.

Then there were also flocks of the big, brown, sickle-billed curlews, standing motionless, transparent, like phantoms against the brown sand. They minded the dogs very little, merely lifting on wing and dropping again as these busy canines dropped beneath them. But on the approach of the riders they rose at some distance and made long flights along the coast just above the breakers, uttering weird, shrill cries. And at one place they came to a great convention of gulls and pelicans, hundreds of them, seated on the sands, that rose a few at a time, protesting, as they drew near; and at last whirled up in a cloud and went out and sat on the water just beyond the combers, riding the waves lightly like little ships at anchor, and the wind lifted their feathers when they turned from it. On the sands they left a tracery of fine footprints, like a delicate pattern of lace.

The tide was at its lowest. Already the singing wind was graying and ribbing the surface of the sand. A mist of fine particles was dancing elfishly. Where lay shells or pebbles the wind was industriously carving, so that they stood up slightly above the surface as the caps of miniature pillars or the heads of tiny promontories. Nevertheless, the beach itself was hard as iron underneath, and the hoofs of the horses went k-pit k-pat, and there was the occasional popping of kelp bubbles.

From the open Pacific the breakers rolled powerfully in. For a moment they stood erect, and one could see the green lucence through them, and the wild, sudden lift of weeds. Then they rushed forward in a roar of white, tossing, tumbling, playing wild pranks with the shore they had reached at last after so many leagues. And alternately appeared and disappeared spouting, dripping black rocks with weeds like green hair unbound. And beyond was the low gray sea, lifting and falling.

Outside the breaker lines a school of dolphins played, running up the coast as though pacing the riders.

Long lines of black shags, or cormorants, were going somewhere, flying close to the water, their necks stretched out. Swifter ducks passed them or darted across their flight. Pelicans sailed along majestically, only to let go all holds and drop as though shot, hitting the water with an awkward splash. Then the attendant small gulls, or terns, bore down screaming to where the pelican rode high on the waves like a galleon, hoping that the great bird would drop his catch when he tossed it from his pouch to catch it again in midair.

A number of seals swam close inshore, and they raised their sleek, brown, intelligent heads to stare at these passers-by. One of them held a large fish crosswise in his mouth. As the great waves heaved up finally before breaking, and the green light shone through them, Kenneth could see behind their faces, as though he looked through the glass of an aquarium, the shadowy forms of more seals darting agilely back and forth in the lift of the comber, only to fade at the last moment before the heavy water crashed down. They were playing, flirting with the last moment; just as the surf ducks were riding calmly the smaller waves, not diving until the overwhelming cataracts were upon them; just as the gulls sat on the very inner edge of possibility beyond the surf; just as the cormorants sailed as close to the bosom of the heavy sea as they could, lifting only just far enough to let the crest of the ground swell slip beneath them, and dropping smoothly into the hollow beyond; just as the sanderlings in their drilled evolutions barely escaped the pursuing wash that tugged at their twinkling little heels. The only things out for business seemed to be the pelicans.

"They have just as much fun playing as we do," suddenly remarked the girl.

Kenneth came to with a start of surprise that his thought had been so accurately met. And for the first time he realized that he had been committing one of the worst social crimes in his young code, and it did not seem to matter. He had been riding for a quarter hour absolutely silent, without one polite word to throw to the conventions. It did not seem to matter, because, in a subtle way he did not understand, it came to him that up to this point they had been seeing the same things in the same way, and that speech had been unnecessary. The experience was a new one.

There seemed no end to the cliffs and the beach. Round the point of each little scallop in the coast they made their way, only to find another crescent of hard sand. The smell of seaweed was on the breeze, of fresh kelp, plucked daily by the tides. The cliffs saw to it that at each high water yesterday's lot was carried away, so that never did it become stale. Sometimes they galloped for a half mile or so; and the horses shook their heads, impatient for another

(Continued on Page 114)

Then He Became Aware That the Girl Was Leaning Back, Pulling. He Began to Get Pronto in Hand

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Has the Public Any Rights?

POLITICAL parties may dodge and squirm and pussyfoot in their platforms, but the really absorbing issue to-day is whether the public—the people as a whole—has any rights, or whether all the rights and privileges have been cornered by a few groups and classes. Where, to be specific, does the public come in when the railroad workers or coal miners strike? Are all the rest of the people to be merely the goats while certain groups fight it out?

Ugly and difficult as this question is, it must be faced and solved unless the country is to break up into warring factions like a pack of snarling wolves, which instead of pursuing a common object suddenly fall upon one another. Is that section of the public which is not a party to a given dispute between employers and employees to suffer without defense or redress? Has that portion of the public which is not involved in a labor quarrel no rights at all just because it happens to be outside?

Formerly only the skilled workers in a limited area of a particular industry struck. But now there is a tendency for all the workers in whole industries, such as transport, steel, textiles, mining, or even for retail store employees, professional men and government employees, to consolidate, organize and strike. And as all these groups demand more and more, there is no good reason why the farmer also should not organize for self-protection against those who put up the price of what he has to buy. Indeed the farmer is organizing. He, too, may strike.

The socialist has a glib, ready answer to the pointed, insistent question that will not down. Of course the public has no rights, he says, because there is no public. There are only bourgeoisie and proletariat, capitalists and workers. The public is nothing outside of labor; it is labor, or at least labor is such a big part of it that the other parts do not count. Therefore when the workers in one industry strike it is the duty and privilege of all other workers to sacrifice personal comfort and even suffer to the end that the workers on strike may gain their demands.

But to dispose of the issue in this way is like solving the vexed questions of everyday life on the basis of last night's dreams. If there is one well-established fact it is that numbers of people refuse to lie down and be walked on just because other people are trying to grab something. How can there be such a solidarity of interest among the workers as the socialists talk about? For one thing, millions upon millions of workers are also capitalists. There are scores of millions of men, women and children living upon farms who essentially are just as much capitalists as they are workers. How about the owners of Liberty Bonds, savings-bank accounts and insurance policies? Do these millions delight in losing and suffering every time a union leader a thousand miles away decides to call a strike?

But the socialist's ridiculously untruthful class distinctions have an even more fatal weakness in the fact that the worker is just about as much interested in what he pays out in living expenses as in what he takes in in wages. He is a consumer as well as a producer. As a consumer he wants to buy as cheaply as possible. If he is a coal miner he may be willing to pay a somewhat higher price for cloth if he is convinced that textile workers are getting starvation wages. But he is not going to stand an indefinite rise in the price of cloth merely to enable the textile worker to keep on recklessly feathering his own nest.

By no conceivable system can the worker cease to be a consumer. Unless men stop eating food, wearing clothes and living in houses, there are bound at all times to be scores of millions of people who will object vigorously to strikes. If labor leaders or socialists can find any method of getting rid of this very simple but important fact about their fellow men they will at the same time make water run up hill and convert lead into gold.

But, says a great labor leader, the public has no rights superior to the toiler's right to live and defend himself against oppression. Of course not. If the toilers are oppressed no power on earth these days can keep them from rising. It can no longer be charged that capital is calmly permitted to seize all the good things without remonstrance, whereas the public suddenly wakes and howls loudly whenever the workers get up their nerve to ask for more. Has anyone noticed how much the public approves of excessive profits?

Of course the toiler is going to strike against oppression, and his right to do so is just about as unqualified as any other right in existence. But is the oppression always on one side? Do labor unions never develop monopolistic tendencies, hard complacency and indifference to rights other than their own? Are all strikes for the permanent benefit of large masses of toilers?

As self-defense, as a last resort against oppression, labor has just as good a right to strike as those sections of the public uninvolved in any particular dispute have to the weapons employed against the strike. But oppression is a question of fact. If there is no necessity for an appeal to force, then the right to strike grows very dim.

One fact emerges crystal clear: There can be no class or group solution of our economic troubles. Incessant class demands—in other words, incessant strikes—only mean an increasing resourcefulness on the part of those groups which are not immediately involved in defending themselves. If railroad workers are always striking the rest of the public will learn to run the trains, or if that is impossible they will ride in motors.

Each section of the public is no doubt more or less careless of and indifferent to the grievances and rights of sections other than its own. When one section is on strike the others are annoyed because of discomfort, and perhaps fail to do justice to the claims of those who are out. This is a good argument for organization, for publicity and for keeping one's desires before the public. But it is no argument for constantly seizing the nation by the throat.

Dueling among individuals has been done away with. Once every man carried a weapon to fight his neighbor. Now individuals who fight one another to the death are considered not only criminals but very degraded and mentally defective ones at that. It should be possible to reconcile the conflicting interests of groups and classes to at least the same extent. Individuals do not now and perhaps never will wholly agree, but they rarely come to blows. Is it not just as reasonable to hope that violent class conflicts may also be reduced and rights harmonized?

Give Them All a Chance

SHOVED into the background by the World War one of the weightiest problems confronting American educators has pressed to the fore again and has resumed its clamor for proper solution. Teachers tell us that only ten or fifteen per cent of the pupils who pass through our public high schools continue their studies in colleges or technical institutions; but it appears that in a large proportion of the schools the course of study is laid out with the express intention of enabling boys who are going to college to pass their entrance examinations, and with too little regard for the welfare of the less fortunate majority.

Some of our most learned schoolmasters and college professors have contributed least to the body of suggestions for the remodeling of our school system along lines that will adapt it to the needs of the greatest number. Such men have the scholar's righteous horror of tabloid and superficial courses, and they are often quite incapable of thinking in terms of boys who will, perhaps, never open a textbook after leaving high school. Nor are they much to be blamed for the limitations that their lives and traditions have put upon their field of thought. To a man of learning education is a continuing process that schools and colleges merely set in motion. It is a steady intake that goes on without interruption until impairment of faculties shuts off the inflowing stream of knowledge and produces intellectual death a few days or a few hours before the physical machine wears out.

Schoolmasters of this type—and a high type it is—make out a strong case for the minority. Doughty champions of the democracy of learning they are. The benefits of higher education, they declare, should be open to all. The poor boy in the public schools should have just as good a chance to fit himself for college as the rich boy whose father can afford to send him to a private preparatory school; for if the colleges were fed by a stream of rich boys only, the nation would soon be deprived of untold intellectual resources. The great majority of its most alert and vigorous minds would be left untrained, the great bulk of our richest intellectual ore would remain unsmelted, and posterity would suffer a shortage of highly developed leaders as an inevitable result of a narrow and unwise policy.

These sentiments do credit to those who utter them; and their ready acceptance is proof positive that the aristocracy of learning has, upon American soil, at least, become a pure democracy. We are apt to forget that until comparatively recent times education was a monopoly divided between churchmen and nobles. We take for granted the change of spirit that has gone on in the last century, and forget that not so long ago mere ability to read entitled an Englishman to preferential treatment before the law. He who could stammer out a few lines of black-letter Latin often escaped a hempen rope from which an unlettered criminal would have dangled; and it was not until 1827 that benefit of clergy—or that code of legal immunities for those who could read—was finally abolished.

Proof that it is good policy to safeguard the educational interests of the few by no means annuls the rights of the many. It would be a curious form of democracy that deliberately set up an aristocracy within its own ranks. Boys who go from high school to office or factory may fairly demand just as good educational equipment as it is possible to give them in the time they can afford to spend in the schoolroom. Experience clearly demonstrates that this equipment is not identical with that which prepares other boys for college.

Compromise courses work injustice to both conflicting interests. What either gains the other loses. The real problem is to find ways to overcome the inconveniences of offering two distinct courses in the same school, each devised for its own special ends without reference or concession to any other ends. The smaller the school district the more difficult the working out of details becomes; but an ideal arrangement will be worth all it costs in thought, ingenuity and money.

It is not impossible to make the nonacademic course highly useful. Whatever studies may be chosen, the curriculum as a whole should teach the pricelessness of learning and should not only set young minds in motion but should give them an intellectual momentum that will prolong the absorptive period as far as possible into adult life. Our native traits of ambition and the wish for self-improvement acting upon such schooling would not fail to mold useful and progressive men and women capable of the highest attributes of good citizenship.

Some Fundamentals of the Petroleum Problem — By M. L. Requa

NO QUESTION before the nations of the world today is more acute, more urgently in need of expert and intelligent treatment, than the problem of raw materials. The world is confronted by a situation in which ever-increasing demands are faced by constantly diminishing supplies. Once gone, many of our raw materials can never be replaced. It is only within the last few weeks that the Secretary of Agriculture, in a report to Congress, stated that three-fifths of all our timber is gone and we are using the remaining timber four times as fast as we are growing it.

In order that an intelligent comprehension of the growing needs of the United States—the largest consumer—may be gained, the following table is inserted to show the astonishing rapidity with which the production of certain necessary and basic raw materials has developed:

	IRON (MILLIONS OF TONS)	COAL (MILLIONS OF TONS)	COPPER (MILLIONS OF LBS.)	PETROLEUM (MILLIONS OF BBLS.)
1870 . . .	1.6	33	28	5
1880 . . .	3.8	71	60	26
1890 . . .	9.0	157	250	46
1900 . . .	13.0	269	606	63
1910 . . .	27.0	501	1080	209
1918 . . .	38.0	684	1994	355
1919 . . .	30.0	544	1289	376

It may be noted that in the past fifty years our production of iron has increased twenty fold, of coal sixteen fold, of copper forty-six fold, and of petroleum seventy-two fold, and that the consumption of petroleum continued in 1919 while the three other great staples declined.

Of all these commodities petroleum takes the lead in the rapidity with which its manifold uses have expanded. The increase per capita in consumption of petroleum in the United States still more vividly illustrates the situation:

	BARRELS
1860	016
1870	13
1880	52
1890	72
1900	83
1910	2.32
1919	3.50

Whatever may be the treatment accorded this vital problem of raw materials in the years to come, it must differ radically from the unfortunate and unwise method of the past, which consisted of the very simple plan of utterly ignoring the needs of the future. Ways and means must be found to place authority in the hands of experts who can and will plan in advance and see that these plans are carried into effect sufficiently in advance of the necessity, rather than wait and attempt to cure after the patient is moribund.

Our Vanishing Oil Supply

PRACTICALLY all the machinery in the world to-day requires petroleum in some form for purposes of lubrication. Factories, railroad cars, power-driven ships, automobiles, farm machinery, trucks and tanks—all demand petroleum in one form or another. Not a wheel can turn without it. No successful practical substitute for it has yet been discovered.

In the words of the former Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane: " . . . Petroleum is a priceless resource, for it can never be replaced. Trees can be grown again upon the soil from which they have been taken. But how can petroleum be reproduced? It has taken the ages for Nature to distill it in her subterranean laboratories. We do not even know her process. We may find a substitute for it, but have not yet. It is practically the one lubricant of the world to-day."

This may sound trite to those who know the situation, but, as showing how little heed even experts have given to such matters, it may be interesting to learn that within the year an admiral of the United States Navy confessed that he had not realized that the exhaustion of our petroleum resources has direct and vital bearing upon the supply of lubricating oils for our battleships and other vessels.

We look upon our water powers as inexhaustible, yet the very machinery that makes possible the utilization of white coal depends upon petroleum for its every revolution. Time was when lard oil, whale oil or other similar substances served to satisfy the meager demands for lubricants; the day has long since passed, however, when such products might adequately meet the demands of modern industry and transportation.

This is the age of machinery, power driven; and the future bids fair to outstrip the past in substitution of

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UNDER THE OLD MANAGEMENT

JULIE

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JIMMY STORY after his wife's death refused to follow the advice of either his own family or Edith's family. The former urged him to sell his house in Tuckahoe and bring the baby to live with Grandma Story; the latter urged him to sell the house and bring the baby to live with Grandma Norton. Julie Norton, speaking with authority as Edith's sister, was in favor of the latter plan.

Julie had stayed on through May and June, commuting daily to her office in New York, and this arrangement, with the help of the competent nurse Jimmy secured to look after Jim, Junior, had made it possible so far to keep the house going fairly smoothly. Jimmy built the kitchen fire and Julie by rising an hour earlier than her custom was able to prepare the breakfast. She cooked the dinner after she reached the house at night, and Jimmy washed the dishes. The rest of the work Mary Ellen somehow managed.

But obviously such a scheme as this could not continue indefinitely. There were objections any way you looked at it. The expense was greater than he had any right to undertake, for he was already badly in debt and current bills were absorbing almost his entire salary. Then, too, such a household demanded too much of his time and thought. For that matter Jim, Junior, alone did. The baby was thriving better than could be expected, but he did wake up at night and did scream lustily, as a healthy baby should. And Jimmy Story insisted on rising and prowling round the house every time this happened. As a result he did not get enough sleep himself. If the child were under the care of the Nortons on the farm he could be assured it was safe, and so sleep soundly at night, coming down week-ends to visit.

In addition to all these common-sense objections, there was Julie's anomalous position to be considered. She had remained to cover an emergency which, in the light of the alternatives now offered Jim Story, no longer existed. If he chose, against advice, to remain on here, that, then, was his own affair, because there was no need of his so doing. In turn this altered her own status. She had been staying on for Edith's sake; if she stayed longer it would be for Jim Story's sake, which was another matter altogether.

For the last six weeks her contact with this man had been under abnormal conditions. She had been living in a world so strangely distorted by Edith's death that she had attempted nothing more than to make the best of each day—as one does after some great physical catastrophe like an earthquake or flood or shipwreck. Under these conditions Jimmy, she had to admit, had handled the situation and himself exceedingly well. In command at all times, he had kept himself steady and had gone ahead with a grim calmness and patience and consideration that she could not but respect. Yet his haggard cheeks and his taut lips and weary eyes revealed the strain he was under. And now and then he gave evidence of the stress in even a more dramatic way. One evening when she entered unexpectedly the front room where he was sitting with his head in his hands, he sprang to his feet and started toward her. Then he tottered like one who has seen an apparition.

"Lord!" he choked. "I—I thought you were Edith, come back."

The muscles in her own throat tightened. She saw him sink into his chair with the most abject look of tragical disappointment she had ever seen on any man's face. It was terrible—terrible. And in some vague way she felt responsible. She craved to do something to offset the blow she had quite unconsciously dealt him. But she was quite powerless. She was not Edith.

Nor was she altogether herself. As Julie Norton she did not belong in this house. As she moved round from room to room doing so many of the little necessary things that Edith had done she felt more as though Edith had for the time being taken possession of her. This came about the more readily because she tried to suppress her own tastes in the endeavor to keep everything just as Edith had left it. She tried to get into Edith's frame of mind, and this perhaps was what made the work itself so easy. It was really no effort for her to go out into the kitchen and prepare the dinner, though up to now she had not had much relish for cooking. It seemed, also, as though Edith must have passed on some of her skill, because Julie had never in her life cooked as well as she did now for Jim. Perhaps that was because it had never been so necessary. He was not eating as he should, and so she tried to tempt him with special dishes requiring a good deal of care and skill.

But whenever she tiptoed into the room given over to Mary Ellen and the baby, then with a start she always came back to herself; realized with a queer jumble of emotions how absurd her position here was. In all those six weeks she had seen very little of Jim, Junior, because there was not very much to see and Mary Ellen was quite jealous of that little. There was the top of a downy head, a wrinkled-up face, and a pair of clenched fists—that was all. After a glance at this much she was ordered to tiptoe out again.

And Julie was glad enough to obey. Too many questions were raised here; too much of the immediate past involved. As yet the baby had to her no meaning of his own. It was difficult for her to associate him even with Edith except as an incident of the tragedy that had carried her off. The little thing belonged, more than to anyone else, to Jim Story—a gift from Edith; the final gift; the supreme gift. At this point Julie still felt her old bitter resentment. Nothing could ever justify to her Jim Story's course from the beginning. He must always bear the responsibility for this grim climax because he knew the risk he was asking Edith to run. She had accepted his challenge in the spirit of youth, which accepts all challenges because of ignorance. If she had been older, had she seen as much of life as Julie had seen, would she have undertaken so lightly to make such a tremendous personal sacrifice?

The question was supposed to supply its own answer: an emphatic "No!" So, at first, it had. But of late the negative had been growing weaker. Curious doubts had raised themselves in Julie's mind—doubts that crept in upon her late at night, sometimes waking her from a fitful sleep. It was barely possible that even under those conditions Edith might have answered "Yes." Certainly during those last few minutes Edith had expressed no regret. Her face had been glorified. She had tried to smile as Jim leaned over her with his big heart breaking. For a moment Julie herself had been caught up in the whirl of some

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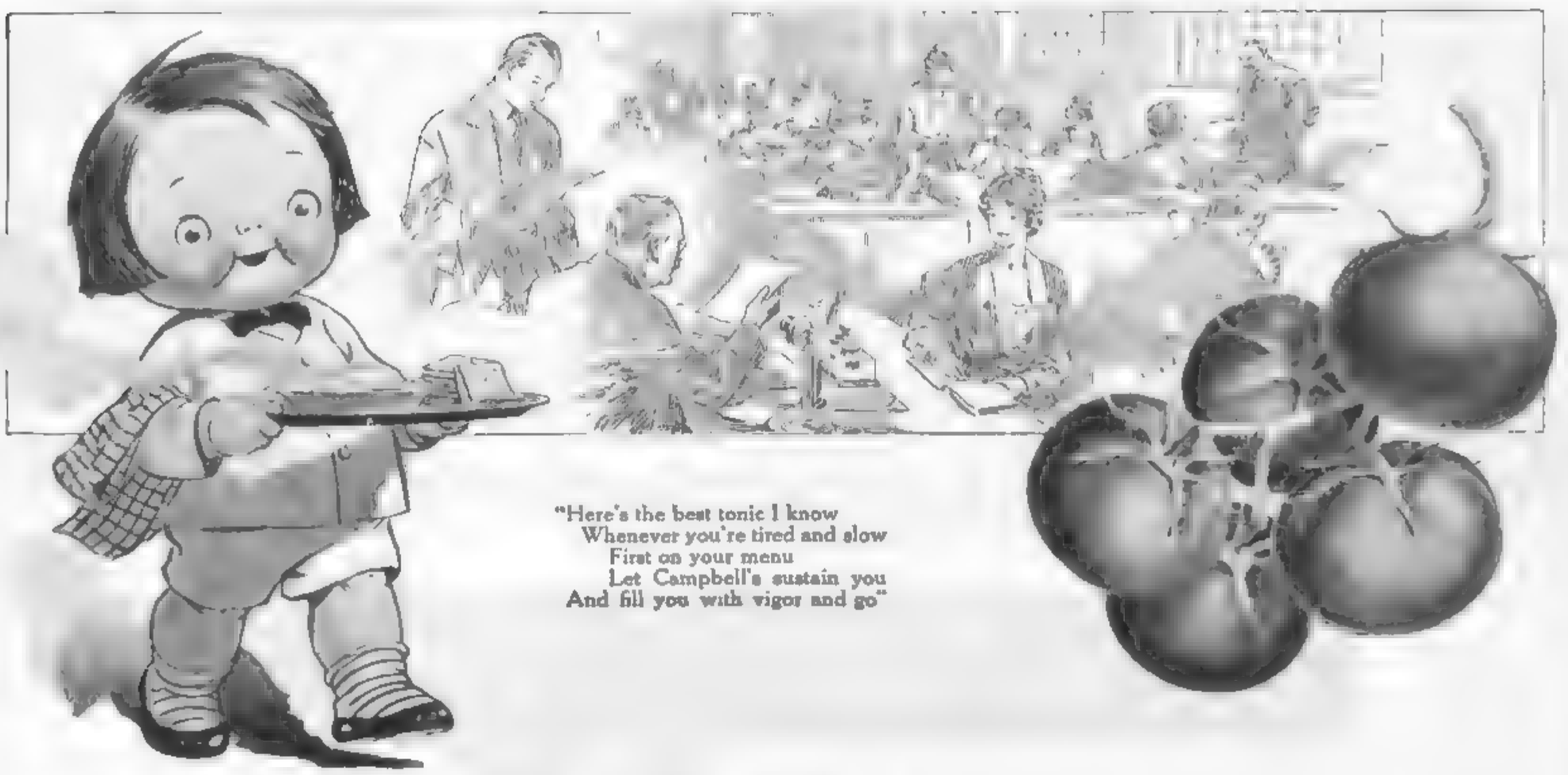
She Craved to Do Something to Offset the Blow She Had Quite Unconsciously Dealt Him. But She Was Quite Powerless. She Was Not Edith



"Here's the best tonic I know
Whenever you're tired and slow
First on your menu
Let Campbell's sustain you
And fill you with vigor and go"

These are times they need it

Outing days are on the wane. Your "business" folks, young and old, are settling into harness for the long hard pull. They must be well nourished. Especially the indoor workers.

Nature knows the tonic they need. Nature supplies the delicious red ripe tomatoes we use in Campbell's Tomato Soup.

And they are here at their best. No seeds, skin nor core fibre—we strain these out entirely. We blend the pure juice with choice butter, granulated sugar and other nutritious materials.

A wonderful appetizer and regulator, this tempting soup is the best form of health insurance. A supply should be on your pantry shelf today.

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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emotion that had left her with a stronger sense of sisterhood than ever before.

Since then she had, for a heartbeat or two, felt again something like that—a call from deep within her of God knows what; something big and vital and compelling; something that made all other desires appear trivial; something that when it passed left her feeling hollow and empty. She always pulled free as quickly as possible and always refused either to analyze or remember it. It was uncanny. It was one of the things that made her anxious to get away from here and back to her own life.

In most ways everyday affairs in the house had settled down to normal by the last of June. It was an extraordinary fact, but Julie recognized it as true as far as Jimmy was concerned. It was partly true even as far as she was concerned. The routine of commuting back and forth to town with him, the housework upon her return, the fact of the baby upstairs, even the long evenings alone with him had become for the time being an accepted feature of her life. Unexpected incidents sometimes revealed the situation to her in its true light, as a lightning flash at night illumines the dark; but in the end the even darkness always closed in about her again.

The thing that made this possible was the unvarying consideration with which Jimmy Story treated her. She had never received such thoughtful attention from anyone. She was here to do what she could to cater to his comfort, and yet he was forever devising little ways of catering to hers—always with a tact and gentleness that left her free to accept. Many of these acts, to be sure, were nothing more than the common courtesies of a gentleman—like seating her at table, holding her coat for her, coming to the office regularly for her, as he did daily now; but living by herself she was not accustomed to even such attentions as these. They left her conscious of being under a vague guardianship. Wherever she was, Jimmy Story hovered in the background—not obtrusively but as a friendly fact. She felt it even in the office. He was destroying the sharp division line she rather prided herself on having established with his sex.

In a way this reacted upon her position in the business world. She was less aggressive; less intense. This may have been partly the result of expending a larger share of her energy outside the office. The housework did not tire her physically, but it certainly absorbed most of her attention after five. It even carried over into the next forenoon. Little things—interesting little things—crept into her thoughts during working hours and made her smile. Sometimes it was an absurd remark of Mary Ellen's offered to prove the precociousness of the baby; sometimes it was a droll comment of Jimmy Story's; sometimes it was just some queer turn of her own thoughts. Chin in hand, she would catch herself gazing out the window, and would bring herself back to her duties with a start. Burrowes, the young fellow who had become her assistant a few months ago, noticed her abstraction. And in the end it was Burrowes who forced her into action.

He was one of those two million lean-bodied men who had come back from France resolved to make up for some of the things they had lost in their absence; one of those pressing ahead hard and fast; one of those working as intensely out of office hours as within. She had always felt that he looked upon her as an obstacle in his progress and that he meant either to elbow her out of his path or to hurdle her. As a consequence she had held herself rigid in her intercourse with him. It was only lately that she had let down a little, even to the extent of discovering really what sort of man he was. And she found that he was altogether decent and agreeable, responding eagerly to a chance to place their relations on a more human basis. She learned that he was married to the finest little woman in the world. He showed Miss Norton the lady's picture to prove it. It was a young face with something of the girlishness which had clung to Edith to the end.

"Isn't she worth hustling for?" demanded Burrowes.

Julie murmured something and turned back to her work. She understood now; she was working not against one but against two. Pretty soon she found she must work against not two but three. Burrowes announced it one morning, looking pretty well ragged out.

"It's a girl," he said in awe.

"And the wife ——" Julie paused in suspense.

"Fine and dandy," he said, wiping his forehead.

A week later Burrowes came to her.

"I wish I could get more money," he said. "Lord, but I need it."

"You deserve it," answered Julie. "I'll see what I can do."

She secured a five-dollar raise for him, and to earn it he redoubled his efforts. But it left her thinking. To keep pace with him she must do more work, and to do more work she must have more time. She ought to reach the office at least a half hour earlier in the morning and remain at least an hour after closing. She must not be limited as she was now.

Yet it was two weeks longer before she dared bring the matter up before Jimmy Story. Night after night she left the office with him, resolved to have it out before she reached the house, only to put it off until after dinner; then to put it off until the next morning; and then until the next day. It meant, she knew, that he must give up the house; but why shouldn't he give up the house? It was an expense he could ill afford to maintain. He was frank in admitting that he owed still some two thousand dollars on the furnishings alone, and as far as she could see there was no way in which he could pay this except by selling. This would mean a loss, but it was better to take that than stagger on. Once free of the house he could begin to save a little.

Again and again she went over the arguments in her own mind, hoping by constant practice to make them easy to present to him, but with every point in her favor it still remained not easy. There was something queer about that, because her position was sound. Then with a rush of color to her cheeks she realized that her present plight was but a variation of the same old difficult situation in which he had placed her before. She was always right and he was always, in some roundabout way, making her feel wrong. It was the man in him. Under these circumstances her only recourse was to act promptly and not waste her time in thinking about it.

So one evening after the housework was finished and they were sitting together in the front room with its pretty furnishings, and he had lighted his pipe and settled down to watch her nervous fingers at work on a pair of knitted socks she was doing for Jim, Junior, she pulled herself together and blundered ahead.

It was as difficult as she had expected. When she raised her eyes from her work she found him studying her. He smiled at her tight lips with a smile that in the last few months had grown pathetically tender. His whole face had softened—mellowed. Lately, too, he had begun to regain weight, so that the strain of what he had been through remained only like a faint shadow beneath and in his blue eyes. This added something to his age, but it also lent him dignity. He had been tempered somewhat, she thought. That, on the whole, was a good sign and should have left him more sensible.

"You're taking that job mighty seriously, Julie," he commented as she turned back to her task.

"It isn't this that's serious," she answered.

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Commuting Back and Forth With Him Had Become for the Time Being an Accepted Feature of Her Life

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg

Saving on clothes

Styleplus are known all over the United States as excellent clothes at medium prices.

Thousands of men wear them season after season. They have full confidence in the Styleplus Label.

So you take no chances when you buy the famous Styleplus Clothes and save on their medium prices.

In addition, you get the full protection of our guarantee which insures good wear.

It's the dollars spent unnecessarily that hurt. Why pay more, when you can get, in Styleplus, all-wool fabrics styled and tailored to satisfy an exacting taste?

See the clothes in your local Styleplus Store. They tell their own story.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

Trade Mark Reg

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Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

STYLEPLUS-THE BIG NAME IN CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

"It's something else—something I've been waiting two weeks to talk to you about."

"Shoot."

"I can't stay on here indefinitely."

"Eh? Why not?" he demanded.

"I must get back to my apartment."

"Look here, Julie—why don't you give that up?"

"Why don't you give up this?"

"What do you mean?"

"The house. You don't need it and you can't afford it. You can send Mary Ellen and the baby to the farm and ——"

Jimmy Story stopped puffing at his pipe. He took it from his mouth and leaned forward a little.

"We have to be sensible—even if it hurts," she ran on. "We can't always have everything just as we want it. I've been glad to do what I could until you were straightened out, but now I must straighten out my own life. I need more time in the office, Jim."

"I see," he nodded.

"It isn't as though it were absolutely necessary for you to stay on here."

"It's home," he said.

"But now ——"

"It's all I have left of her—this and Jimmikins."

"In a sense," she faltered on. "But the baby—of course he's still yours wherever he is. The rest is so little."

"That's what makes it so much," he answered.

"Only for the time being."

He rose then and braced his shoulders.

"Julie," he said, "you've been a brick and I haven't the right to ask anything more of you. I ought to have seen I was taking too much of your time, but you've made it so darned easy to live from day to day I just let it go at that."

He paused a second.

"I'll miss you," he exclaimed.

"You won't stay on here alone?"

"I suppose Mary Ellen and I can manage somehow. Only after dinner ——"

He checked himself.

"You mustn't stay on alone," she frowned. "That's impossible."

"This is all I have left, and I'm going to hold on to it."

"There's your work, your future."

"That counts only in connection with this," he answered stubbornly. "I've got to make the fight right here to have it seem worth making. I'd feel like a deserter if I quit. So—so I shan't quit. But you—well, you can run down now and then, can't you?"

"Yes."

"When do you want to go?"

"If you won't take my advice I think I'd best go right off."

"To-morrow?"

"Or next day."

"Then let's call it the next day. Perhaps the next day will never come."

But it did. Julie packed her things that night—quietly, resolutely, tensely, using for her own justification the very arguments she had prepared for Jim Story. All the next day she repeated them over and over again to herself, and the following morning brought her trunk up to town when she came.

Jim was remarkably considerate. He could have made it hard for her had he wished—very, very hard. But he did nothing of the sort. He took it in such a matter-of-course fashion that she began to wonder if after all he did care very much. But before he left her at the Grand Central that morning he took her hand.

"You won't be very far away after all," he said. "And if I need you, or Jimmikins needs you ——"

"Jimmikins need me?" she laughed.

"We fellows need a lot," he answered.

The morning crowd of commuters was shoving past them.

"Good luck," he said abruptly. He started off.

"I shall be down soon—to see Jimmikins," she called after him.

XI

SO JULIE NORTON found herself back again where she belonged. Nothing had changed in her absence. Nothing had changed here in the last year or more, when almost everything else had changed. The inanimate objects with which she was surrounded were exactly as they had been—not one day older, because, inside, they were not one day different. That, of course, was the meaning of inanimate: Things that do not change; things that are dead; things that are soulless.

That evening after work no one met her at the office and she went on alone to these rooms, carrying a portfolio of papers which would keep her busy until midnight. After a bite of bread and butter and a cup of tea she started in upon them without delay. This was necessary. She must cram her head so full of real estate that no room would be left for anything else. She must set up such a barrage of figures that not a single disturbing thought could make its way through alive.

For an hour or more she was fairly successful. A half dozen or so daring notions made the attempt, but fell on the field. Then, treacherously, one in the guise of a friend stole through in this wise: the small clock on the mantel struck eight. That was the time almost to the minute that she and Jim Story used to be finishing the dinner dishes. It was a sort of joke with them that they must consider themselves beaten if she did not have the dish wipers all hung up by then and if he still had the broom in his hand after sweeping the floor.

She was just about to figure out eight per cent on seventy-six thousand dollars when the brass clock in the apartment struck eight, at the very moment the big nickeled thing in the kitchen at Tuckahoe must also have struck eight. But she did not know and might never know whether or not Jim Story was beaten. The chances were that he was if he was attempting the work all alone. Perhaps he had his dinner in town. That would be the sensible thing, but it was difficult to persuade Jim Story ever to do the sensible thing in matters of this sort. Certainly Mary Ellen could not help him much about his meals, because she had her hands full as it was.

She wondered then if the baby had gone to sleep quietly. Sometimes he did and sometimes he did not. Jimmikins was queer about that. Often Mary Ellen had to sit in the room with him until nine o'clock before she was quite sure. She used to sit there in the dark ready to say "Hush!" as he started his thin wail. And if in the living room below Jim Story happened to be talking, he too said "Hush!" and they sat on in silence until the feeble cry dwindled away into nothing.

Of a sudden Julie realized she was lonesome for that cry. She was lonesome because she was out of range of it. The baby might cry and cry and cry and she would not hear. Mary Ellen might leave Jimmikins for a few moments and Jim might be out of hearing so that no one would be near to call "Hush!" to the little fellow. Then what would Edith think?

Julie shoved her papers aside—the papers concerned with eight per cent of seventy-six thousand dollars—and dropped her head upon her sprawled-out arms. Seventy-six thousand dollars was of so little consequence compared with the unanswered cry of a child—of Edith's child. And Edith herself was now so helpless, as far as anyone knew, to do anything. No matter how bursting with love her heart was, she could not lean over the crib and say "Hush!" And that was the only thing that ever comforted Jimmikins. He was afraid in this great big hollow sphere. No one could blame him. Sometimes older people felt afraid just because they were alone—older people who should know better.

In a way Jimmikins was getting back at her; if she was leaving him alone, he in his turn was leaving her alone. She would not have thought it possible she could miss so tiny an object of which she knew so little. When she had been in the same house with him she had not been aware that he had become anything in particular to her. But then she had not associated him with Edith, and now he seemed suddenly to belong altogether to Edith—to the Edith of these rooms; to the Edith who was blood of her blood; to the little sister who had been her other self.

Her other self and in a sense her better self. Julie raised her head at this and stared about the empty room. It was almost as though someone were whispering these strange thoughts to her. There was truth in them to which she had been blinded. Edith had picked up the gauntlet where she, Julie, had thrown it down. Edith had dared where she, Julie, drew back. Edith had shouldered responsibilities that she, the older sister, had shirked. Perhaps, actually, it had not been so crudely definite as that, but in effect this was what had happened. Jim Story had asked her to marry him and she had turned away like a coward. Otherwise it might have been she who would have been called to make the supreme sacrifice. And she was older and could have borne it better.

Alone there Julie Norton began to whimper, much as Jimmikins might have done. In spite of herself her lips began to tremble and her eyes to fill and a queer little moaning cry escaped her.

"Oh!" she cried as she made her feet. Then again, "Oh!"

She stumbled across the room to the piano—to the seat where Edith used to sit and play so beautifully. Some of the old tunes came back—the crooning tunes. Something within her answered. Then she pressed her hands against her throbbing temples.

"God forgive me, little sister," she groaned. "I was a 'fraid cat—such a 'fraid cat. And you were so brave."

Edith was so brave, even to the end. She had smiled at the end. Julie saw her face this minute as vividly as though it were before her. It was pale and tired and dulled by pain, but the smile—courage was not the word which described the gentle curve of the lips and the radiance of the young eyes. She was not even then consciously enduring. There was no element of martyrdom in that expression. This was not bravery as men on the battlefield know bravery. This was something bigger—something that stood for courage and a great many other things besides. Only one word was big enough to express all that. It was love.

Even as she said the word over to herself Julie grew steadier. It was such a tremendous, such an inclusive word. It was as big as life—even bigger, because it went beyond life. Yet it was concrete too. It meant Jimmikins. It meant even Jim. It meant, it seems, everything except oneself, or at most oneself last of all.

If one did not think of oneself it was not possible to be a 'fraid cat. That was how Edith came to be so brave; because at first she was thinking only of Jim and because at the end she was thinking only of Jimmikins. She did not count herself. Even when she knew she was slipping away she saw the two others alive and well, and that was enough. This is what she meant by that smile.

So men died on the battlefield because their thoughts were not with themselves, but elsewhere.

Courage—what else is it but unselfishness? Cowardice—what else but selfishness?

And unselfishness—what is it but love?

For all the years she had been in New York Julie had never learned the meaning of this, and Edith had known it from the beginning. Perhaps at the beginning she, too, had known it and then had forgotten it. If it had been possible for Jim Story to turn back for an hour that day he left her for France ——

Julie Norton rose and brushed the tears from her eyes. She must dwell no more on the past. That was to go back to herself. It was only the future that counted—only in the future that she could ever hope to redeem that past. And she must not allow herself to think of that future as her future. What happened to her in the years to come did not matter. She must from now on consider even that as a part of the past, to be forgotten. Only Jimmikins and Jim counted. She must take up Edith's work where Edith had been forced to drop it.

It was night and she was alone and greatly moved. This fresh point of view might be only temporal, for people do not often change their entire outlook in a minute. But it was wonderful how it steadied her through the remainder of that evening. She felt as invigorated as after a cold shower. She took down her hair and brushed it back from her forehead and braided it, noting with amazement how young she looked so. And as she did the color which came into her cheeks made her look still younger.

Julie awoke in the morning conscious of a vague joy, as one does who has received good news the night before and cannot for the moment recall it. She remembered then with a little gasping breath. But it was not so much after all—merely the fact that she no longer counted. Yet because of this it was as though she had gained some wide freedom. All her little personal problems vanished. Whatever happened to her did not matter. She had only to keep her thoughts on Jimmikins—and Jim.

She must telephone him from the office that she would go down to-night and help him with the dinner. She could come back after that, though this would give her no opportunity to see the baby. Perhaps, however, she might hear him cry once. That would prove he was still safe.

As Julie came out to prepare her breakfast she caught sight of the unfinished work on the table and smiled. She must not bring home any more papers, because she would not have time. Whatever she could do in the office, that much she would do to the best of her ability. She would always be able to earn her salary in this way and if the management wanted someone at the head of the staff to do more—why, there was Burrowes. With a wife at home he had the time to run round at night; he had, in a way, the obligation. She herself did not. She must earn her living, but after that she had more important matters in hand.

All through that day she sustained her mood; lightheartedly, almost gayly. Burrowes noticed it and reacted to it himself, though the days in town were now getting so hot and stuffy that it was difficult to keep in good humor. He had come in with a grouch, but it soon disappeared.

At the lunch hour she telephoned Jim Story.

"I'm coming down to see the baby," she informed him briefly.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "I'll call for you."

He was waiting for her when she came out. For a moment she almost swung back to herself. It is a trivial incident—this having someone waiting for you—but it makes an awful lot of difference. Alone, it is one against the field; with two, it is at least an even bet.

She was a bit self-conscious at first—even though this was only Jim Story and even though he had met her so many times before—but soon she fought off that. She did it by using her newly found magic formula.

"Remember—you don't count," she said to herself.

Looked at from that angle there was no reason why she should not feel completely at ease; why she should not go a little further and enjoy a certain amount of honest comfort from being in his company. Under less restraint with him than she had ever been, she was decidedly more natural. She felt it. She could meet his eyes now, and laugh. Her dark oval face lighted prettily when she laughed, though she was not conscious of this. Her serious

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Isn't it almost needless to try to analyze the reasons why the Cadillac exercises so strong a hold upon the women of America?

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C A D I L L A C

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Wealth From the Water World

NOT only have we barely scratched the food possibilities that lie in the waters of the earth, but we have hardly touched the great storehouse of other values that may be obtained from the same source. The total area of the earth's surface amounts to 197,000,000 square miles, of which the portion covered by water totals 140,000,000 square miles, or about 71 per cent. The oceans now contain the largest animals that have ever been known to exist, for no land animal, even in prehistoric times, was as big as the whale of to-day. The population of our rivers and seas is also far greater than that of our land areas, and most of these denizens of the deep can be made to furnish food, leather, oil, bone, fertilizer and other substances useful to man.

Of all nations Canada is coming nearest to accepting the maximum possibilities that lie in fishing. The value of the Canadian yearly catch now amounts to nearly one-third of the value of the total annual catch of the United States. In proportion to population, the Canadians catch about 80 pounds of fish per person each year, which compares with a catch of about 18 pounds per person in the United States. The Canadians consume about 29 pounds per person, and export the remainder. The total yield of our American fisheries is approximately 2,000,000,000 pounds yearly. Because of the decline in the varieties of fishes that have been most popular with the public as a food, new methods of fishing are being promoted so that in the future all kinds of fishes will be kept and utilized instead of limiting the catch only to the higher-priced varieties.

The great opportunity that is afforded us to increase our supply of food by drawing on the resources of the sea lies in popularizing for food purposes many of the fishes hitherto unused. If we bear in mind that fishes are wild animals and are governed by very much the same laws that govern wild animals on land, it becomes possible to formulate plans that will enable us not only to increase our output of this food but to conserve our future supply. Great waste now occurs in catching, cleaning and salting fish. Frequently whole fishes are discarded and lost, while the present practice in many places is to throw away large quantities of the edible portion of the fish.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries has undertaken a splendid work along this line of eliminating waste. The hope is entertained that the eating habits of the public will be changed with profit to all if only many established prejudices can be broken down. Though the roes of many kinds of fish are utilized, the milts, which constitute a wholesome and nutritious food, invariably have been thrown away or disposed of to fertilizer factories. Not only should there be willing buyers for these milts but more extensive economies can be practiced with the roes. It has been discovered that unattractive appearing fishes and some of those with suggestive names are in disfavor, though they are good for food. Nearly every fish taken from pure water is fit to eat, in the sense that it furnishes food and is not injurious to health. Some have a coarse or rough texture or lack a distinctive taste, but these defects can generally be remedied by proper cooking. The meat of the shark is wholesome and of good flavor, and as a food it is no more questionable than the meat of pigs.

People living in the inland sections of the United States do not consume much fish, because they have difficulty in securing fresh fish except those caught locally in small streams. This interior market would be greatly enlarged if the public could be made to understand that canned and pickled fish are not only wholesome but may be obtained at a comparatively low price. Just now, when there is a scarcity of tin plate, and the canneries are limited in their output, it is suggested that salt fish will form a splendid food for people living at a distance from fisheries. The Government has assembled a number of attractive recipes for preparing salt fish for the table. It is a mistaken plan that establishes only one day in each week as a fish day. Fishermen can't govern the wind and tide, and must catch fish whenever they can. At present they are compelled by expensive icing to hold their catch against the risk of spoiling until the arrival of the one fish day of the week. The consumer must buy when all others are buying, and the dealer must try to get enough profit in one day to cover six days' expenses. It is essential that the public should know that fish would be better and cheaper if every day was fish day.

A Big Salmon Catch on the Columbia River

Many people think of fish as being something different from meat, but the truth is that there is no characteristic difference between fish flesh and the flesh of any other animal. It is chiefly made up of protein and water, and pound for pound there is nearly as much protein in fish meat as in beefsteak. Shad, herring, eels and other oily fish are especially nutritious, since they afford a large quantity of fat for fuel, as well as the tissue-building proteins. Fish roe generally contains more protein than beef, and some fat in addition. When fish compare unfavorably with other meats the difference is chiefly in fat, for this latter substance has twice the fuel value of protein, and shows up heavily in the fuel-value column; however, protein is the only tissue-building material, and having no substitute it is the high-priced element of most foods. This is true because fats can be replaced by other diets, such as vegetables with their sugars and starches. It is now becoming better understood that it is a mistake to judge foods solely by their fuel energy and at the same time ignore their equally essential tissue-building elements. Experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture indicate that fish meat compares favorably with other meats in digestibility.

Many varieties of fish owe their present disrepute largely to the fact that people have never learned how to cook them properly. An example of this is the carp, which is not only abundant in American waters but is quite palatable when properly prepared for the table.

The shark offers a palatable food, comparing favorably in nutritious and dietary qualities with many of the so-called choice sea foods. In Great Britain, Norway and Sweden and in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean sharks are well known as valuable foods. At Folkestone, England, the flesh of one variety of shark is marketed as Folkestone beef. Recently shark has appeared on the menus of some of the leading hotels in several cities. Shark meat is white, slightly gelatinous, somewhat less firm than halibut, but otherwise resembling it. The flesh of young sharks and such small forms as the grayfishes is particularly good when fresh, but shark meat is especially valuable as a preserved product. It is excellent salted and smoked or kippered; also salted and dried, flaked or shredded. Some parts of the meat are a little tough, and a good use for these is to run them through a meat chopper and prepare them for fish balls, chowders, and so on. Many people think shark meat greatly superior in flavor and tenderness to halibut, haddock, cod and salmon.

There are authentic records showing that whale fishing was an important industry more than a thousand years ago. It has been only during the last century, however, that man has learned how to utilize the many products of the whale. Sperm oil was the chief illuminant and lubricant throughout the world until sixty years ago. With the introduction of petroleum products the economic value of whale oil decreased, and whalebone became the most important product of the fishery. This bone, which hangs from the roof of the mouth of certain species of whale, occurs as a series of thin horny plates or blades, several hundred in number, some of them as much as 15 feet in length. These plates enable the whale to strain from the large quantities of water taken into the mouth in feeding the shrimp and other small animals on which he feeds. When softened with hot water or by heat whalebone will retain any given shape, provided it is kept in the desired form until cold.

The most valuable product of the whale is ambergris, a waxy secretion formed in the intestines of the sperm whale. This substance is worth as much per ounce as gold, and there are cases on record where $60,000 worth of ambergris has been taken from a single whale. Lumps of this substance are sometimes found on the shores or floating on the waters frequented by sperm whales, and in these regions persons knowing its value are constantly on the watch for the rare substance. It was formerly employed as an incense, in cookery and as a medicine, but its chief use at present is as a fixative for the fragrance in fine perfumes.

It is now becoming plain, however, that the sale of whale meat for food, including the use of the hardened fat, will soon constitute the most important branch of the whale-fishing business. The blue whale, said to be the largest animal that has ever lived, reaches a length of 87 feet or more, and an estimated weight of 75 tons. The calf of a large whale will generally measure from 15 to 20 feet in length at birth and weigh from 5 to 8 tons. The calves feed upon the milk of the mother for four or five

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months, after which they are able to care for themselves. Of all the large whales none except the sperm whale feeds on fish when other food is obtainable. The baleen whales feed upon small crustaceans, especially a small red shrimp. The quantity eaten is very great, for one investigator took four barrels of shrimps from the stomach of one blue whale, which was by no means full.

Whales and porpoises, though their bodily activities have been modified by their environment, are much the same in nature as horses, cows and other land animals, and their flesh is meat, not fish. Since the whale breathes air it is necessary for the animal to hold its breath when below the surface. It can do this for as long as 45 minutes at a time, when the animal must rise to the surface and forcibly expel its highly heated breath into the colder outer air, where it condenses, forming a column of steam or vapor. The nostrils of the whale do not open into the back of the mouth, but are connected directly with the windpipe, which provision enables the whale to swim with its mouth open when feeding, without danger of being strangled.

Whale meat forms an important part of the dietary of the Japanese and is rapidly growing in favor in other countries. It may be marketed fresh, frozen, corned or canned. It is cut from the whale in chunks, which in turn are cut into smaller strips, chilled and packed in boxes for shipment. The meat contains no bone or gristle, so there is no waste. An analysis of canned whale meat showed 30 per cent protein, 6 per cent fat and less than 2 per cent ash. It contains some oil, which gives it a taste that does not appeal to certain people. This flavor may be overcome by soaking the meat in boiling water with soda before cooking or by parboiling. The oily taste is hardly noticeable in the canned product. The humpback whale will yield about six tons of edible meat. Porpoises and dolphins are small whales, and yield a meat that some people prefer to that of the whale.

There is a great meat producing and packing industry in the United States that is having difficulty at the present time in supplying a sufficient quantity of cheap meat for the public's consumption. By this I do not mean that people who have plenty of money are finding it difficult to supply themselves with a chop or a steak. However, there are millions of other folks who would like to have meat on their tables more often, but can't afford it. The outcome of such a situation always compels us to look for a substitute. Practically all land animals which furnish meat depend upon agricultural products for their feed. Much of the stuff that is eaten by cattle and poultry might be converted into food for human consumption. On the other hand, fishes consume directly or indirectly animal or vegetable forms which in their natural state are unavailable as food for man. It is plain, therefore, that when we shift to more of a fish diet we transfer a large part of the burden of supplying humans with food from land vegetation to aquatic vegetation. It is likewise true that land animals, which are warm-blooded, expend a large part of their nutrition in maintaining a constant temperature above that of their surroundings, whereas fishes, which are cold-blooded and actually receive heat from their surroundings, use all their food in the necessary activities of body growth.

It requires time and acreage to produce meat animals, while fishes may be had for the catching. For centuries the seas of the earth have been accumulating a wealth of materials at the expense of the land; in fact the ocean may be said to be a solution of the land, for it even contains traces of such inert substances as gold and other precious metals. When the farmer fertilizes his acres some of the material used is washed into the rivers and finds its way to the ocean. The time is approaching when man, who lives on the land, must endeavor to get back from the seas some of the essential values he has lost. The pastures of the deep are kept in luxuriant growth without any expense for fertilizer or cultivation. It does appear, therefore, that the animals that feed upon these great sea pastures should become an economical food for the human race.

It is undoubtedly true that the present prices of fish in most parts of the United States are so high that there is not nearly the economy in eating this food that there should be. Like other industries, the fishing business during the last year or two has had its own serious labor and transportation difficulties. The biggest strike that ever occurred in the industry happened during the summer of 1919 and lasted nearly two months. As a result of this strike, fishermen on steamers now receive $130 a month, with $3 bonus a thousand pounds of fish caught between April first and September thirtieth, and a bonus of $4 a thousand for those caught between October first and March thirtieth. These bonuses are divided among the crews, which average about 18 men. Higher wages for fishermen and increased transportation and distribution charges have naturally tended to advance fish prices. However, since fishes do not need care and feeding such as are given land food animals there is no reason why the prices of this ocean product should show so great increases as the prices of meat. The remedy for high fish prices is increased production.

Every effort should be made to put the fish industry on a seven-days-a-week basis instead of keeping it a one-day business. The next move should be to encourage thousands of farmers and other owners of brooks, creeks and ponds to engage in fish culture. No matter how busy a man engaged in farming or stock raising may be, he could afford the trifling expenditure of time and money necessary to convert some of his unproductive land areas into fish ponds. This can be done by the damming of a ravine or the diversion of water from some neighboring stream into some suitable inclosure. One of the most interesting pieces of work that has been done by the United States Bureau of Fisheries is its extensive investigations with reference to increasing our food supply through raising more fishes on our American farms.

In such an undertaking there must be a supply of clean water of suitable volume and temperature. The source of the water supply should be so located that there will always be a constant gravity flow into the proposed pond. Ponds used for the watering of farm animals should not be stocked with fish unless the stock can be confined to a certain portion of the pond by building a fence, preferably near the outlet. Successful fish culture cannot be attained when the water of the pond is contaminated. Alkali water and water from forests showing discoloration and traces of tannin are not suitable. Fish ponds, however, can safely be used as a source of ice supply.

One of the best fishes to use in stocking a farm pond is the rainbow trout. This fish possesses greater ability to withstand a high temperature and a sluggish water circulation than the brook trout, which thrives best in a swift current fed by cold springs. An exception to this latter statement, however, is found in Colorado, where the brook trout attains its largest size in some of the lakes of that state. In order successfully to carry 1000 yearling trout in a pond covering one acre and fed from a spring or brook, there should be a flow of from 150 to 200 gallons of water a minute, and the temperature of the water at the point where it enters the pond should not exceed 60 degrees Fahrenheit during the summer months. In order to purify the water entering the pond it is advisable to have it flow in through an open raceway. By placing small logs or heavy planks across the raceway at frequent intervals it is possible to provide riffles that will cause the current of water to form eddies such as exist in fast-flowing brooks inhabited by trout. At the approach of the spawning season the fish will be inclined to ascend this raceway to lay their eggs, as they prefer swift water for spawning.

Such a fish pond should be supplied with a screen and gate near the head of the intake, so that undesirable fishes can be kept out of the pond. It is also essential that the entrance to the raceway should be so substantial in character that no harm will be done to the intake or the pond by freshets. Frequently it will be found necessary in diverting the water from the brook to the pond to construct a small dam 15 or 20 feet downstream from the mouth of the intake to the raceway. In this way the water can be backed up and a proper height of head attained. The intake should be protected by a slat rack and should be turned off at such an angle that floating débris and ice will pass without lodging against it. If it is impossible to locate the pond on anything but sandy or porous soil the bottom should be covered with 4 or 5 inches of clay that has been tamped until it is impervious to water. Gravel and sand should be placed on top of the clay and round the shores of the pond. If the body of water is less than an acre in area it is apt to become overstocked, and as a result the owner will be compelled to resort to artificial feeding because of the shortage of natural food.

The pond should be rather broad and deep at the outlet end. By giving it such a slope the tendency will be to establish a current throughout a portion of its length.

Conditions are nearest ideal when the pond is shaded by trees. This does not mean, however, that all sunlight should be cut off. A water depth of 5 to 10 feet is sufficient. The outlet of the pond should be constructed of lumber or cement, and should be supplied with a screen and a drop plank. During freezing weather the outlet or drain pipe leading to the tailrace must be kept open. In all such fish ponds careful attention should be given to the cultivation of aquatic vegetation, which not only purifies the water by taking up the carbonic gas liberated by decomposition but constitutes a nursery for the development of animal and plant organisms which form a necessary fish food. The vegetation in the pond, however, should not be permitted to become so luxuriant as to impede the movements of the fish. Plants may be started in the deep-water sections of the pond by attaching them to a weight and sinking them to the desired spot.

In stocking a pond with fish care should be taken to see that the fish are not subjected to any sudden change in temperature. The water temperature in the shipping cans containing the fish should be brought gradually to within 4 or 5 degrees of the temperature of the water in the pond. As a general rule, in a pond one acre in extent and stocked with aquatic vegetation, about 10,000 small fish from 2 to 5 inches in length will be able to find sufficient natural food during the first year. When young trout are placed in the pond not much will be seen of them until the warm days of spring, when they will be observed round the edges and near the outlet.

When artificial feeding is necessary the food may consist of practically any kind of wholesome meat mixed with shorts or a low-grade flour. At the Federal trout hatcheries livers of beef, sheep or hogs and also the lungs of these animals are used. The meat is run through a chopper, where it is cut into fine pieces and all gristle removed if the food is intended for fish not more than 3 inches long. The food should be scattered over a wide water surface, so that the fishes will not rush together and injure themselves. As to the amount of food necessary, one authority states that 4 pounds of feed a day is sufficient for 1000 rainbow trout 6 inches in length. If the fishes are from 8 to 12 inches long 12 pounds of feed is necessary. Feeding should be done in the late afternoon so that the fish will acquire the habit of searching for natural food in the pond during the early part of the day.

Another step in food economy is the work being done by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries in salvaging food fishes from the overflowed lands of the Mississippi River. Several times each year North America's greatest river overflows its banks, and on subsiding leaves behind temporary pools filled with young fishes that are invariably destroyed unless some human agency rescues them. One of the freshets comes in June, about the time the river fishes are ready to spawn. When the flood is at its height these fishes follow their natural instincts and seek quiet back waters in which to deposit their eggs. As the floods recede the adult fishes generally try to reach the main stream and most of them succeed, but their young do not realize the danger so promptly and usually are cut off and landlocked in some small pool or pond, which will likely become dry in two or three weeks. The ponds that persist until winter are usually so shallow that the fishes are smothered, even if the water does not freeze to the bottom.

The government rescue crews employ small launches and use fine-mesh seines, small dip nets and tin dippers. The launch, which is tied up to the bank of the main stream, is used as a base of operations. The seining crews set their seines by wading or from a boat, according to the depth of the waters. The fishes caught in the nets are sorted into tubs, then carried quickly to the main stream, where they are liberated. It is estimated that during the last season the efforts of the Government resulted in the saving of approximately 156,657,000 food fishes. The territory covered by the rescuers extended from Minnesota to Mississippi. About 25 per cent of the fishes rescued may be expected to survive to a marketable size and will reach an average weight of about 24 ounces in two or three years. Assuming that all the surviving fishes eventually will be caught for market, it follows that the fishes salvaged last year have a prospective value of more than $6,000,000. This is a splendid result in view of the fact that the average cost per thousand of fish saved was only $3.18.

It should also be remembered that in addition to their food value fishes are necessary in our rivers if we are to perpetuate the pearl-button industry of the country, which employs some 20,000 people and yields a product valued at more than $5,000,000. When the young mussels, which are of microscopic size, are thrown off from the brood pouches of their parents at the proper season, the larval mussels slowly drift to the bottom and perish in a few days' time unless they come in contact with a passing fish of suitable kind and succeed in making attachment. Once this attachment is made, the tissue of the fish grows over the little mussel, until it has undergone a remarkable change of form and structure; then it drops from the fish to commence its independent life at the bottom of the stream or lake. It is a further fact that the young of particular kinds of mussels require the gills of particular kinds of fishes as nurseries. The black bass is host for several sorts of mussels, while the skipjack, a kind of herring, is the only known host for the best of all mussels. As this last-mentioned fish is far from being abundant in American rivers it is plain that much care should be exercised in its maintenance.

The mussel fishery that supplies the fresh-water pearl-button industry is actively conducted in at least twenty states in the Mississippi River Basin. The raw production of shells now has a value of about $1,000,000. The fresh-water pearl button is now recognized as among the cheapest durable buttons that can be procured. The mussel beds have been rapidly depleted, chiefly because the fishermen in past years would retain only the very best shells and discard as culls all shells that were of an inferior grade. Necessary action in the way of government legislation to protect the mussel fisheries has been so long delayed that this unique and rather important industry is now sure to experience considerable difficulty in perpetuating itself.

Each year now records many notable advances in the number of products of commercial value that are being obtained from American rivers and seas. A movement is now under way to encourage the saving of shrimp waste and the production of shrimp and fish meal to be used as

(Continued on Page 40)

The difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives begins by inducing greater ease the moment the driver takes hold of the wheel and releases the clutch.

These two operations alone are accomplished so simply and quietly and with such surprising absence of physical effort or bodily strain, that the journey begins under delightfully different auspices, which are continued in every phase of Liberty riding and driving.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

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animal feed. It costs but little to install a reduction plant in connection with a shrimp cannery. Shrimp bran is said to provide a good feed for hogs; the same is said for fish meal. In past years the waste material from which this new feed is made was disposed of on the dumps at a considerable cost. It is estimated that on the Gulf Coast alone the established fisheries should be able to produce annually about 1600 tons of shrimp meal and 1800 tons of fish meal. With the introduction of a number of small rendering plants the production of these feeds should reach 5000 tons annually.

Great progress is now being made in the tanning of fish leather. Stations have been established in North Carolina and Florida, and a Western company has acquired a site for a tannery in Washington. Ingenious nets have been developed for the capture of sharks, and many of these fishes, as well as porpoises, are now being caught every day. Canadians are making an effort to establish a successful fishery for the slaughter of sea lions, the intention being to make shoes of the hides. Fishermen have pointed out that the killing of sea lions will also save the fish, for the average sea lion devours 50 pounds of food fish in a day. As an indication of the possibilities that lie in this business of catching sea lions, it is only necessary to state that a party of four fishermen recently killed 700 sea lions in two days on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Among the new discoveries of ocean values is a new and unusual purple dye that is derived from a shellfish known as the "nacasol." Though this is not a matter of immediate great importance, it does emphasize the present tendency to uncover and utilize more and more of the hidden resources that are contained in the earth's waters. Every effort, Federal and otherwise, has been made to stimulate the production of the farm. The time has arrived when we should commence to look more to the development of the possibilities of our rivers and oceans. And when it comes to the matter of food, let us not forget that though we have eaten several kinds of fish it is yet a fact that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Eyesight and Production

INVESTIGATIONS in various parts of the country show a definite relationship between the eyesight of workers and plant or office production. In the factories of one Massachusetts company, output was increased twenty-eight per cent as a result of the corporation's activities in correcting the faulty eyesight of its employees. This particular concern, like hundreds of other American companies, had been giving close attention to many kinds of betterment work. The various buildings had ideal lighting equipment and splendid ventilation. Rest rooms, work chairs and other modern facilities designed to improve working conditions had been installed. Still there was an underproduction that could not be explained. Later the problem was solved when an eye specialist examined the eyes of the employees and found that seventy per cent of the workers had optical deficiencies in varying degrees. The increased production mentioned above came as a result of supplying proper glasses to all those having defective vision.

The campaign for better factory and office lighting has made great advances during recent years. So have many other educational programs intended to improve conditions and increase efficiency. The whole country has been awakened to the dangers arising from infected teeth, and hundreds of industrial concerns make careful examinations of the hearts and lungs of prospective employees. But, notwithstanding the fact that the chief strain of our modern industrial life falls largely on the eyes of the nation's workers, there has never been any active movement inaugurated to improve health and enlarge production by campaigning to save the eyes.

Many companies do employ a physician who in making a general examination of incoming workers subjects them to a simple acuity test, which uncovers very few eye defects. In hundreds of lines of work where close application is required, latent optical defects rapidly develop and are entirely overlooked by both workers and management. Eyestrain is not a disease, but only a form of physical fatigue; however, it is a human defect that is now doing more to limit individual output throughout the country than many real diseases.

More than 100,000 people in the United States to-day are either totally or partially blind, and the sad part is that a large percentage of these cases could have been wholly prevented. The result of one survey indicated that about fifty-five per cent of all educated Americans suffer from impaired vision. The nation's economic loss from the curtailed production of its citizens who are partially or wholly blind amounts to many million dollars. What the loss is from the handicap placed on the country's workers by impaired eyesight can only be imagined.

The primary point of attack in overcoming this serious problem of defective vision is to arrange and adopt preventive measures rather than curative practices. The chief causes of eyestrain are overwork, improper illumination, incorrect methods of using the eyes, and failure to remedy defects in the physiological structure of the eye by the use of proper glasses. Though the greatest advances in eye preservation will undoubtedly come from the growing realization on the part of employers that a high rate of production and good eyes go hand in hand, it is also possible to improve conditions by educating the rank and file of our citizens to eliminate eye abuses.

Here are a few helpful hints: While working rest the eyes occasionally by shutting them or by looking off at a distance. Though the individual's strength of vision must largely regulate the length of time of eye application, it is a good rule to close the eyes for a few moments after each fifteen or twenty minute period of work. Reading on trains or other moving conveyances is harmful; so is reading in a reclining position. If possible, desks and other reading supports should be tilted at an angle of about thirty degrees. The eyes are subjected to less strain in working if the printed matter is more nearly perpendicular to the line of vision. Small type and poorly printed pages with insufficient margins and spaces cause much damage to the eyes of readers.

The light conditions in rooms where artificial illumination is used are improved by having the ceilings finished white, and the side walls finished white, light buff or light olive green. Flat skylights are far less satisfactory than skylights constructed on the saw-tooth plan. It is a bad practice to place desks in an office or machines in a factory in such position that the workers are compelled to face windows through which a strong light enters. If employees must face such windows partial relief will result from providing shades to cut down the light. Work done under direct sunlight is damaging to the eyes. The best plan to prevent such injury is to equip the windows with light buff or green shades. As a general rule, ceiling lights in a workroom are much better than wall lights placed in brackets. Strong light, when improperly used, is as objectionable as inadequate illumination.

Practically all authorities agree that in reading the individual should sit with his back toward the table or desk on which a lamp is placed. It is generally best to have the light fall over the left shoulder if the person is right-handed and over the right shoulder if the person is left-handed. In either writing or reading the light should never come from squarely in front as this produces a sheen on the surface of the paper which causes blurred vision. Investigation has shown that injury results from reading with the book on the table, as the consequent position of the head and chest interferes with the proper action of the heart and lungs. The amount or brilliancy of the illumination necessary should be governed by the color of the object seen. Only one-third as much light is needed when a person is working on a light surface as is required when the work is done on a dark surface. Naked electric lamps and all unshaded light sources that come directly in the line of vision are injurious.

Eyestrain is frequently caused by working under fading daylight. It is also considered injurious to read printed pages that are so thin as to permit the print from one side to show through on the other. Experience has proved that reading can be done most advantageously when the book or printed matter is about fourteen inches from the eyes. It is not considered wise to read before breakfast. One of the unfortunate things is that the eyes are such willing servants they usually offer no complaint until after the real mischief is done.

Everyone should understand that sufferers from pink eye should be isolated, because this ailment is contagious. Trachoma, or granulated eyelids, when not taken in time may cause the complete destruction of vision. It is also true that when one eye has been blinded the remaining good eye will often lose its sight as a result of the inflammation of the blind eye. The greatest possible care should be taken to preserve the sight of a person who has already lost the use of one eye.

Though many people have become expert in the art of removing irritating particles from the eyes of others, a few words on this subject will not be out of place. In removing a foreign particle from the eye, ask the patient to look down and then take hold of the eyelash with thumb and forefinger of the left hand and pull the eyelid downward and slightly away from the eyeball. Next evert, or turn back, the eyelid by placing midway between the eyelashes and eyeball the tip of the thumb of the right hand, and make the same movement that would be required to turn back the edge of a coat sleeve. If the particle is located on the interior of the upper lid it may be removed with a clean handkerchief or a piece of clean cotton placed on the end of a toothpick or match. If the irritating substance is not on the upper lid try to find it in the same manner on the lower lid and remove it in the same way. When the particle is embedded in the cornea, or covering of the eyeball, it is best to consult a physician or eye specialist. After removing the particle from the eye it is advisable to irrigate the delicate member with boric acid. Under no circumstances should anyone touch the eye with a handkerchief or other agent that has been moistened with saliva or with the tip of the tongue.

In treating the eyes with some kind of liquid medicine one should take care never to invert the dropper after the solution has been drawn into the glass tube. If the dropper is held with the rubber end downward and the fluid permitted to run into the rubber and then back into the glass the solution will very likely contain particles of powder that have washed off the rubber bulb, and these may irritate the eyes. Always hold up the rubber end of the dropper. The fluid should never be dropped directly on the eyeball unless the physician has so advised. The proper practice is to draw down the lower lid and place the drops on the exposed inner surface of the lid. One or two drops are always sufficient and it is only waste to use more.

Eyestrain when unrelieved by proper treatment and glasses is often the cause of headache, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, melancholia, neurasthenia, hysteria and vertigo. Since the condition of the general system usually affects the eyes it is always advisable to use the eyes carefully or not at all when one is overfatigued or is convalescing from an illness. Careful physicians even go to the extreme of limiting the use of the eyes of their patients who are in poor health. One high authority blames eyestrain for a large percentage of stimulant and narcotic diseases and for many cases of curvature of the spine. An examination of the records of industrial corporations that have taken over the responsibility of the care of the eyes of their employees shows that one of the greatest results of the work has been a material reduction in the total time lost by workers who were absent because of illness or indisposition.

One big machine-tool company several years ago made a survey of all its accident cases and found that the total of all eye injuries to workers amounted to more than 6000 a year. A campaign was started to reduce these eye injuries, and splendid results were obtained. In 1917, 5016 foreign bodies were extracted from workers' eyes; in 1918 there were 1302 such cases, while in 1919 the total had been reduced to 979. Though a great majority of all these accidents were trivial in character, many of them did require that the worker should visit a physician or eye specialist, which caused a large loss of time to both the company and the men. During the last three years, since the company established its own hospital and included a dark room for eye work, very few men with injured eyes were compelled to leave the plant to receive treatment from an eye specialist. The total saving in the time formerly lost by workers has amounted to several hundred hours.

In another large concern it was found that eleven out of fifty-five inspectors could not properly see the work they were paid to inspect. The company immediately made arrangements with a large optical firm in a near-by city to fill prescriptions for glasses and deliver same to the director of the company's health department. The optical concern allowed the corporation a material discount, which enabled the employees to purchase glasses at a low price. This eye service has always been optional, but it is in such demand that though the work at first covered but a part of three mornings it is now arranged for each morning of every working day. The company reports that this practice of giving close attention to workers' eyes has not only added to the prosperity of the corporation but has been reflected satisfactorily in the pay envelopes of the men. Consideration is now being given to whether or not the company should undertake the additional expense of grinding the lenses for the glasses and employing a resident optician.

Some of the largest corporations in the country have recently attached eye specialists to their clinics. The manager of one concern noticed that employees were using lead pencils, matches and sticks in clumsy fashion to remove foreign bodies from eyes. As a result of this observation, emergency outfits were placed in different departments, and special workers were selected and trained in first-aid treatments for the eye. Finally a permanent relief station was installed and an optician was engaged to devote certain hours of each day to the work. All treatment is free.

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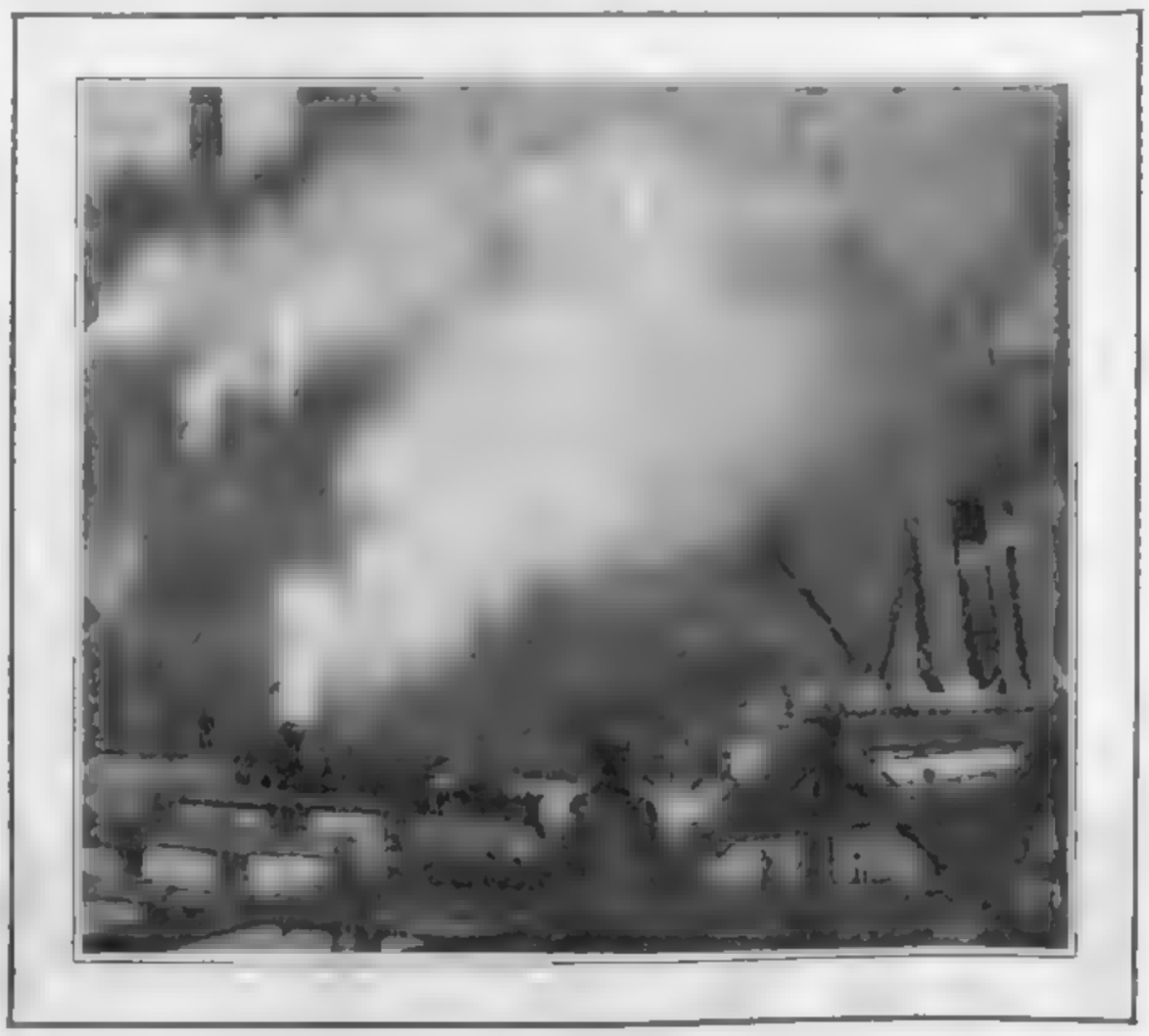

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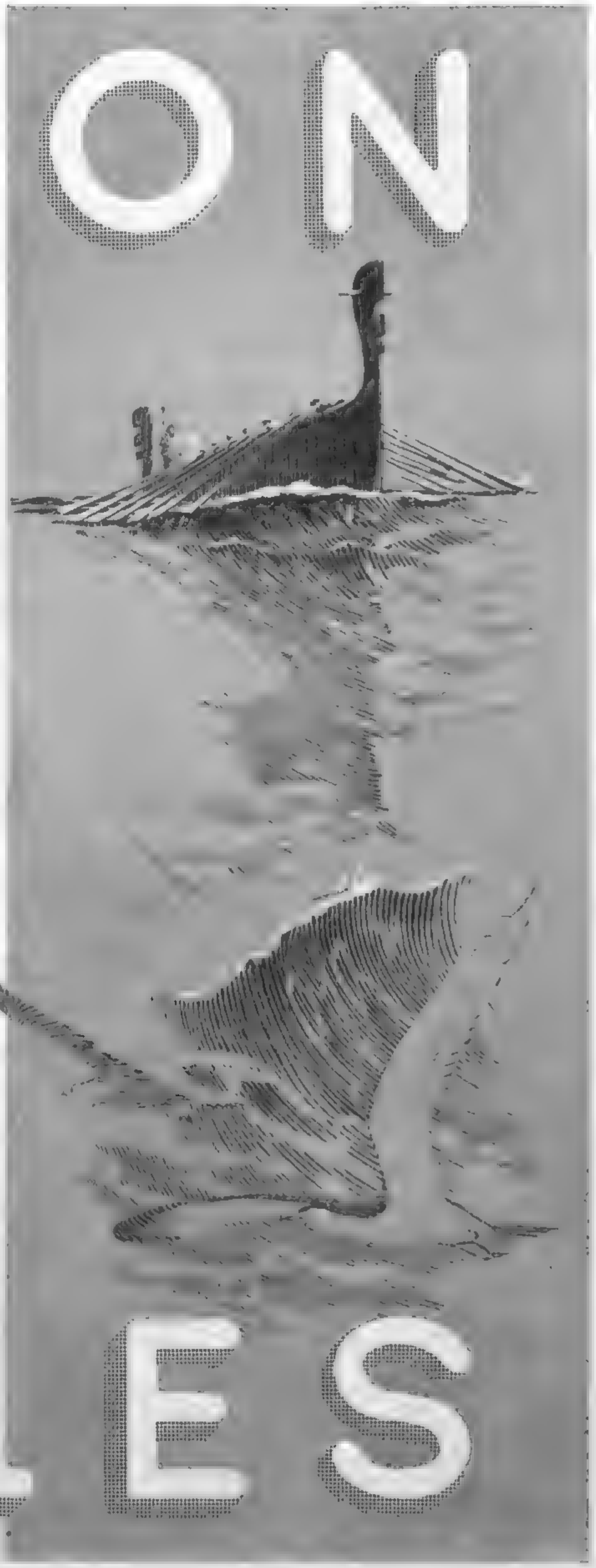

AXLES

. . . the slave of old lashed to his mighty oar . . .

Like the slave of old
Lashed to his mighty oar,
The rear axle of a motor truck
Must propel the modern galleys of commerce.
If it be a staunch and honest axle,
It will serve faithfully—
Even in that unrelenting service.
Such axles those are
That bear the stamp of Eaton.

THE EATON AXLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
THE AXLE DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY

OTHER DIVISIONS ARE: THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY, THE BOCK BEARING COMPANY, THE STANDARD WELDING COMPANY

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When we consider that the human eyes were built for farsighted work we must concede that the service they render to civilized people living under artificial conditions and doing fine work at close range is nothing less than remarkable. Since we are engaged in living a manufactured life it is only fair that we assist Nature in every possible way to keep up the pace. We come into this world with eyes that are farsighted, or hyperopic as the optician would say. After we have applied ourselves to close eye work for many years there comes a change in the average person's vision, and this includes an increasing tendency toward farsightedness. When Nature thus begins to fail us the only way we can continue on close work is to have recourse to an optical correction, which we gain through the use of glasses.

Not one person in ten realizes that the eyes are the greatest users of human energy. It is for this reason that people who use their eyes for eight or ten hours continuously each day often leave their work more fatigued than other folks who engage in purely muscular labor for a like period of time. The latest theory is that one-third of the nervous energy of the body is allowed to the eyes. When there is a defect in one's vision or the person's eyes are overworked a demand is made on the entire nervous system for more energy to balance the fault. The body can give up this energy only at the expense of other vital organs, and this is the reason why uncorrected optical defects cause trouble in the stomach and other distant parts. No worker can maintain normal efficiency when his energy is being sapped by eyestrain. When people appear to be suffering from some unknown disorder the wise physician of to-day will look to their eyes as well as to their teeth when searching for the source of trouble.

In our industrial system the greatest part of the losses due to eyestrain comes from workers who have only slight defects in their vision. When a man has eyes that are very defective he immediately consults a specialist and is provided with glasses. The chief trouble is with people who are suffering from such slight defects that the evil consequences of their troubles are ignored.

The United States is now experiencing a loss amounting to millions of dollars annually, due to the mistakes, spoilage, slow work and inefficiency of hundreds of thousands of workers who are suffering from slight optical defects. If eyestrain is permitted to continue in our lives until those suffering from the trouble actually experience pain, then the evil has reached the point where the penalty is severe and the cure expensive. One industrial manager who investigated this problem stated that he found men in his employ who were as greatly handicapped by defective sight as they would have been if minus an arm. When we take into consideration that many cases are on record where individual efficiency has been increased thirty or forty per cent through correcting defective vision it will not appear that any attention or expense devoted to solving this problem by industrial concerns is a philanthropic expenditure. On the other hand it is the wisest kind of investment.

The prevalence of eye trouble is best illustrated by a case that recently came to light. One company, with more than four hundred employees, conducted an examination that showed three hundred and twenty-four, or seventy-eight per cent, were subject to eyestrain. It was found that headaches and eye fatigue were more common among those employees engaged in the closer types of eye work, and it was also discovered that there were more defectives among the unskilled laborers.

When employees understand that the company will not discharge them or in any way practice discrimination because of defective vision, they will be only too glad to coöperate heartily with the management in carrying out an effective plan of eye inspection and correction. The returns from such a policy are definite; they are the kind that show up in the worker's pay and the company's net.

THE COME-BACK OF A SEND-OFF

(Continued from Page 21)

Paint and Putty Corporation a few weeks later—a beribboned, glorified Jimmy who had expanded mentally and physically. And as for being welcomed, he was nearly hugged by Gerty of the switchboard, and automatically shunted into General Sherman's class by the office boy, who hung on to his hand for ten minutes.

But at the same time you can tell the world that come-backs are not send-offs. They lack spontaneity; so much so that it is almost possible to codify them into textbook terms. That is, glad-hand receptions are inversely proportional to the distance at which they are received from the office boy and the switchboard.

"What are the new lady type slappers over in the corner doing?" asked James.

"Getting out circulars on our paint removers," replied Gerty, plugging in for the president. "Here's one of the labels we are using now, and you should see the new factory we built since you went away!"

The first thing to catch Jimmy's eye on the label was, "You slush it off with the hose."

"Say," he began.

"Hist!" warned Gerty as she listened to the conversation that was going on over the wire. Finally she turned to James. "That was the new sales manager talking to the president. He's a wonder!"

"How so?" asked James.

"He writes books on scientific salesmanship. You know seven ways to vibrate a magnetic atmosphere and all that. He's been apologizing every day for the last week because he cannot get past the office boy over at the Indian Oil and Tar Company's place."

"I know somebody in that concern," said James hopefully.

"Who?" asked Gerty.

"Dooley's father-in-law—old man Sullivan."

"I'm sorry, James, but your film is flickering. You got to see the big men when you sell paint remover. Did you ever read this gent's book?"

"No," admitted James.

"Well, it wouldn't do for you, Jimmy, because the first rule in it is 'Stop being natural.'"

But Gerty's babbling small talk suddenly ended as she saw President Onderdonk coming out of his private office and making straight for James with an outstretched hand of welcome. A moment later they disappeared behind closed doors. Then Gerty sighed.

"It must be nice to get some of your roses before you are dead," she soliloquized.

"Be seated, Costigan," said the president, handing him a cigar with a gold band on it that looked like a Liberty Bond, Jimmy meanwhile figuring what he would order when the boss took him out for lunch.

"Costigan," he repeated, "you have arrived at just the right time. There is an opening for you in the paint-remover department."

"As a salesman?" eagerly questioned James, his face the picture of delight.

"Not yet, my boy," said the president, laying his hand on Jimmy's shoulder. "The truth is, we are up against a hard game in this market, and I have engaged some of the highest-priced sales talent in the country. Later we will shove you along, James, but not now, because I want you for something else. We need a good demonstrator for this product and you are the man. It is going to be a liberal education for you, James, as it will put you in touch with the modern school of scientific salesmanship. Do you want the position?"

It was so much like being detailed to the kitchen police that James came to attention and stiffly saluted—his superior officer.

"Good!" exclaimed the president. "Our first big prospect is the Indian Oil and Tar Company, with two thousand petroleum tanks that will have to be cleaned for repainting. The company is standardizing its supplies at its experimental station in Brooklyn, and your first real demonstration will probably take place there. We will give you the name of their paint man, and the address of their warehouse as soon as we procure it from the purchasing department in New York."

"I won't need it," said James, blowing two dandy smoke rings toward the ceiling.

"Why not?" asked the president.

"Because I know it. His name is Sullivan, and the plant is over near the Gowanus."

"How did you make this man's acquaintance?" asked the president.

"In a place I used to work," said James, capitalizing Dooley's Music Emporium for all it was worth.

"Oh, I see—accidentally by chance, as it were."

"Possibly," was Jimmy's reply.

At this moment the door of the president's office was timidly opened about a quarter of an inch.

"Come right in, Mr. Butterfing," said the president. "James, this is our sales manager, Mr. Butterfing." Whereupon that gentleman handed Jimmy a fat thumb in lieu of his hand. "He has charge of the details in connection with the demonstration at the Indian Oil and Tar Company's warehouse. When do you think that we will be able to send Jimmy over there for the purpose of making a demonstration, Mr. Butterfing?"

"I am hoping," began the gentleman, at the same time extracting a lead pencil from his vest pocket—it being down in the book that attention is more readily secured by a lead pencil with a bright metal cap, as it fascinates the mind of the listener when gently waved in unison with speech—"I am hoping it will be to-morrow, sir. Unfortunately in this case we are battling with the subconscious perversion of the prospect, and so far I have been unable to gain an entrance to his office."

"Too bad," mused the president—"too deuced bad. However, I know one of the directors of that company and will approach him should we find it expedient to do so. In the meantime, Mr. Butterfing, take lunch with me to-day and we will talk over the situation."

The minute James heard this he knew that he would have to eat, as per usual, in Red Charlie's Palace Lunch Wagon, and to tell the truth he was a bit cloyed on chopped Salisbury steak and Vienna meat balls. Hence his deliberate attempt to flick an inch and a half of hot cigar ashes into the cuff of Mr. Butterfing's immaculate coffee-brown trousers before passing out to the main office.

"Isn't our Mr. Butterfing a perfect dear?" questioned Gerty as she saw the look of scorn on Jimmy's face.

"Him?" exclaimed James. "Say, if that fellow was a mover and he had a grand piano on his back he'd stop to wipe his feet on the mat before going in. Do you know what he's doing at the Indian Oil and Tar office?"

"What?"

"Waiting for the purchasing agent to come out and kiss him."

In accordance with previous instructions, James spent the three days which followed at the factory perfecting himself in the art of demonstrating, but the fourth day found him back in the office.

"Jimmy, does it mean anything fierce when a man gets excited and says 'Gum bust my binnacles'?" asked Gerty the first minute she was free to speak with him.

"It all depends upon who said it," he answered.

"President Onderdonk did—yesterday. He said 'Gum bust my binnacles if I'm going to stand for any more monkey business.'"

"It sounds hopeful," said Jimmy.

"Those were his words," said Gerty, puckering her lips artfully the while, and thereby causing Jimmy to think it the most kissable little mouth he had ever seen. However, the next moment she became serious and beckoned him to come nearer.

"An awful row," she whispered. "He has fired Butterfing. That happened day before yesterday, and then he went up to see this purchasing agent himself, and after they had kept him waiting outside for an hour the office boy came out and said that no more salesmen would be allowed in that day, and as near as I could get it from what I have picked up at the switchboard Onderdonk then called on his friend, who is a director in the company, and they both went in to see the purchasing agent, and he got mad because Onderdonk went over his head, and they had an awful battle. This purchasing man—his name is Grant—said he would run his department as he pleased. Only he said 'Damn,' which word I wouldn't say, Jimmy, and he ended up by shouting that he would not be dictated to by anyone, six or a dozen directors. No, not until a certain place got all froze up, which between you and I, Jimmy, isn't ever likely to happen. I don't know just what is going on this morning, but Mr. Onderdonk has sent for the manager of our retail department to have a talk with him."

Even as Gerty spoke the manager entered and went directly into Onderdonk's office, where the steady hum of the president's voice could be heard dominating the conference. Suddenly the door opened with a jerk.

"Costigan, I want you," said the president, snapping his fingers impatiently.

Not having stolen anything and knowing that he could always get back into the Marines, James did not do any running, but if anything walked slower than usual.

"Did you ever negotiate a sale with a woman for two phonographs on the argument that the size of her family demanded that number?"

In spite of his attempt to remain at ease, James blushed.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you also try to sell me paint remover, knowing blame well that I was president of the company?"

"Yes," said James with a glint of steel in his eye, being ready for almost anything that might develop.

"Well, I call that devilish good salesmanship," said the president. "And we are so confounded short on sales ability that I am going to shoot you right into the front ranks. You were the first man to suggest the use of a hose in connection with our system of paint removing, and I imagine that you know a few other things that will prove just as valuable. But I want to tell you this: I am going to put you up against the hardest man in seven states, and that is Joseph S. Grant, of the Indian Oil and Tar Company. This is one of my busy mornings, so good day, Costigan. The cashier will give you all the money you need for expenses, and if you land this concern your salary to start with is three thousand dollars."

As the president concluded James was standing with his hand on the door knob, and he heard a gasp on the outside followed by an audible whisper: "Glory be! Three thousand smacks!" But by the time he got on the other side he found Gerty at the switchboard, so he really could not say it had been she.

The first thing that James did was to walk up to the cashier's window and draw one hundred dollars for expense money. Then he went to the barber shop patronized by the president and took the entire treatment, after which he began to decorate his person. And be it understood that James was no shrinking little pansy when it came to the question of personal adornment, because the tie he purchased was capable of flashing as many vibrations as one receives from the open furnace door of the night express, and his suit was a snappy checkerboard cream, to say nothing of his socks, which radiated the beribboned glory of a spectrum analysis. But be it also distinctly understood that James got away with the outfit. He was for it and it was for him.

There was something about his six-foot-two and the sun-baked bronze complexion he brought back from France that went with the rainbow clothes. Therefore being, as it were, all set, James wandered toward the purchasing office of the Indian Oil and Tar Company.

It was located on the second floor of a prominent Broadway office building downtown, and James walked into the corridor to look things over. There wasn't a bit of inspiration lurking there, so just to do something that would kill time or furnish a point to start from James took the elevator to the twenty-fourth floor and started to walk down, which also looked foolish. However, on his way he was careful to note the general situation in the office of the Indian Oil and Tar Company, where as near as he could judge a dozen men were in waiting to see the purchasing agent, Mr. Joseph S. Grant.

Upon arriving in the corridor James was about to take the air and do some thinking when a youth came in pushing an adding machine before him.

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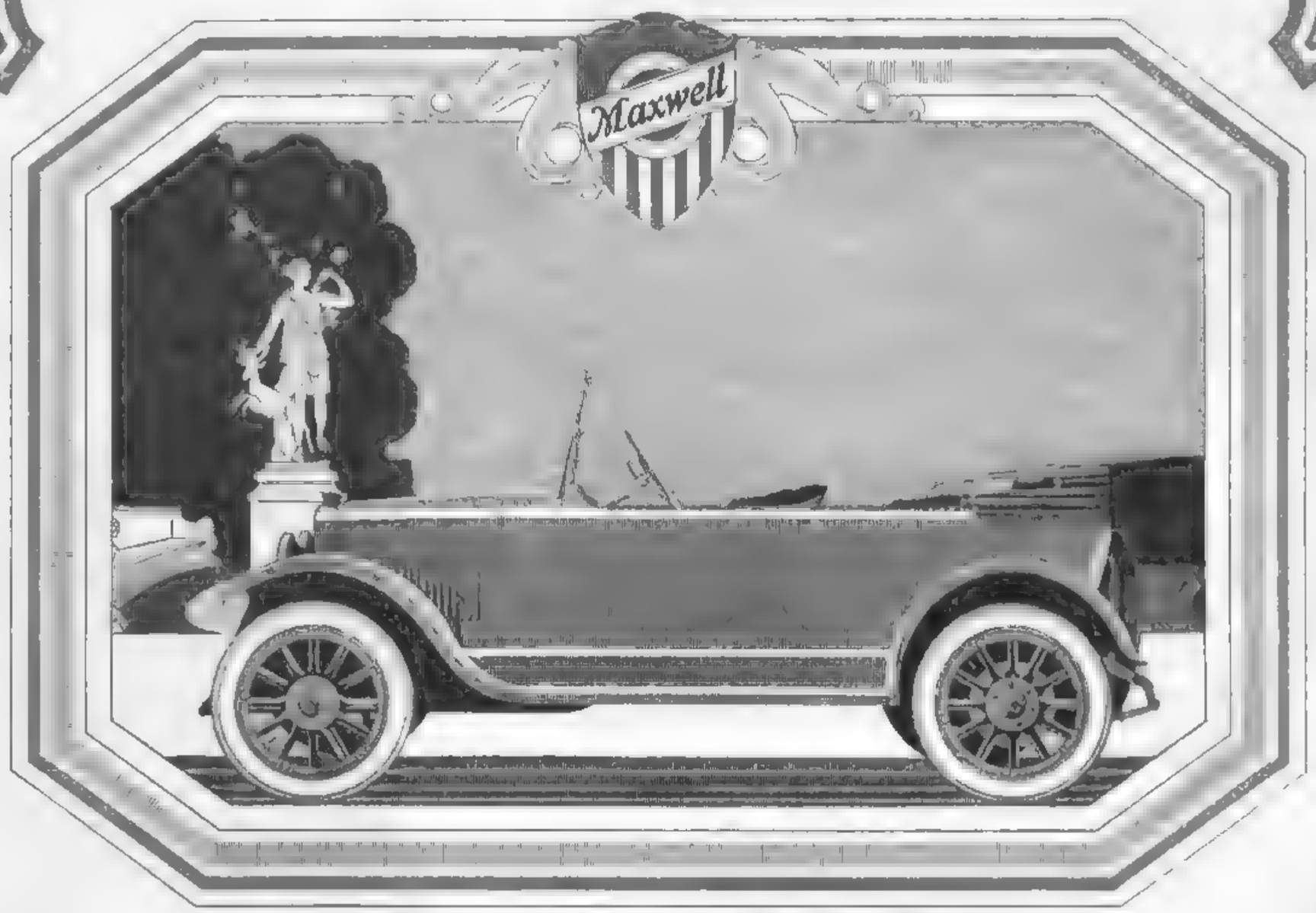

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Look for the Red Band

THE UNITED ELECTRIC CO., CANTON, O.
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"Cleans Without Beating and Pounding"

(Continued from Page 42)

"It's for the Indian Oil and Tar Company," said the boy to the starter.

"Take it up in this car," said he.

Now as James listened to this conversation between the youth and the starter an idea winged its festive way into his mind. He stepped into the car with the boy, and during the short trip to the second floor made a note of the name of the manufacturer of the machine.

At the second floor the boy got out and took his adding machine along with him, while James continued his trip to the floor above, where he also left the car. Then he took a walk through the hall there, and finally wrote down the name of a firm occupying one of the offices. It was the Alfalfa Land Company.

That was about all that James had it in his mind to do that day, so he took the elevator back to the corridor and bought two cigars at the cigar stand, and it is to be hoped that the president of the Paint and Putty Corporation will never read this little narrative, because James actually paid fifty cents each for his smokes, and then handed one of them to the cigar-counter salesman, which caused that stolid Gothamite to wonder what new millionaire had taken an office in the building. After that James went to the movies.

Another hard day followed, but as it happened to be Saturday there was some excuse for Jimmy's inactivity. Then again it was part of his big idea to give the Indian Oil and Tar Company time to unpack that adding machine.

About ten o'clock on Monday James bought two more cigars from his friend at the stand, and after promptly handing one of them back to him asked, "Do you mind if I leave my hat and coat here for a few minutes?"

"Not at all," replied the youth.

Hence the bareheaded, coatless James who went up on the elevator in his shirt sleeves looking for all the world as if he had just stepped out of some office in the building. Arriving at the office of the Indian Oil and Tar Company, he got out and took a hasty survey of the situation. There were twenty men waiting to see Joseph S. Grant. The office boy was just informing one of them that "Mr. Grant says write him about your proposition as he is only interviewing representatives by appointment." Then he turned to James.

"Have you an appointment with him, sir?"

"No, I am from the Alfalfa Land Company on the floor above," said James with unholy effrontery, "and I got to see Mr. Grant for just a minute," which looked quite regular to the boy, considering that James had a lead pencil stuck behind his right ear.

"Oh," said the boy.

"You are to come right in," he announced a moment later, and before James knew it he was ushered into the august presence of Joseph S. Grant, of the Indian Oil and Tar purchasing department.

"My name is Costigan," said James, "and I'm from the Alfalfa Land Company upstairs. I understand that you have just purchased a Dinglebecker adding machine, and I would like to see how it works."

"Certainly, come in." Then Mr. Grant turned to one of his clerks. "Henry, trot out the Dinglebecker and show our friend how it performs."

Which little act of neighborly kindness Henry was pleased to do, though twenty hustling salesmen had to cool their forty heels outside and wait ten minutes longer than they might otherwise have been forced to do.

"Thanks," said Jimmy when the demonstration was over, handing Grant one of the fifty-cent cigars and getting out quick.

"The Alfalfa Land Company," mused Grant as he lit the cigar. "Well, there's no alfalfa filler in this smoke. It's a humdinger. Hey, boy, who's next?"

We are forced to admit that there did not seem to be much sense in the way Jimmy was managing things, because that afternoon he again went to the movies. However, the next morning he was back in the corridor of the building buying more cigars.

"What time does Mr. Grant go out to lunch?" he asked of his cigar-stand friend.

"Twelve-thirty—on the minute," was the answer.

That was why James stood in the lobby at half past twelve and as Grant stepped from one of the elevators fell into step with him.

"Going out to lunch?" he asked of Grant.

"Hello, Costigan," said Grant. "Come on, I'll buy the lunch."

"No," said Jimmy. "But I'll match you."

"You're on," said Grant, taking a coin from his pocket. "We will make it heads and you are to match me."

Now as a matter of fact, Jimmy had a thumb and finger of his right hand in his vest pocket on that side and a thumb and finger of his left hand in his vest pocket on that side, and if Grant said "Heads" the coin in his right hand pocket would have come out, and vice versa. In other words, James had it framed and slated to lose.

"You pay," said Grant as they walked out onto Broadway.

There is no use going into details, but the lunch cost James $18.40, and throughout it he did not once mention paint remover or any of those sordid details which have to do with the scraping and painting of petroleum tanks.

It certainly looked like a fool way to sell goods, and besides that he was not coating himself with a very heavy wash of fame and glory at the office, where they did not exactly like the Oriental scenery he was wearing. In fact it began to haze a bit along the fair horizon of Jimmy Costigan's prospective way. The president was gritting his teeth, and Gerty acted as though she expected to have a session of weeps any minute. But in the meantime things were happening at the office of the Indian Oil and Tar Company, and they started thuswise: At lunch time one day as Grant was about to leave his office he thought of Jimmy.

"That chap I stuck for lunch the other day was a pretty good sport. I guess I'll go up and square the account."

Hence his entrance into the office of the Alfalfa Land Company on the floor above.

"Where is Costigan?" he asked.

"Costigan?" questioned the young lady at the desk. "We have no one by that name here."

"Oh, yes you have," argued Mr. Grant. "He came down to my office one day last week to look at our Dinglebecker adding machine. He said that you were getting ready to buy one."

"Something wrong. We have no use for an adding machine here."

"That's funny," mused Mr. Grant as he went back to the elevator and asked one of the operators if he knew of a Mr. Costigan in the building. Then he inquired of the starter, but with no better results, after which he dismissed the matter from his mind as one of those peculiar incidents which could only occur in a big metropolitan office building.

Even so he was about to meet the honorable Mr. Costigan again, because the following day James decided to throw his sales machine into high gear—or ditch it.

Before starting from home in the morning he went over a full dozen packages of various paint removers manufactured by firms in competition with his own, and familiarized himself with prices as well as the extravagant statements concerning superior value.

Then he started out. But the thought came to him that it might be wise to count up his expense money. So with this in mind he entered Dooley's Musical Emporium, where between scratching his head and scrawling figures all over the backs of four envelopes picked out of Dooley's waste-paper basket for that purpose James came to the conclusion that he had been exceeding the speed limit. Therefore as a corrective he asked his friend to change a five-dollar bill, his intent being to slip a certain amount into a given pocket and spend from that allotment only.

"Will you take it in quarters?" asked Dooley. "Here's a five-dollar roll of them which I got from Sullivan last night."

"I will take anything you can give me," replied James, sliding the neat little pile of twenty-five-cent pieces into his pocket without counting them, where they jingled merrily as he headed south for the offices of the Indian Oil and Tar Company.

James took one look at the waiting salesmen in the reception room there, after which he pulled himself together and counted them. There were sixteen clean-cut fellows, every one of whom probably had some bona-fide right to demand an interview with Joseph S. Grant before him. Nevertheless he walked up to the youth in charge and said, "Tell Mr. Grant that Mr. Costigan would like to see him."

Almost before James knew it the boy was back and had swung open the gate.

"Step right in," said he.

Joseph S. Grant was leaning back in his swivel chair with his arms folded as James stepped into his office.

"Who the hell are you anyway?" he asked with the faintest suggestion of a grin on his face.

"I'm only a little salesman from the Paint and Putty Corporation," said James, thrusting his hand into the expense-money pocket and ringing the silvery chimes.

"Well, by the gods of war, I've been solicited by ten thousand different types of men and thought that I knew all the tricks of the game, but you are the first cub to work anything like this on me, and for sheer nerve it deserves some recognition. I owe you a lunch anyway, so come back here at twelve-thirty and I'll take you out."

"If you do," said James, "I'll tell you in advance that I will talk paint remover."

"And I'll also tell you in advance that I won't buy. You could not get me to change from the goods I am using in forty years. However, twelve-thirty. So on your way, youth, on your way."

Now all this occurred about ten-thirty in the morning, and as there were no movie houses open at that hour James went out and walked the streets, where he passed through a series of nervous sweats. Had anyone watched him he might have thought that he was suffering from some mental disorder, as he was talking to himself most fervently. The truth is, he was selling paint remover to lamp-posts, stray barber poles and the like—in fact anything that would listen to him.

And then the fatal hour arrived. They went to lunch, and the luncheon progressed, as they have been wont to do since man discovered that he had an appetite, and at last they reached the point where the waiter brought on the coffee.

"Now," said James, "how much time will you give me?"

"A half an hour. I like your nerve. It is wonderful."

"All right," replied James, placing his watch on the table before him. "You said that we could not sell you in forty years. What have you got against our company?"

"I don't like your president—he went over my head."

"And got what he deserved," added James.

"Absolutely."

"Then we start with a purely personal dislike on your part."

"You can put it that way if you like."

"Since when did you decide that it was a good policy to let your personal feelings interfere with your business judgment?" asked James.

For a fraction of a second the purchasing agent squirmed. Then seeing the grim audacity of the question and recognizing its justice, he answered: "Point One. You win. Now it is my turn. Why should I buy your paint remover when we have been buying goods that are satisfactory from one house for five years."

Then it was that James launched his selling talk—an eloquent, logical presentation of quality, price and superiority. Finally he paused, having shot his last round and being out of breath.

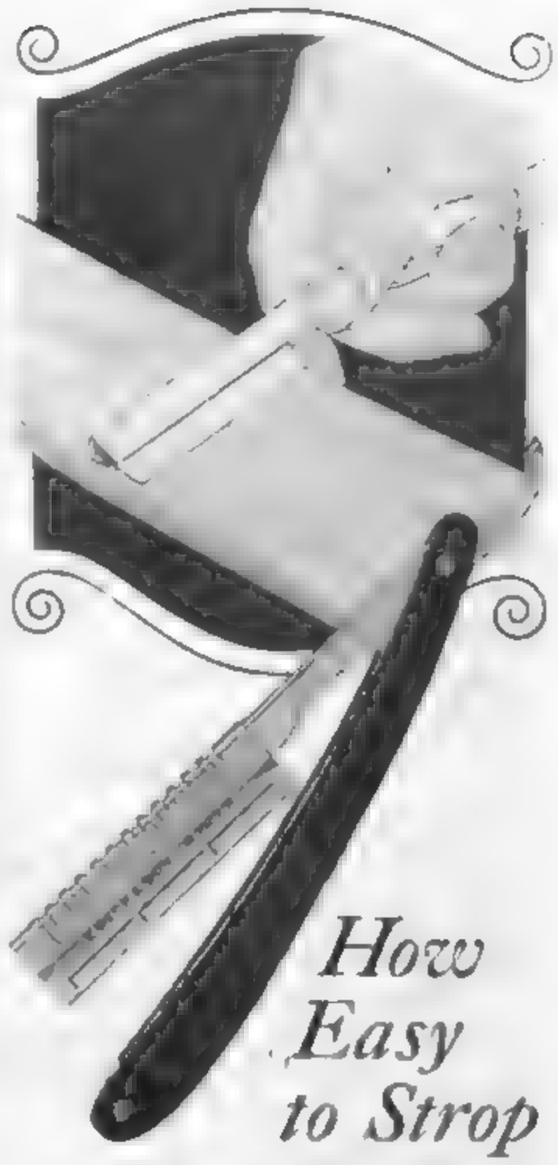
"I am sorry, Costigan, but you lose. The firm we buy from puts up our paint remover in special gallon cans so that we can test every individual gallon before it is shipped to our various tank stations, and they do this at great inconvenience to themselves.

"Furthermore you come along and want us to purchase from your firm in barrel lots, and you have no price inducement to offer. You quote, by the barrel, the price I pay by the gallon, with a package that suits our convenience. No, Costigan, not in forty years—you lose."

And to make matters worse, Joseph S. Grant began to show signs of weariness, though James still had ten minutes at his disposal. Grant had called the waiter, paid him, pocketed the change and was shoving back his chair.

So this was the end of Jimmy's hopes and aspirations. He went through all the mental torture of facing the president, standing for the jibes of certain ones in the office. But worst of all he saw the disappointed face of a clever little switchboard lady whose name was Gerty.

"Anyway it was a good lunch," said he to Grant. "And just to show that my middle name is Little Sunshine let me buy the cigars before we go."



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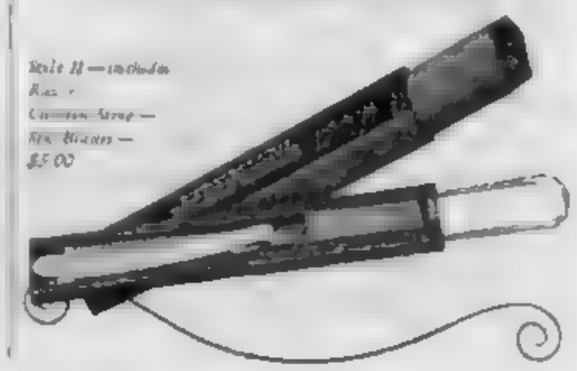

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"As you will, old top," said Grant, assuming his former easy attitude at the table.

Whereupon James dug down into his expense pocket to bring up the requisite number of quarters that he might hand them to the waiter with his order for cigars. As he did so his hand touched something soft, and he withdrew the object. It was a paper disk about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece.

"I wonder where that came from?" he asked himself.

Then he examined it closely, Grant eying him curiously in the meantime. There was something printed on the disk, and James read it in a mechanical fashion. Then he gasped. An inspiration was forming within him—a hazard—a guess—a chance—a gamble with fate—a hundred-to-one shot.

"What's the matter? Haven't you got enough money?" asked Grant, rising from his chair.

His question brought James to life, and he shoved his watch across the table.

"Plenty of it. Sit down," he commanded. "According to contract, I've still got five minutes left."

With an easy laugh Grant settled back into his chair.

"Kid, you are wasting your time," said he. "I like you because you are clever and game, but I am hard as nails when it comes to buying, and have the reputation of buying closer than any other man in the trade."

Again James nervously clutched at the disk in his pocket. Then staked his whole future on it.

"Listen, Mr. Grant. My chance to sell you is gone. Is that the idea?"

"It sure has."

"Very well, then I am free to tell you a few things."

"Yes, if it will make you feel any better."

"All right," said James, leaning over the table. "I can beat you at your own game, slick as you are."

For the first time a hard look came into Grant's eyes. Jimmy Costigan was pushing a little too far.

"You are now buying paint remover from the Oscalene Company—right?" continued James.

"Correct, and at a lower price than any other man in the United States."

"I can buy that paint remover from the Oscalene Company at twenty-five cents less per gallon than you are now paying."

There was a contemptuous snort from Grant.

"You can buy it?" he questioned with sarcasm.

"Yes—or put it this way: I can put you in the way to buy it for that much less per gallon."

"Costigan, you are talking in circles."

"Possibly. But believe me, I am going to get somewhere."

"It's all very interesting, but silly," said Grant. "If I can buy from the Oscalene Company for twenty-five cents less than I am now paying, as you suggest, where do you come in?"

"I'll tell you where," said James. "When you discover that you can buy for twenty-five cents less from them you won't do it."

"I'll bet you twenty-five dollars that I will," said Grant.

"I've been spending my coin like a drunken sailor lately," said James, digging down into his reserve trousers pocket. "So I can only take about ten dollars' worth of that easy money, but here's mine."

"How, when and where do we decide this bet?" asked Grant.

"To-morrow at your experimental station," said James. "But in the meantime there is one thing that you must do."

"What is it?"

"Swear by the sacred paintbrush of your revered ancestors that you will not mention a single word of our conversation until I give you the high sign. If you do everything is off."

"I swear," said Grant, holding up his hand. Then he added, "You imp of Satan."

It was a much mussed-up Jimmy Costigan that made his way back to the office of the Paint and Putty Corporation. He had cross-legged the creases out of his trousers. His natty felt hat had lost all its dimpling dents and his hard stand-up collar had wilted into a soft lay-down style. Taking it by and large, James was gaining some valuable information on salesmanship, and the first principle to become graven on his memory was: "When a man goes out to sell goods he deals in dispositions as well as merchandise."

"Mr. Onderdonk wants to see you," whispered Gerty as he came into the office.

"All right," replied James. "But take it from me, little one, I'm not going in there like a lamb to the slaughter. Jimmy Costigan is a bull in a china shop to-day, and you can listen for the tinkle of broken crockery."

"James," said the president after calling him into the private office, "you are not making good."

"All right," said James coolly, not knowing exactly what else to say.

"No, it is not all right, Costigan, and we might just as well get right down to brass tacks. I repeat, you are not making good."

At that particular minute James realized that he was no longer a youth to be bandied about by favor and chance. The surge of big achievement had entered his soul. It was like a challenge to have the president rush him into a corner, and something told him that the time had arrived in which he was to find himself.

"Mr. Onderdonk, you can have my resignation right now if you want it, but I would advise you not to ask for it. For weeks and weeks you fussed with an impractical, book-fed crew of trigger-brained sales experts, and they accomplished nothing. Then ——"

"Stop!" thundered the president.

"No," said James, rising to his feet, "I will not stop, and I intend to free my system while I am at it. All I know about this game I learned in your employ, and you have been a most honorable example of integrity, justice and fair dealing. Therefore I ask you to listen. When you took it upon yourself to reach Joseph S. Grant—and failed, as you did—do you suppose that I can walk down there and correct the error in five minutes? If you knew what I have accomplished in so short a time you would grab me by the hand and thank me."

President Onderdonk came near to James and looked him square in the eye.

"James," said he, "you are not telling me everything."

"No, and I would not dare to, because in spite of all I have done the entire situation hangs by a thread so frail that it may break in the morning."

"Why in the morning?" asked President Onderdonk.

"Because I am to meet Joseph S. Grant at the Indian Oil and Tar experimental station over in Brooklyn, and I will do one of two things: Come back with their contract for about twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of paint remover or hand you my resignation."

"James, are you still smoking?" asked the president, taking out the Liberty Bond brand.

Then he added: "If you need another hundred you know where the cashier's window is."

That was one of the reasons why James called at the Indian Oil and Tar Company's office the following morning in a taxi.

"Before we start," said James to Grant, "there is one thing I wish you would do. Telephone your man Sullivan to come to your New York office."

"But I will not be here to see him," said Grant.

"Certainly not. I want to get him out of the warehouse."

"I see," mused Grant as he picked up the telephone for the purpose of doing as Jimmy requested.

Then they started.

"What have you got with you?" asked Grant, noting a can at Jimmy's feet.

"Paint remover," said James. "I expect to demonstrate it while we are over there."

"By gad, sir, this is a little too much!" sputtered Grant, and in reality he was annoyed.

"Take it easy," said James. "I promise not to open it unless you ask me to do so."

"Which you can rest assured will not occur."

"Oh, I don't know," was all that James said.

So over the Williamsburg Bridge they sped, and shortly alighted in front of the big experimental station and warehouse of the Indian Oil and Tar Company.

"Hello," said James, "there is a truckload of gallon cans being delivered by the Oscalene Company now. Get one of them just as it is being carried in, will you?"

"Certainly," said Grant. "Now what?"

"Come inside where we can find some secluded corner."

"What next?" asked Grant as they entered one of the unused offices in the rear.

"Open it."

Grant whipped out his knife and pried off the soft-metal cap which covered the spout, disclosing underneath a printed disk. It was a duplicate of the one that James had in his pocket—the one he had examined so carefully when he dug down for the quarters with which to pay for the cigars—the quarters that he had received in the roll that came from Sullivan.

"Lift up the disk," suggested Jimmy.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Grant, "there is a twenty-five-cent piece between the disk and the cork!"

"Yes, and there is a twenty-five-cent piece under every tin cap of every can of paint remover that comes into your warehouse from the Oscalene Company, and now you know why all of Sullivan's reports on tests have favored that company."

Grant's hand went into his pocket. Then he counted out ten dollars and handed it to James.

"You win," said he. "And you were correct in making the statement that the Oscalene goods can be bought for twenty-five cents less than I have been paying. You were also right when you said that I would not buy from them. And now, Mr. Costigan, if you do not mind I would like to have you demonstrate your stuff."

"Thank you," said James. "We will go outside to put over this simple demonstration of mine."

A few minutes later they were standing in a small courtyard in the rear of the warehouse with two samples of paint remover—one that James had brought with him and a can of the Oscalene product.

"You use these goods to remove paint from petroleum tanks—not?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is my big selling point: Our product is noninflammable. Look!"

Saying which, James dropped a lighted match into the Oscalene sample. There was a flash of fire, and then a stream of black smoke shot upward.

"Now watch this," continued James as he dropped a match into his product.

There was a sputter and a sizzle, after which the flame expired.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked Grant.

"Well," said James, laughing, "I have discovered that it is easier to reach a man's brain through his eye than it is by way of his ear, just the same as one good talk is better than a dozen typewritten letters."

"Come on," said Grant. "We can figure up on our way back to New York as to how many barrels I had better order."

That was the reason why James returned just before closing time with a contract instead of a resignation. And after all President Onderdonk was the kind of a president we all like to work for, because he took James by the hand and led him forth to the cashier's window, where he spoke these joyful words: "From now on Mr. Costigan's salary will be at the rate of three thousand dollars per annum."

Now it was near the hour of five P. M., and one by one the faithful employees of the Paint and Putty Corporation were hustling homeward to find out what they were going to have for supper, and as a rule Gertrude of the switchboard made a quick and hasty exit right on the quiver of the stroke of the hour. But upon this occasion she lingered longer, and James also lingered, and by and by there wasn't anybody left in the office except these two—James and Gertrude.

And—well, you see it was this way: She congratulated him and he blushed, after which she blushed—and then they both blushed, and finally—smack! James had kissed her.

So being a girl of considerable poise, she had recourse to a hand mirror, wherein she studied her complexion most critically, daubing the while fresh complexion material from a cute little powder box onto her blessed little nose.

"James," said she, perking her head sideways to gain a better view into the mirror, "I see that you are right there with the application of the paint remover, all right."

"Was it a good demonstration?" he asked

"Splendid," she replied.

"Are you sold on it?"

"I think it means another contract, James," said Gertrude so sweetly that there wasn't a single thing left for him to do but kiss her again.

The boy and *the* girl. They are off to school; they will come back as grown ups—you wouldn't have it otherwise.

But you will want *always*, a clear memory of them as they are to-day.

Before they go—a photograph.

There's a Photographer in Your Town.

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PHOENIX

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SNIFFSKI

(Continued from Page 5)

share of blue rosettes and ribbons: and while she was exclaiming her admiration Mr. Wetherwilt whispered to her that nothing would please him better than to show his horses in her name. She yearned to travel; and Mr. Wetherwilt obtained a chaperon and took Jean to inspect his yacht, and again to inspect his private car and drink Russian tea on board—and he remarked to her in an undertone that he favored the idea of the Occident for a honeymoon. He never forgot the holidays or her birthday or any of the little ceremonies she loved; and when the proper contingency arrived he would gladly spend a day if necessary to unearth a distinctive and always an appropriate remembrance.

This in its way was powerfully effective, for Mr. Clinton Wetherwilt had some excellent genealogy behind him, and not a few attractions on his own account. Moreover, he was desperately in love with her, and she knew it. But on the other side there was Anthony, and Anthony's tactics suggested nothing of the nibbling process. On the contrary they depended upon a slashing aggressive. Anthony forgot her birthday, but a week later he dashed in with an armful of American Beauties.

"Catch 'em, Sniffski! Didn't remember the date, but I don't love you by the calendar, anyhow."

Mr. Wetherwilt spoke of his devotion in hushed phrases, and addressed Jean with flattering deference, and Anthony said: "Sniffski, if you ever marry anybody else I swear I'll put red pepper in the bride's bouquet!"

And Wetherwilt was staunch and true and reliable, and Anthony was Anthony. Whenever Jean saw them together, as on the occasion of their dining with the Claygates to-night, she wished that she might have the privilege of a miracle, so that she could consolidate them into one man and solve her problem.

Toward the end of the evening the conversation had drifted toward the leading item of the day's news. There was a man who had been suspected in connection with the Wall Street bond robberies; he had fled the city a month ago, and in complete seclusion he had twiddled his fingers at the world until to-day, when to the astonishment of everybody he had calmly come back to surrender. In the meantime he had avoided the most energetic endeavors to trace him, and—as Anthony said—he had made the press and the police look foolish.

"But that's all right," said Anthony with a cheerful grimace. "That's the way the Lord intended 'em to look."

Wetherwilt was eager to be light and graceful in his repartee, but he hadn't Anthony's tongue.

"You can criticize the police all you want to," he said. "They must have been fairly stupid, I'll admit. It isn't so much the police, though, who run down a chap like that; it's wide-awake people like ticket sellers and conductors and store clerks, and so on, who get interested in a man hunt and keep their eyes open and give information. Why, if the other newspapers had followed my lead in publicity, and a big enough reward had ever been put up, they'd have had that fellow in no time! They just didn't go about it in the right way."

Mr. Claygate was opposed.

"I don't like to contradict you, Clinton, but I think you're wrong. The chief blame or the chief credit in any particular case belongs to the police. Of course they do get information here and there, but they have to pry it out by the roots, because the ordinary person, like a clerk or a ticket seller, doesn't use his eyes or his wits either. No, it isn't the police who are stupidest; it's the public."

"Right-o," said Anthony. "I agree perfectly with both of you. I agree with Judge Claygate about the dear public, and I agree with Clinton about the dear police. This fellow didn't need to come back; he got tired of it or something. They'd never have caught him. Why, the thing that seems darned funny to me is that they ever catch anybody at all!"

Wetherwilt and Mr. Claygate exchanged glances which had to do with the exaggeration of youth.

"Why, Tony!" said Jean reproachfully.

Anthony bristled.

"Well, it does! If a man really wanted to disappear and stay disappeared it ought to be so easy it wouldn't even be exciting."

"Of course," said Jean, "he might do it for a little while if he were awfully clever, but you really don't think he could keep hidden indefinitely, do you? That doesn't stand to reason, Tony."

"Not even for a little while," said Wetherwilt obstinately, "if the public was only interested enough."

"Don't be ridiculous, Anthony," advised Mr. Claygate. "It's been tried too often."

Anthony gestured with spirit.

"Well, I say it ought to be easy, and a man wouldn't even need to be clever. Take me, for example—everybody admits I'm not clever. Well, I'll bet that if I wanted to disappear for any reason or other all your press and your police and your public put together wouldn't find me until I jolly well wanted 'em to!"

Wetherwilt hooted at him.

"Do you think you're smarter than all the rest of the country put together, Tony?"

"There have been some very distinguished criminals," remarked Mr. Claygate dryly, "who'd let you name your own price for the secret, Tony."

Anthony reddened defensively.

"I haven't said I'm smart at all. I said exactly the opposite. And I'm not a distinguished criminal, so I don't know what they'd do, but I do know what I'd do. And you can make all the funny noises you want to, Clinton, but I could do it like rolling off a log, and you wouldn't find me until I got good and ready."

"Whenever you want to demonstrate," laughed Wetherwilt, "I'll take the long end of the bet, Tony."

His tone was only very mildly patronizing, but Anthony took offense. Anthony forgot that no later than yesterday his host had indicted him for chronic irresponsibility. He forgot everything except that he had expressed an honest opinion, and that Wetherwilt, his older and far richer and immeasurably more important rival, had patronized him, and that Jean had been a witness. The blood of adventure was hot in Anthony's veins; the chip of excitement was trembling on his shoulder; he was a freebooter of his own time and of his own action, and he started up belligerently. Wetherwilt had disparaged him, but Wetherwilt wasn't going to get away with it.

"You're on, Clinton! If I had two hours' start, how soon do you think you could catch me?"

Wetherwilt was taken completely off his guard; and although his greater poise prevented him from forgetting his audience, as Anthony had done, and although he hated to see Anthony, even as a rival, lay himself open to derision, yet he appreciated the delicacy of his own position. He had given a challenge and Anthony had snapped at it, and in Jean's presence Wetherwilt wouldn't back down. He avoided her eye and her father's and attempted to give the whole transaction the flavor of a joke.

"Oh, a couple of weeks," said Wetherwilt indulgently. "Save the idea and use it the next time you want to rob a bank, Tony."

Anthony sat forward on his chair.

"I was thinking of taking a vacation," he said—here Mr. Claygate snorted. "I'd just been thinking of taking a vacation for about a month, Clinton. It fits into this thing pretty nicely. Well, if you're so anxious to bet I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me two hours' start I'll bet anything you want to that the next thing you know about me is when I turn up again voluntarily. You said two weeks; all right, I'll double it or triple it or anything you like. And you can print my picture all over seventeen pages of your bright yellow gazette, and offer a million dollars reward, too, if you want to."

The reference to his newspaper property was too much for Wetherwilt.

"Ten to one," he said shortly.

"I'll take a thousand."

Warned then by the silence, Anthony turned his gaze upon Mr. Claygate, and suddenly realized what a fatal impression he had been creating. He saw that he had advertised himself anew as a young man of quixotic impulses. He could almost sense the very nouns and adjectives which Mr. Claygate was mentally applying to him. Anthony was chilled, and at the same time he began to develop a certain impatience toward Mr. Claygate.

He looked at Jean. Jean wasn't smiling, but in her eyes there was a peculiar glint which puzzled Anthony. At first he imagined that it was a spark of sympathy for him, partly because she herself was adventurous and partly because she hadn't liked Wetherwilt's superior manner; next he began to wonder if she might not think him arrogant; finally he decided that she was rebuking him, and even pitying him, for his idiosyncrasies.

Up to this moment, Anthony, despite the flatness of his statements, had lacked perhaps the final degree of intention to play at hide and seek. If Jean and Mr. Claygate had laughed at him, or at least if they hadn't taken him so seriously, he could have laughed at himself and dismissed the incident as merely a friendly passage at arms between himself and Wetherwilt. But the judge's caustic disapproval and Jean's expression of reproof provided him with that final and necessary degree.

There swept over Anthony a wave of cold resentment. He was tired of being arraigned for his youth and his hilarities. Mr. Claygate wanted to squeeze him dry of every drop of spontaneity; Mr. Claygate's hero was an evaporated type like Wetherwilt. Why, Mr. Claygate didn't even have a sense of humor! And Jean—what did it mean, that she also had forsaken him? Anthony drew a long breath and burned his bridges.

"I'll see you later, Clinton," he said to Wetherwilt. "And everybody can cheer up now, and let's talk about something else."

The evening, however, was already spoiled. Anthony, fretting against the fact, resolved to outstay Wetherwilt, and outstay him he did, and won his interlude alone with Jean. But Jean wasn't to be pacified by a smile and an explanation.

"I'm afraid," she said presently, "you've put your foot in it, Tony. Didn't you see dad's face?"

"Every time I looked at it," said Anthony ruefully, but in the next second he had begun to grin. "It would be a lark, though."

"But for a man in your position, Tony?"

Anthony said four letters about his position, and was instantly contrite.

"But if you knew what it's like," he pleaded, "with all of you trying to reform me and boil me down and make me all over again! Oh, I know what I promised, but I was going to take a vacation first." He tried to reach her hand, but she eluded him. "Wouldn't you miss me just a little bit if I went away and you didn't see me or hear from me again for ever so long?"

The four letters concerning his position were fresh in her mind.

"I don't honestly know that I would, Tony, if you're always going to behave like this."

She didn't mean it, and Anthony was supposed to know that she didn't mean it. But because he was masculine he swallowed it whole and straightened his shoulders.

"Then we'll both have a chance to find out," said Anthony, "because I'm not a hunk of putty, and I'm not going to be molded by everybody who wants to take a whack at me, and I've taken Clinton's bet—good-by, darling. I don't know where I'm going or how long I'll be gone, but I'll be here when I get back."

He walked into the library, and as he arrived at Mr. Claygate's desk Mr. Claygate looked up and said: "Anthony, I'm beginning to believe that you're a hopeless imbecile."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony, and turned round and walked right out again.

III

ORDINARILY Mr. Claygate would have felt himself lowered in dignity if anyone had seen him reading a copy of Wetherwilt's paper, but on one occasion at least he snatched a copy from a newsboy without concern for the appearances. The bait on this occasion was a seven-column scare head which hooked the magistrate because of its personal application, and his glance had no sooner fallen upon that wholesale smear of type than he gave a startled exclamation and snatched a paper.

Judged by the standards of the publication itself, it was a very amusing story, with a very strong publicity value for the business office. Mr. Anthony Hackett, wealthy

A Delightful Lather and Lotion in One!

Think of what this means to every man who shaves 365 days in the year. A perfect, ready-prepared lather that softens the beard at first touch—and makes shaving easier and quicker. No powder or lotion is required afterwards. For Uhry's DeLUXE Shaving Lather is an antiseptic, soothing lotion in itself. Made of pure edible oils. No caustics. That cooling, refreshing afterglow is distinctly characteristic of Uhry's DeLUXE Shaving Lather.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you at once, send us his name and 50c and we will mail you a large tube of DeLUXE Shaving Lather.

It's Worth Demanding

NO Brush Soap Cup Rubbing

In tubes and 1-pound jars

Dealers: Ask your jobber

(Entered U. S. Patent Office)

F. UHRY & CO.

CHICAGO

Sole Makers

Like wiping your face with a towel

Enders SAFETY Razors

"Like Wiping Your Face With A Towel" exactly expresses the sensation, as well as the perfect ease and comfort, of shaving with an ENDERS SAFETY RAZOR.

13 years on the market—2,000,000 enthusiastic users—without advertising—because the production of Enders has never before been able to catch up with the phenomenal demand. Its users, by recommending it to their friends, created a demand for Enders which, until now, we have been unable to catch up with.

This is indeed a case where the satisfied user alone has made a product successful.

"Like Wiping Your Face With A Towel" is more than a phrase—as shaving with an Enders is *more than a shave.* It means absolute cleanliness and simplicity, two features of The Enders, which appeal instantly—and hold that appeal always.

Wm Enders

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place
New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00—with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in a black Karatol box, plush lined.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Wm Enders

clubman and social favorite—photograph—had belittled the combined efforts of the police, press and public to apprehend the star performer in the recent Wall Street bond robberies. Mr. Hackett claimed by implication that the police were a pack of fools, and he claimed without any implication at all that the press was futile and that the public didn't use its intelligence. Moreover he had kindly volunteered to prove his point. Mr. Hackett had therefore covenanted to leave his apartment—photograph—at four o'clock this afternoon and to remain unrecognized for thirty days, during which period he guaranteed not to seek refuge with any friends or acquaintances, or to proceed farther than twenty miles from the Grand Central Terminal.

The Universe, relying upon the unquestionable wit and keenness of its readers and of the best police organization in the civilized world, disagreed entirely with Mr. Hackett, and was also willing to prove its point. Mr. Hackett had agreed that if within the aforesaid thirty days any individual should say to him in good faith, "You are Mr. Anthony Hackett," then Mr. Hackett would promptly admit his identity and would escort that lucky individual to the office of The Universe, there to receive an honorarium of twenty-five hundred dollars in gold. There followed an accurate description of Anthony and an accurate drawing of a heap of gold pieces, and an eloquent exhortation which ended with the brisk query: "Anybody can do it—why not you?"

"Hey!" said the newsboy, tugging at Mr. Claygate's sleeve. "Come up wit' yer cash!"

Dazedly Mr. Claygate came up with his cash and started for home. He was demoralized to think that Anthony had entered upon this mad escapade, but he was furious with Wetherwilt for abetting it and advertising it. His brain was circling on a single track. What would Anthony's father have said? What would Anthony's splendid father have thought of such a son? And in grieving for the memory of Tony's father Mr. Claygate was irrevocably convinced that his own duty and his own responsibility were increased, and not diminished, by the latest of Tony's gambols.

He wanted to confer with Jean, but Jean was out; and Mr. Claygate, after brief consideration, went to the telephone and called Wetherwilt.

"That you, Clinton? Clinton, of all the cheap and vulgar sensations you ever printed—wait! I'm talking to you, Clinton. Up to now I've regarded you as a man of higher class than your own business, but—but, Clinton, it's immaterial to me what he said and you said and he said and you said. You know what a harum-scarum sort of boy he is, and you ought to have protected all of us. Yes, I do think it's a disgrace. Why, what if it was the only way to prove he was wrong? Who is there besides yourself gives a tinker's dam whether he was wrong or not? Oh, you can't retract your offer now; I understand the legal side of it very well. Yes, I'm disgusted. I'm sure I don't know what you can do about it; you should have thought of that yourself. Yes, you can come up after dinner if you like, but—after dinner then."

As he hung up the receiver the echo of the street door came to him, and he marched out to meet his daughter. She had a copy of The Universe in her hand, and she looked guilty.

"Jean, do you know where Tony went?"

"I didn't even know he'd gone until—isn't it awful?"

Mr. Claygate took her arm.

"Tony didn't tell you anything and make you promise to keep it a secret?"

"No, dear." She put down the paper and gave him a feeble smile. "Have you talked to Clinton?"

"They arranged it this morning," said Mr. Claygate, and paced the hallway. "He says that Tony forced him into it."

Jean came over to him.

"You're bothered, aren't you, dear? But what's the use? If it were anybody but Tony it would be sort of funny, now wouldn't it? What's the use of expecting Tony to be any different from what he really is?"

Mr. Claygate stared at her, and relaxed a little, and took to rubbing his chin reflectively.

"It was a senseless thing to do," he said at length. "It's about as fatuous as anything I ever heard of. But after all I don't know why I need to get so excited about it. I was only thinking of Tony. Having his picture on the front page of a sheet like that! And all that drivel about him too! His father'd turn in his grave. And the worst of it is that it'll be thrown up at him as long as he lives. It's how the public will always remember him—the hero of a cheap sensational melodrama. Anything he ever does to get his name in the papers again will stir this up. They'll drag it out when his engagement's announced and when he marries and when he dies. He won't ever be able to get away from it, and sometime he'll wish he'd died before he did it. But the shorter it lasts the more annoyance it'll save him later, and it's my job to save him what I can. Not for his sake, though—for his father's. I'll call up the police commissioner after dinner."

Jean touched his arm.

"But you know Tony. If they did catch him too soon, wouldn't that just make him feel ridiculous? Wouldn't it hurt his pride? I'd just let him go."

Mr. Claygate shut his mouth tightly for a moment.

"Jean, I want him to feel ridiculous. I want him to feel foolish—down on his marrowbones. It would do him good. I'll call the commissioner after dinner—no, I won't either. I'll call him now."

The commissioner laughed blithely at Mr. Claygate.

"Of course," he said, "the men can't leave their regular jobs, but I'll venture to say that if this young Hackett puts out his nose for as much as two minutes' worth of fresh air somebody in a uniform is going to whisper the mystic password to him and collect. Because if there's a man on the force who hasn't got a use for those twenty-five hundred beans, why, I'd like to know what his private graft is, that's all. That's a lot more than a year's pay for a patrolman, judge."

At dinner Mr. Claygate was preoccupied, and when he did address himself to Jean it was invariably to say that Anthony Hackett was an unlicked cub or a spoiled brat or a dunderpate or something equally cogent. Once he stopped short in the middle of an especially choice description.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking—why, I was just thinking—even if everything you say is true, can't you imagine how Tony'll love it?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Claygate. "Probably he will." He tried to smile back at Jean, but he couldn't. "All I wish," said Mr. Claygate, "is that if he had to go off on a jamboree like this he'd done it before he talked up to me yesterday. I was all ready to trust him. Now I can't even forgive him."

Jean stopped smiling.

"Don't you blame Clinton too?"

"Yes, but his part was different. Don't you blame Clinton?"

"Some. But maybe I've got to take a little blame myself—and maybe you have too."

"I?" Mr. Claygate was impressive. "I? Because I told him in plain English what I thought of him? Where's the blame in that?"

"Perhaps if we'd both treated it as funny—either before Clinton left or afterward—if we hadn't both been so solemn about it ——"

But Mr. Claygate denied the impeachment.

Wetherwilt came in at nine o'clock, and brought his dignity with him. He was perfectly willing to be called names, he said, and to apologize for having been born, but for the life of him he couldn't see what all the tornado was about. Anthony hadn't done anything degrading. Indeed the experiment had a certain psychological merit. The story in The Universe couldn't hurt him; it had been carefully worded and edited so as to give Anthony the mantle of a civic investigator, and Anthony's account of his experience ought to have a definite value.

"It might to you if you bought it," said Mr. Claygate pertinently.

If he didn't actually make peace with Wetherwilt, he at least concluded an armistice. But he slept badly, nevertheless, and in the morning he found such fault with his breakfast that the cook gave notice. She was a precious cook, and Jean had dreamed of permanence, so that Mr. Claygate got himself severely reprimanded and lost another fraction of his temper. When he went to court he specialized in rather heavy sentences, and when he came home that night his conscience pained him, and he told himself that he was unfit for his office, and that Anthony Hackett—the unlicked cub—had made him so.

Wetherwilt, torn between his anxiety to placate a father and his firm obligation to a horde of readers, had compromised by cutting the publicity to a shred and burying it on an inside page, but the damage had been done with that original blare of trumpets. Already a vast number of persons who lived within the twenty-mile radius and cherished a lively respect for twenty-five hundred dollars in gold had made themselves a noxious pestilence to strangers, and there were countless young men of Anthony's approximate age and size and description who found it peculiarly annoying to walk down the street. Notwithstanding all this, Anthony had passed his first day without detection.

Another day went past, and brought with it no authentic information. He was known to have left his apartment at five o'clock on foot and without so much as a toothbrush for luggage, but when he had turned the corner he had vanished in strict accordance with his boast. Terminals and ferries had been watched; Subway and Elevated trains patrolled by amateur detectives; the photograph of Anthony was engraved upon perhaps half a million consciousnesses, but the bulk of Anthony was invisible to them all.

By the end of the week Constant Reader and Pro Bono Publico were writing sarcastic letters to the daily journals. Why seek further, they inquired, for any explanation of the prevalence of crime? Here is a young and untaught citizen who has vaunted his ability to dematerialize himself, and he has done it. Apparently anybody can do it. Ergo, crime is prevalent because the criminal finds it absurdly simple to get away. Mr. Hackett, for example, might have had a cargo of stolen bonds with him as well as not. Investigate the police situation! Oust the commissioner! Let's have an efficient administration!

Under this gentle pressure the commissioner wrote a scathing answer, in which he pointed out that his department wasn't particularly interested in a make-believe refugee. But this wasn't altogether true; for most of the individuals in his department were deeply interested in the twenty-five hundred dollars.

As the days ran on, and Mr. Claygate found that he couldn't maintain a constant temperature of vexation, Mr. Wetherwilt discovered that his own was steadily rising. Some of his club mates had begun to rally him and to speak of Anthony as a rather clever fellow. Once on the sidewalk Wetherwilt was even halted by a wide-eyed zealot who caught at his lapel and exclaimed: "You—you—you're Anthony Hackett, aren't you?" and Wetherwilt had responded cordially: "No, I'm not! You take your hands off me before I knock your block off!"

He was annoyed by Anthony's success; he was annoyed by Mr. Claygate's increasing curiosity about the fugitive; and he was annoyed still more by Jean's all but imperceptible change of sentiment. She had first told Wetherwilt frankly that she held him less to blame than Anthony, and she had referred to the whole matter as something not nearly so vital as her father had held it out to be. She had confidently expected, however, that Anthony would manage to convey some message to her, and when he didn't she began to miss him. Obviously Wetherwilt couldn't arrange to be likewise missed, except at considerable personal inconvenience to himself; and it harried him to realize that he was making no appreciable progress with Jean at a time when the absence of his rival should have given him a wide advantage.

In the third week Mr. Claygate admitted that he might have magnified the importance of the matter.

Anthony's reputation didn't seem to have suffered, and the city reformers were saying that there had never been a clearer exposé of the police situation.

"Oh, it was a silly enough performance," remarked Mr. Claygate. "I haven't changed my mind a bit, but as long as they were fools enough to undertake it I'd rather like to see Tony win. He's got perseverance, even if it is in a worthless cause."

Jean's eyes were dreamy.

"I wonder where on earth he went."

Mr. Claygate chuckled.

"I guess Clinton's more concerned about it than we are. Well, it doesn't seem to be

(Continued on Page 53)

The Craftsman's Mastership

SOME men are slaves to work; others are masters of it. The first work to live; the second live to work.

Of the second type are artists and craftsmen. Their work is the supreme expression of their life, their spirit, their ideals. Only through it can they create. In it they find their keenest pleasures. Of its results they are its severest judges.

Due to the rugged character and natural creative genius of its people, New England has for nearly three hundred years offered the most fertile soil in America for the development of craftsmanship.

Generation after generation, New England artisans have been imbued with a spirit of mastership—independent, individualistic, proud, unshaken by industrial and social upheavals.

For nearly thirty years this spirit has governed the building of Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars.

Starting with the courage of pioneers, New England craftsmen and inventors produced a gasoline automobile that ran successfully under its own power in 1892. They have contributed to the industry many of its most important fundamental principles. They are building a car today which throughout its beautiful whole is worthy to be known as their masterwork.

STEVENS-DURYEA, Inc.
Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts

Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars

30th Year

Do you enjoy your business?

YOU get pleasure out of business; so do other successful men; that's one reason why they succeed in their business. Are you enjoying the experiences of other men, told each month in SYSTEM, the Magazine of Business?

John Golden, for example, producer of "Turn to the Right," "Three Wise Fools" and "Lightnin'," credited with New York's record run. He tells in September SYSTEM "What the theater has taught me about selling."

When you go to the theater you're one of Golden's "customers"; you approve or disapprove his "product"; and he watches to see which you do and why. That's something few men can see, first hand, in their own business.

"The real show is before, not behind the footlights," he says. "The public knows how to avoid what it doesn't want. . . . You can't manage a play or a business by a formula. . . . Don't try to fool the public; you can't. . . ."

Read Mr. Golden's article in September SYSTEM. You'll enjoy his business as much as he does, and get many a hint for your own business.

That's why SYSTEM is valued by a quarter million business men each month. It brings to them, from many men and many businesses, the strategy that makes business enjoyable; the practical ideas and methods that make business pay.

Get a copy of SYSTEM for September. There are many other articles you'll enjoy; 25 cents on the nearest news-stand; $3 pays for a year's subscription.

SYSTEM

***The* Magazine of Business**

Published by A. W. SHAW COMPANY, Chicago, New York, London. Publishers of FACTORY and of SYSTEM ON THE FARM.

In SYSTEM for September

Business in Europe today

Your business may not reach Europe; but Europe may reach your business. Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, went abroad to sell locomotives. He wrote his friends and associates about conditions; extracts from these illuminating letters have been secured for September SYSTEM. "We hear considerably more of the poverty than of the prosperity side," he says; "a wail carries better than a laugh." How he bartered locomotives for oil and wheat; his experiences in Poland, Roumania, Serbia, France and other countries make interesting reading.

How employers managed in 1858

The second of Mr. Farquhar's reminiscences, "My 64 years in business," draws an interesting picture of business conditions and of life sixty years ago. Prices were low then; Mr. Farquhar rented a house for $85 a year; domestic servants were $3 a month and board. But there was mutual confidence between employer and employee; a great business stabilizer. That's something employers of today are trying hard to get back to. Read Mr. Farquhar's story of his early struggles as a machinist, out of which came experiences on which to found a successful business of his own.

Selling more production to our workers

"Three years of money losing," says A. C. Barrow, president Jobbers Overall Company, "taught us the lessons to which we attribute our profits today. . . . We keep the plant going steadily even when we can't see orders ahead. . . . We don't hesitate to try out new devices, whatever their cost if there's any promise of more work from the individual or more satisfaction to the customer. . . ." Mr. Barrow's policy of dealing with employees produces more in five days than formerly was turned out in six. He talks intimately about his business in September SYSTEM.

Making money by lowering prices!

That's the problem most business men are worrying about just now; it's pressing. Yellow Cab of Chicago have kept prices down when everything else was going up; and they have made more money by doing it. A lot of pet traditions about "service" have been upset. How today they give more real service; what profit-sharing has done for their men; makes timely reading for managers in many different businesses.

(Continued from Page 50)

doing the boy any harm, and I'm glad of it."

But when a topical song was introduced at a midnight revue, and a chorus of blindfolded girls in policemen's blouses chanted in praise of Anthony, Mr. Claygate compressed his lips again and kept his thoughts to himself.

The third week ended, and then the fourth, and on the last day of grace Wetherwilt presented himself for tea.

"Jean," he said, "I've lost. I've lost, and Tony's likely to be back any time. I've waited until to-day to make a confession to you. When Tony came to my office the morning after we'd talked about the thing here and dared me to go ahead with it I was awfully undecided. I went into it finally, and I've played square with Tony, and done everything I could to get him found. But some of the time—in fact, most of the time—I—I really hoped he'd win. I wanted to beat him, but I wanted to have this month alone with you too." He ventured to touch her hand. "I don't know how to play very well. Please don't think of me as naturally making a buffoon out of myself. If this proceeding has made you think any less of me I wish I'd cut my throat before I agreed to it." His fingers tightened. "Tony's time is up, and he's coming home. I've had my month alone with you. I hoped I could make you care. Have I? Have I made you care enough to—marry me?"

"I—can't!" said Jean, and trembled. "I can't!"

Wetherwilt sat stunned.

"Is it—Tony?" She made no response, and finally, when he saw that she didn't speak because she couldn't, he released her and got to his feet. "I ought to have known," he said abjectly. "I never had a chance, did I? I never even had a chance."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"Don't say that! You've been one of the dearest and kindest friends I ever had, and it wasn't until T-Tony went away that I—I ——"

Round Wetherwilt's mouth there flickered an ashy smile.

"Yes, I can see that. I rather helped Tony's own game, didn't I?" He threw back his shoulders. "Well, I don't need to tell you that if ever there's anything under the sun I can do for you ——"

He broke off there, and with his nails biting deep into his palms he gazed down at her. There was nothing else to say, except good-by, and since that was precisely the one thing that Wetherwilt couldn't bring himself to say, he presently went out, very quietly, without saying it.

IV

THE Universe announced in a very sportsmanlike manner that Mr. Anthony Hackett had made good his defiance. His friends prepared to lionize him at his club, Wetherwilt wrote the loser's check and Jean Claygate found so many important duties about the house that she hardly stepped out of it for twenty-four hours. But Anthony was late.

Under the strain of suspense Jean had fled into her father's arms and told him all about Clinton Wetherwilt. She knew that her father would be compassionate, but she knew, too, that for a long time he had favored the older and more conservative suitor, so that she expected a certain amount of regret to be intermingled with compassion. But Mr. Claygate sat very still, and smoothed her hair, and said after a protracted silence: "Jean, I'll give you one piece of advice. When you marry, marry for love."

They were on tiptoe to receive the prodigal, but evidently the prodigal wasn't up in his part, for he didn't arrive to be feasted and forgiven, and in due course Jean began to worry about him.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Claygate soothingly. "He never set an exact date, did he? Perhaps he wants to make it a little more dramatic. Or it's even possible—I hate to suspect it—but it's possible that he thinks he's punishing us a little."

"Tony wouldn't do that!" she protested indignantly.

"No, I don't honestly believe he would."

"Then something's happened to him." She clung to Mr. Claygate, and there was no mistaking her anxiety. "Couldn't you—I don't know what you could do—but couldn't you do something?"

He petted her, but he was slightly amused.

"Why, if Clinton's twenty-five hundred dollars reward couldn't locate him, Jean, do you think I could?"

On the fifth day, however, Mr. Claygate went down to see his friend, the police commissioner.

"It doesn't appeal to us as a prank any more," said Mr. Claygate, troubled. "My daughter and I are distinctly upset. Naturally none of us can tell what Tony did, or where he went, but in any case he must have taken a considerable amount of money with him, and if he got into a rough neighborhood—very likely you think I'm overapprehensive, but he isn't a boy to worry his friends unnecessarily. I'm afraid he's in trouble."

The commissioner was serious enough, but he reminded Mr. Claygate of the obvious facts.

"Still," he said, "I'll put the Central Office on it officially if you say so."

Mr. Claygate did say so, and went back to Jean; and Jean, who was fast losing her assurance, held tight to him and implored him to move heaven and earth. She knew—she absolutely knew—that Anthony wasn't staying away from her on purpose. Mr. Claygate wouldn't admit it to her, but he was already positive in the same conclusion.

Somewhat later Wetherwilt came in to see them, and his face was grave.

"Tony wouldn't have carried a joke so far as this," he said. "There's something wrong somewhere. They've sent out a general alarm for him, but you know what I think about the police. It doesn't seem to me that we've a right to overlook anything. I wanted to ask your permission to run a smashing big story about it. I'd simply tell the truth, but I—well, I'd give him more space than I'd give anybody else in New York, and I'd like to double the reward." He turned to Jean. "I told you once that I'd always do anything I could for you. Can I try to find Tony in my own way?" He faced the magistrate again. "You don't think very highly of my paper, judge, but four hundred thousand other people do, and as far as this matter goes—you own it."

Jean stared at him out of her swollen eyes.

"Yes, you said if I ever needed you—oh, Clinton, find him for me!"

And Wetherwilt, himself discarded, went doggedly down to redeem his vow. He printed a gallant story, and the public interest, which had wilted in the make-believe, revived a hundredfold in the reality. The game was played out, but in its stead there was a genuine mystery, with the added hint of a genuine tragedy. No one paused now on the street to hail a stranger in the familiar name, but the search went on in nooks and corners, carefully and painstakingly, and what had once been set down as a humorous triumph for Anthony was regarded even by the Central Office as a real disaster.

They learned of him only what they had always known: that he had left his apartment, walked to the corner and disappeared. They ignored his self-imposed restriction to the twenty-mile zone, and they flooded the country with appeals for aid. There were cruelly false reports that he had been discovered; there were a myriad of trails which people built of their own imagination and followed to their own chagrin. And the result of all that Wetherwilt and Mr. Claygate and the commissioner could do was absolutely nothing. There was nothing to tell Jean except that Anthony Hackett was still on the list of missing men.

It was fortunate for her body that she had a legacy of stamina from her ancestors. Affliction might break her heart, but it couldn't kill her. And it was fortunate for her spirit that she never relinquished hope; not even when Wetherwilt and her father became worn and taciturn and hopeless. She told herself over and over again that the hunt was led by three of the most influential men in all the city. Somewhere, somehow, they would discover Anthony and bring him home to her.

"If we only knew!" she repeated. "It wouldn't be so hard—I could almost stand it—if we only knew!"

It was inevitable, but it tortured her to realize that it was inevitable, for the search to slacken. Anthony had been missing for nine consecutive weeks. The Central Office had its other duties to perform, and not even the constant hammering of Wetherwilt's bold-faced type could keep alive the public enthusiasm in a reward which had

This is the Shop Committee that represents the more than 1,000 workers in the factory of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company.

How Absence of Factory Discord Made a Better Product

Superfine shoes cannot be produced in a factory of discordant elements.

In the plant where Nunn-Bush Superfine Shoes are made, all questions of wages, hours and working conditions are decided by the Shop Committee, composed entirely of bench workers. The rarity of appeal from its decisions proves its fairness. Never has it been necessary to resort to the arbitration agreement in force.

The added self-respect attained by these workers who dominate the labor policies of their organization is reflected in their handiwork. Their appreciation of the square-deal policy is expressed not in words but in deeds—in shoes that have made many friends, because they are superfine examples of organization harmony.

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proved so difficult to earn. In the other journals the case slipped away from the front page to the city-news columns, then down to the local brevities and out of print entirely.

In Anthony's club the subject had been talked dry. Then a new revolution swept aside the government of Mexico, a miniature panic fell upon the Stock Exchange, there was a mild furor in regard to the political conventions, and Anthony went to the extreme rear of people's minds.

When the Claygates spoke of him now it was as though he had never followed any but an ideal existence. The recollection of that last evening with him and of what they had said to him then was a burning scar upon their consciences; and because they felt that they had driven him into exile, they were all the more intent upon his virtues—and upon the virtues which they believed he would have acquired. They told each other what their own mistakes had been; they told each other that Anthony had been misinterpreted. They never should have tried to drive him; they should have led him. But they had driven him out of Jean's world and left only the husk of things for remainder. It was impossible for her even to receive Wetherwilt, who had fulfilled his promise and done for her all that he humanly could; she was unable to look at Wetherwilt and maintain her balance.

The twelfth week dragged to its melancholy close. Mr. Claygate had adjourned his court and gone back to the airless cubicle which served him as judicial chambers, and he was sitting there in despondent lethargy when he was startled by the ringing of his telephone. In recent days Mr. Claygate's nerves were shocked by very trifling disturbances, and he was both ashamed and angry at his own violent reaction. He was also normal enough, when he found himself unreasonably angry, to select an object for his wrath as soon as possible, and the voice he flung into the transmitter was the voice of Nemesis aroused.

Then of a sudden his whole demeanor changed, and his muscles, which had been rigid with his nervousness, became more rigid yet with his stupefaction. His immense relief and joy, his incredulity and his sympathy for his daughter's suffering, were crystallized into an outburst which was literally savage.

"Well—well, where the hell have you been?" he bawled at Anthony.

Anthony's laugh came dancing over the wire.

"Taking a vacation—a little longer than I intended."

Mr. Claygate's hands were palsied and his knees were trembling under the desk. It was by the exercise of sheer will power that he saved himself from collapse. He wet his lips incessantly.

"Wh-where are you?"

"Up at your house. They say Jean's gone out for a walk. I thought I'd wait here ——"

"Five minutes!" said Mr. Claygate with his tongue stumbling over the words. "You wait five minutes! Don't talk now! I'll be up there—you wait!" And he scandalized the attendants in the corridor by his headlong rush to the street.

Of his actual greeting of Anthony he could later recall nothing whatsoever. But he remembered dimly that Anthony had got him a glass of wine and a glass of water, and that eventually he had found himself on his feet again with Anthony before him. It was a different Anthony from the boy of twelve weeks ago. He was thinner and paler, and he had about him a curious air of adultness, as though age and experience had somehow been forced upon him in concentrated form. His eyes, as they met Mr. Claygate's, were the eyes of Anthony's father.

"I hadn't any idea it would be like this," he was saying penitently. "I told Sniffski—Jean—I'd be away a long time. I hadn't any idea it would be like this."

"I wish she'd come. Didn't you see the papers, Tony? Didn't you know what we were thinking?"

"No, sir. I didn't see the papers. I didn't know anyone cared particularly. I thought you'd be glad to get rid of me."

"You wouldn't have hurt us on purpose, Tony—you wouldn't!"

"No, sir. You know that."

"Yes, yes, Tony, I know that. I wish she'd hurry. You've almost killed her, Tony."

Anthony went across to take his arm.

"Judge Claygate, I'm ashamed to look you in the face, and yet I've stuck to what I told you." He smiled oddly. "I've lived economically and caught up with my debts, and I've learned—Lord, what I've learned! You don't need to be afraid of me any more. I've seen the other side of things. And the last thing you said to me ——"

Mr. Claygate's hand was lifted.

"Don't, Tony! Can't you imagine—when we thought—can't you imagine what I felt—to have called you a hopeless imbecile then—to have to remember ——"

Anthony's grin was a momentary flash of the old Anthony.

"But that wasn't the last thing you said to me, Judge Claygate."

Mr. Claygate passed his hand over his forehead.

"Yes, Tony—yes, it was."

"No, Judge Claygate. You didn't know you were saying it to me—I thought it was an awfully good joke until then—you didn't know me at all, but the last thing you actually did say to me was 'Three months on the Island.'"

Mr. Claygate recoiled.

"Tony!" he said thickly. "Tony!"

Anthony nodded.

"It was a way to beat Clinton. I put on my oldest clothes, and I had a couple of highballs for atmosphere, and about six o'clock, after I'd got some Second Avenue mud on me somehow, I put my foot through a plate-glass window. I was supposed to be very tight, judge. I knew I was in your district.

"It was going to be a good joke on you too. I gave an alias, and I knew you couldn't recognize me in those clothes and all that dirt, but I thought for a first offense I'd get thirty days, and nobody'd dream where I was. I'd win my bet hands down. It was to make Clinton look foolish."

"Your father's son—on the Island!" said Mr. Claygate hoarsely. "And I sent him there'"

"Well," said Anthony, "my father's son has learned something, anyway. The things I saw—and the things I heard!" Involuntarily he shivered. "I thought I'd make the best of it, judge. I didn't know you'd miss me so much. If I had I'd have sent word. But Jean said she wouldn't miss me, and I thought you were off me for life yourself—and then I got interested. The men talked to me. They told me more about the world in a day than I'd found out in twenty-four years. I didn't suffer, judge. It wasn't exactly pleasant sometimes, but I wouldn't give up that experience for anything. I'm going to help somehow. I don't know how I can, but I've got to do something about it. How people can act the way I used to when there's such a place as the Island, and such things that send men there and all the rest of it—you believe me, don't you, judge?"

Mr. Claygate's expression changed.

"Tony! It's Jean! She's coming! Here, let me see her first! Go in the library! Get in there!"

He closed the door, put his back to it for a moment and walked out to the middle of the room.

"Oh, I—I went out for a little fresh air, daddy"

"Yes, dear."

"What's the matter?" She came closer to him. "What's the matter, daddy? You're shaking so." Her eyes were suddenly aflame, and her lips were quivering pitiably. "Daddy—is it—have you heard—oh, daddy!" She swayed against him, and Mr. Claygate needed every atom of his own strength to support her. "Tell me—tell me—tell me!" she whispered.

"Jean—try to be strong—Jean, dear—could you bear it to know he's safe?"

Her eyes were closed and she made no sign, but he knew that she understood.

"Safe—and he'll see you in a little while?"

Still she didn't speak, but he knew that she was summoning her reserves.

"Could you see him, dear? And not—faint or anything?"

She swayed away from him and stood alone, none too certainly, but mistress of herself and no doubt of it.

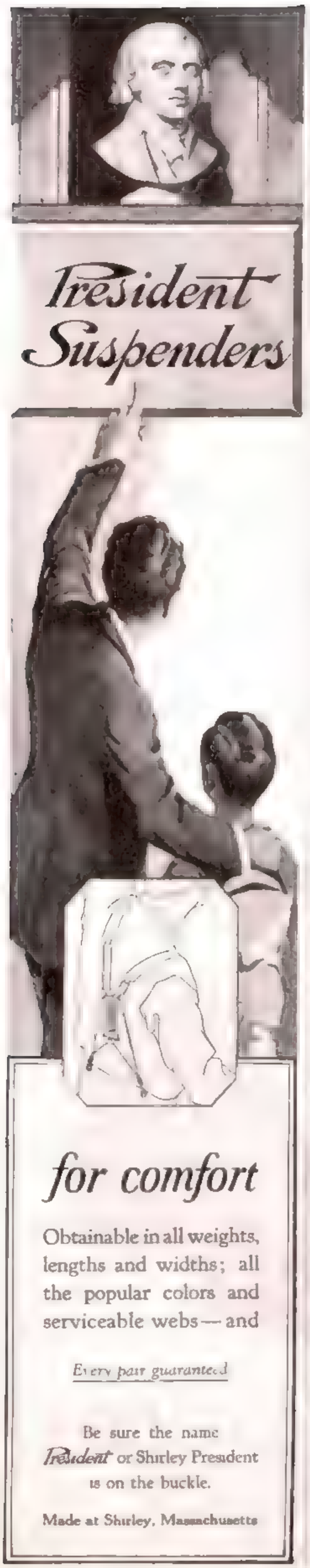
"Come!" said Mr. Claygate, and put his arm round her and walked slowly with her to the library door. Opened it—stood back—and closed it. He heard a low cry which wrung his heart, and he heard Anthony's voice.

"Why—little Sniffski!" Then silence.

Mr. Claygate moved out to the hallway and fumbled at the telephone. He must tell Wetherwilt. Yes, and the commissioner. But presently he stopped fumbling and stood with a peculiarly rapt smile on his face, and thought of his daughter's voice and of Anthony's.

"Sniffski!" said Mr. Claygate half aloud. "Sniffski! Of all the idiotic, outlandish ——." He sighed profoundly and shook his head and kept on smiling "Oh, well," said Mr. Claygate indulgently, "I suppose I'd better begin to get used to it."

And he took up the receiver.



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The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

The PHONOGRAPH *of* SUPREME MUSICAL ATTAINMENT

THE Graduola, the exclusive tone-controlling feature of the Aeolian Vocalion, supplies the last thing needed to make the phonograph a truly great musical instrument.

We are accustomed to the phonograph. The wonder of it is gone. The modest cabinet, standing in the corner of our living-room, and bringing to us all the music of all the world, has taken its place as one of the accepted things that make our homes and our lives brighter and happier.

******

And now the phonograph can do something *more* for us. It can supply us with an outlet for our *own* musical emotions. It can let us participate in music's making. It can give us the same thrill that the violinist, or pianist, or singer feels as his tones now loudly, now softly and sweetly, voice the message that the music has for him.

This is a great, an inestimable privilege. And a privilege conferred only by the Aeolian-Vocalion.

Read what May Peterson, one of the many famous artists who are making records exclusively for the Vocalion, says of the Graduola:—

"One fascinating reason for the difference between the Vocalion and all other phonographs, is the Graduola which, in its ability to shade the tone, supplies an artistic touch that is unequalled."

And remember, that the Graduola is a feature *added* to those that other phonographs possess. That the Vocalion plays just as other phonographs, when desired, without the Graduola. Also, that no musical knowledge is necessary to use it.

******

In tone, in appearance, in perfection of mechanical features, the Aeolian-Vocalion is unsurpassed in the phonograph world. In its possession of this wonderful tone-controlling feature it belongs in a different and higher classification entirely.

The manifest influence the Graduola is exerting throughout the entire phonograph industry proves the necessity for the purchaser's learning the facts about this feature before selecting any instrument.

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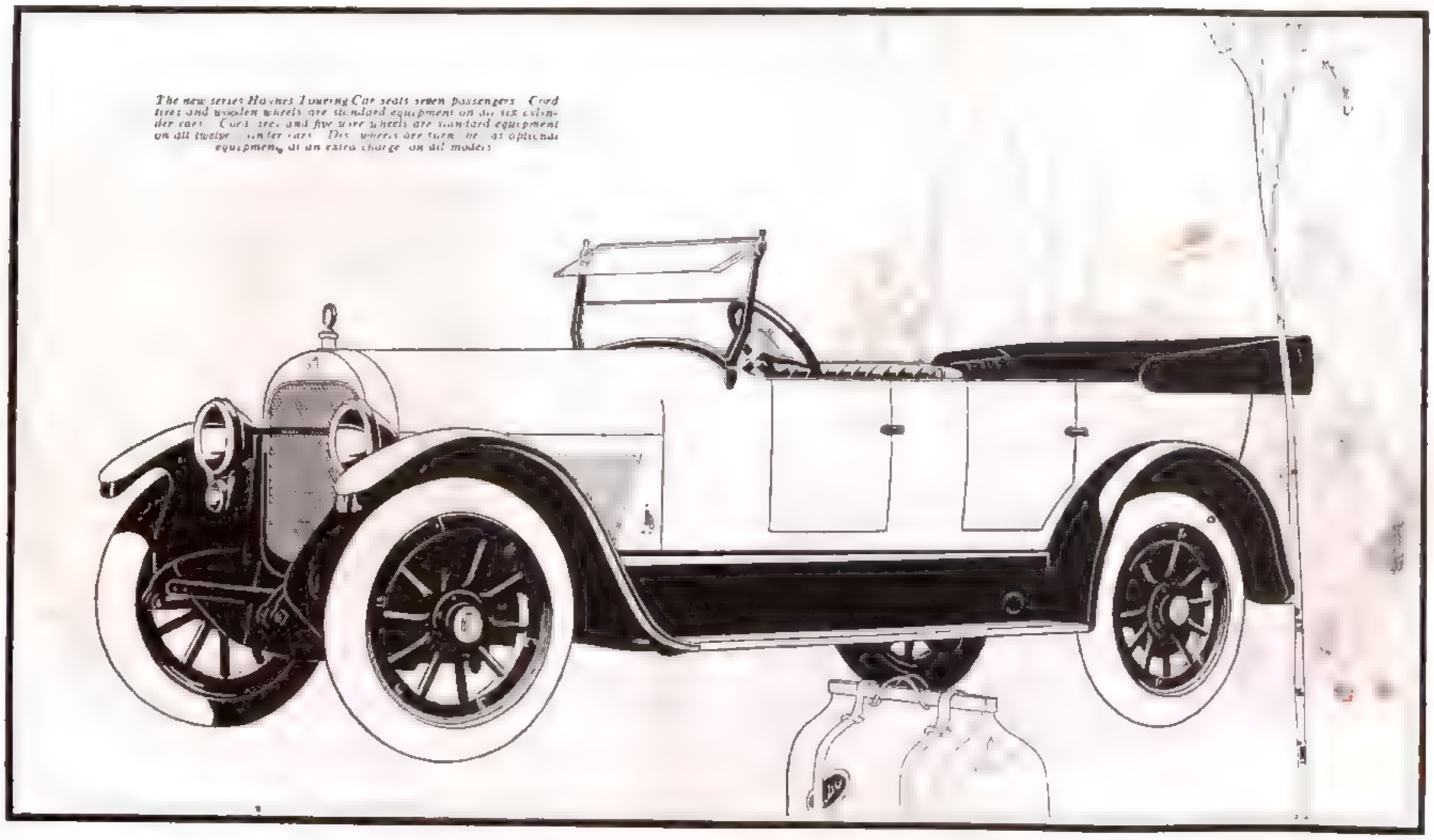

The new series Haynes Touring Car seats seven passengers. Cord tires and wooden wheels are standard equipment on all six cylinder cars. Cord tires and five wire wheels are standard equipment on all twelve cylinder cars. Disc wheels are furnished as optional equipment, at an extra charge, on all models.

The NEW *Series* HAYNES TOURING CAR

A Car of Distinct Character

DISTINCTLY the latest and most advanced automobile—the new series seven-passenger Haynes Touring Car is presented just at the time such a car is uppermost in your thoughts.

Ninety per cent. Haynes built, it is a masterful exposition of the four factors of character which Haynes established and maintained—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

Its comfort is ideal—Haynes engineers have provided a 132-inch wheelbase and Haynes designers have created a wonderfully roomy tonneau, with deep, broad seats as comfortably inviting as the easy chairs and divans of a restful home.

Its beauty is distinct—the higher hood, with the majestic sweep of the body lines, the neat, artistic fittings, the fashionable upholstering of genuine leather—all these blend into a most dignified picture.

Its strength and power are such as always characterize Haynes productions. The famous Haynes motor, with its apparently unlimited reserve of velvety vigor and potent power, is the heart of its mechanical construction. A new electric starting system simplifies the act of getting under way to the mere detail of pushing down a small lever on the instrument board instead of pressing a foot pedal.

Spacious compartments are provided for carrying various articles; large auxiliary chairs come into use when you wish to carry two extra passengers; a high arm rest enhances the comfort of the wide rear seat.

The widespread demand for Haynes character cars increases without sign of diminution. We would urge that you make an immediate reservation of your new series Haynes Touring Car.

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Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

This advertisement copyrighted, 1920, by The Haynes Automobile Company

SOME FUNDAMENTALS OF THE PETROLEUM PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 29)

machine work for man power. The period following the discovery of steam power by Watt witnessed greater advancement in the use of machine power than had the entire world history prior to that event. It is only ninety years since the first iron railway track was laid in the United States; comparatively young men remember the introduction of the telephone, the electric light and electric dynamo; youths still in college recall the introduction of the automobile; and youngsters yet at school saw the flight of the first practical airplane. We live in a different world from that which surrounded our great-grandparents. For better or for worse, the world of 1920 has been transformed from the world of 1820; and its transformation has been brought about by the discovery and utilization of steam and electricity—neither one of which can generate power unless the machinery is first lubricated by products of petroleum.

Of all the great raw-material problems confronting the world to-day the most outstanding and acute is the problem of its petroleum supply. The war brought home to the world the vital necessity for sustained petroleum production, for without petroleum in its varied forms there could have been no victory. General Foch warned us that interruption of the petroleum supply would necessitate an entire change of campaign and if long continued might result in the loss of the war; and the Earl of Curzon said: "The Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil."

Diesel Engine Efficiency

Our battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines are built to use liquid fuel exclusively and cannot be remodeled. Airplanes, tanks, trucks, tractors—all rely upon petroleum for motive power and lubrication, and turning to peaceful conquest we find that the difference between success and failure in our shipping program will depend upon the use of fuel oil. The United States has made tremendous efforts in the past few years to build up a merchant marine, and yet the public at large fails to realize what has been so succinctly stated by John H. Rosseter, formerly Director of Operations of the United States Shipping Board, that "The question of oil versus coal is to be briefly summarized as success versus failure. Unless we have fuel oil for our ships we must relinquish our aspirations for an overseas commerce under the American flag."

That this statement is not an exaggeration is evidenced by the facts that four ships burning oil will do the work of five that burn coal and that from the coal mine to the fireroom oil saves at least fifty men a ship. But even this is not the end of the story, for the reason that when consumed in the Diesel type of marine engine oil is three times more efficient than when burned under boilers to generate steam. E. G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, gives it as his opinion that the Diesel engine has been perfected to the point which makes its substitution for the steam engine merely a matter of time—always provided the requisite fuel is obtainable; and the Diesel type of engine relies solely upon one of the petroleum products having a gravity of about twenty-five degrees Baumé, closely approximating the so-called gas oil used in gas plants for the manufacture of illuminating gas.

The most notable increase in the consumption of petroleum products has been due to the phenomenal growth of automotive transportation. It is only twenty-five years since the first commercially practical automobile was demonstrated in the United States, and in these few brief years the country has seen the amazing development of passenger cars, motor trucks and tractors, while the airplane now renders even more complex and difficult our problem of supply. This tremendous growth of a new and convenient form of transportation has placed an overwhelming burden upon the supply of gasoline and lubricants. The 6,000,000 automobiles, 1,000,000 trucks and 300,000 tractors in use at the beginning of 1920—including those building during the year—represent when translated into oil products a consumption requirement of nearly 120,000,000 barrels of gasoline and 7,200,000 barrels of motor oil. And this is only a beginning, in view of the eventual possibilities of automotive transportation—which twenty years ago was nonexistent and a decade ago was of insignificant proportions.

The development and increasing use of the internal-combustion engine in its various types have brought this about, and it is significant that this type of engine is to all intents and purposes as efficient in units of five or ten horse power as in units of hundreds and thousands. Herein lies the secret of the supremacy of this type of engine to-day over all others.

The cold statistics illustrating the remarkable growth of automotive transportation in the United States show as follows:

	NUMBER OF CARS AND TRUCKS	NUMBER OF TRACTORS
1910	400,000	6,000
1911	600,000	10,000
1912	677,000	15,000
1913	1,009,000	16,000
1914	1,253,000	17,000
1915	1,754,000	20,000
1916	2,423,000	30,000
1917	3,544,000	50,000
1918	4,941,000	90,000
1919	6,146,000	162,000
1920 (estimated)	7,523,000	300,000
1921 (estimated)	10,000,000	450,000

The development of the internal-combustion engine marks a vital epoch in the transformation of the world's industrial and social history, and it is obvious that we shall not go back to the use of steam unless our petroleum supply fails. Even the most obtuse must recognize the terrific upheaval that would follow the forced abandonment of the internal-combustion engine. Given the supply, fuel oil would displace coal as rapidly as machinery could be installed for its proper combustion, but that such displacement will ever take place is entirely unlikely, for petroleum does not exist in sufficient quantity to make possible its competition with coal; that it has not already superseded coal is only because of its less abundant distribution in the earth's crust.

Oil is by far the superior fuel; generating almost double the heat units per pound, it leaves no ashes to be disposed of and is clean beyond all comparison. It not only cuts more than in half the fireroom gang, but in the form of various lubricants it oils the machinery; in the form of gasoline and kerosene it supplies power and light and heat. In fact, petroleum does more effectively and economically all that coal can do, and more. As asphaltum it roofs our houses and paves our streets; as fuel oil it supplies motive power on many of our Western railroads—to the total elimination of the ubiquitous cinder—and it performs innumerable other services directly beneficial and necessary to the well-being of mankind and the progress of the world's industry. If petroleum were as widely distributed and as abundant throughout the world and as accessible as coal, it would long ago have supplanted coal as a fuel.

Britain's Oil Policy

That Great Britain fully realizes the vital need for and importance of controlling sources of petroleum supply throughout the world is easily demonstrated by the trend of events and the utterances of English officials. As long ago as January, 1916, Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade of Great Britain, stated in the course of a speech in Parliament that the future policy of Great Britain would be to control not only the coal of the world but the oil of the world as well. In an article appearing in the Nineteenth Century and After, October, 1918, over the signature of Sidney Brooks—an article said to be inspired—the case for petroleum in behalf of the British Empire was set forth in these words:

"We are realizing, and quite rightly, the transcendent importance to our industrial future of getting into our own hands the control of as many raw materials as possible. Well, here is a raw material second to none in its manifold usefulness; indispensable, indeed, to the processes of modern manufacture and transportation, and offering itself as a supreme test of whatever aptitude we may possess for commercial statesmanship on the big scale.

"The best policy for us as a nation is to encourage the investment of British capital in oil enterprises abroad and to see by appropriate legislation that the companies so formed remain in perpetuity under the British flag."

A flood of interesting information on the vital necessity for petroleum as related to national life will be found in Volume II of Lord Fisher's Records, Chapter XII, headed Notes on Oil and Oil Engines. It is regrettable that the chapter cannot be quoted here in full, but one or two excerpts will have to suffice:

"With two similar dreadnoughts, oil gives three knots more speed.

"The use of fuel oil increases the strength of the British Navy thirty-three per cent.

"The internal-combustion engine with one ton of oil does what it takes four tons of coal to do!

"It's criminal folly to allow another pound of coal on board a fighting ship—or even a cargo ship, either!"

It was in 1914 that H. W. A. Deterding, directing head of the Royal Dutch Shell group, said that, unless unforeseen events occurred, within ten years the Dutch Shell would dominate the fuel-oil supply of the world and that no oil-burning vessel might sail the seas save with Dutch Shell oil in its bunkers. Quoting again from Lord Fisher's Records, Page 195:

"Mr. Deterding, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, confesses that he possesses in Rumania, in Russia, in California, in the Dutch Indies, in Trinidad, and shortly in Mexico, the controlling interest in oil. The Anglo-Persian Company also say he is getting Mesopotamia and squeezing Persia, which are practically untouched areas of immense size reeking with oil. Without doubt Mr. Deterding is Napoleonic in his audacity and Cromwellian in his thoroughness. Sir Thomas Browning in his evidence says that the Royal Dutch Shell combination is more powerful and aggressive than ever was the great Standard Oil Trust of America."

Striking Testimony

"Let us therefore listen with deep attention to the words of a man who has the sole executive control of the most powerful organization on earth for the production of a source of power which almost doubles the power of our Navy while our potential enemies remain normal in the strength of their fleets. What does he advise?

"He says: 'Oil is the most extraordinary article in the commercial world, and the only thing that hampers its sale is its production. There is no other article in the world where you can get the consumption as long as you make the production. In the case of oil, make the production first and the consumption will come. There is no need to look after the consumption, and as a seller you need not make forward contracts, as the oil sells itself.' Only what you want is an enormously long purse to be able to snap your fingers at everybody, and if people do not want to buy it to-day, to be able to say to them: 'All right; I will spend a million sterling in making reservoirs, and then in the future you will have to pay so much more.' The great point for the Navy is to get oil from someone who can draw supplies from many spots, because no one spot can be absolutely relied on."

Only as recently as May 5, 1920, announcement was made of the completion of a scheme for all-British control of the Royal Dutch Shell group, including the new fields in Mesopotamia. There will be a clear British majority in the directorate, by agreement with the Royal Dutch group, and Sir John Cowans, Quartermaster-General of the British Army during the war, will be the managing director.

The British Government already owns the controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; and wherever oil is

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Durable and strong—but light!
With a Pelter you can dare
Any weather, anywhere
And—again we beg to note—
It's the smartest sort of coat!

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

What store near you sells Pelters? If you don't know, you ought to. Write and let us tell you.

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EVERY living man and woman with hands should own at least one pair of Boss Work Gloves.

They protect from dirt, dust, grease, and many minor injuries.

In spite of their sturdy, wear-well texture and construction Boss Gloves are not clumsy. They allow you the free "feel" of your work.

And there is no end to their usefulness. And they are so economically priced that everyone can afford them.

The mechanic or teamster at his work, the housewife at hers—men, women, girls, boys, everybody, everywhere *needs Boss Work Gloves.*

Keep a pair handy and slip them on whenever you work with your hands—even in doing the little odd jobs about the house such as tending the furnace, beating the rugs, taking down the screens, working in the garden, changing a tire, cutting the grass or making ice cream.

Boss Work Gloves are made with band, ribbed, and gauntlet wrists. Sizes for men, women, boys and girls in varying weights to suit every conceivable requirement.

***THE BOSS* MEEDY**—The world's favorite work glove for odd jobs around the house and garden, and all light handwork. Made of the best quality, medium weight canton flannel.

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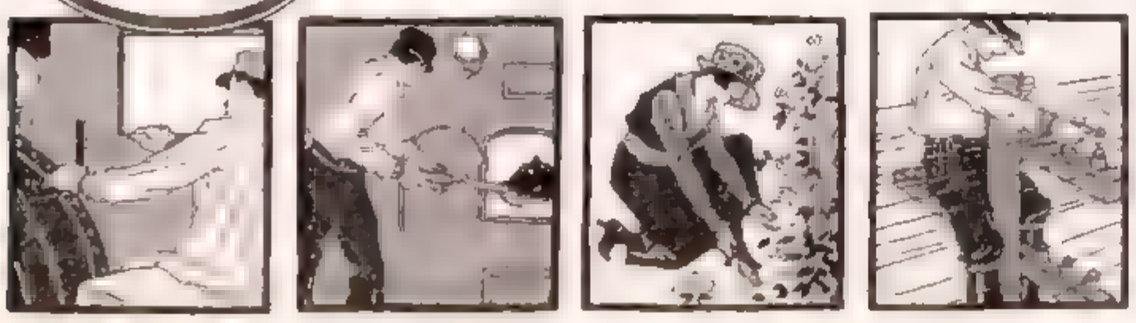
This Trade-mark identifies genuine Boss Work Gloves. Be sure it is on every pair you buy

Trade Mark

Boss

The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens.

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING CO.
Kewanee, Ill.



suspected to exist there will be found English capital working in closest harmony with the British Government in securing possession of desired territory.

If there is to be any hope of successful competition in obtaining foreign sources of supply the Government of the United States must be willing and prepared to give similar encouragement to American oil companies. American capital without the support of the American Government would be utterly unable to gain foothold in Mesopotamia, Palestine, the Caucasus, Africa and other foreign fields. It may shock some of our citizens to learn that domination of the world supply of petroleum is now claimed by Great Britain, where a government wiser and more farsighted than our own has not only encouraged the activity of its nationals but has actually taken over the controlling ownership in the Anglo-Persian and is practically the controlling factor in the Royal Dutch Shell group.

Truly, not an alluring picture for Americans to contemplate! But if the painted picture is not to be transformed into stern reality the United States must act toward petroleum with far greater wisdom in future than has characterized its procedure in the past.

The Petroleum Institute

The organization of the American Petroleum Institute is a step in the right direction, as it gives the petroleum industry a means of collectively reaching the public from time to time with its statements of conditions within the industry. It is the outgrowth of the National Petroleum War Service Committee, which so satisfactorily represented the industry during the war. The lessons learned at that time should not be wasted, and the American Petroleum Institute seems a logical sequence to the National Petroleum War Service Committee as a means of making available the coöperative effort which during the war was so highly efficient. Few realize that the oil of the nation was to all intents and purposes pooled as a unit during the war period, and that under the direction of the distributing committee—composed of the sales managers of all the great marketing companies—the oil upon the Atlantic seaboard was handled, under the priority distribution list, in such way as to accomplish results that would otherwise have been impossible.

The war is over. We shall not soon reconstruct the war-service committee; but its lessons must not be lost, and it is only through such an organization as the American Petroleum Institute that this can be accomplished.

As trustees administering a wasting asset, the highest type of organization should be demanded as a national benefit. An attempt at such action under existing laws would probably result in fine or imprisonment, or both.

The charter of the American Petroleum Institute states these objects:

To afford means of coöperation with the Government in all matters of national concern; and

To foster foreign and domestic trade in American petroleum products; and

To promote in general the interests of the petroleum industry in all its branches; and

To promote the mutual improvement of its members and the study of the arts and sciences connected with the petroleum industry.

Surely such laudable aims are of benefit to our people, and yet some of the largest companies refrained from joining the institute for fear of prosecution under existing laws.

It would be impossible within the limits of an article such as this to describe the manifold activities of such an organization as the American Petroleum Institute. Statistics, well logs, water troubles, methods of production—an infinite variety of problems, at home and abroad—receive attention, and in coöperation with the Bureau of Mines and perhaps other Government departments satisfactory solutions are attempted. Certain it is that such an organization could speak more effectively for the petroleum industry than could any single corporation.

No more important work could be undertaken by such an organization than the standardization of specifications. Much work along this line has been done by a committee on standardization of petroleum specifications, created by act of the President during the war period, and still in existence. Specifications throughout the United States were found to be little short of chaotic. Some railway specifications were found to be of such character that lubricating oil had to be shipped from Pennsylvania to California, to the total exclusion of California products, notwithstanding the fact that California lubricants are equally satisfactory for the purpose.

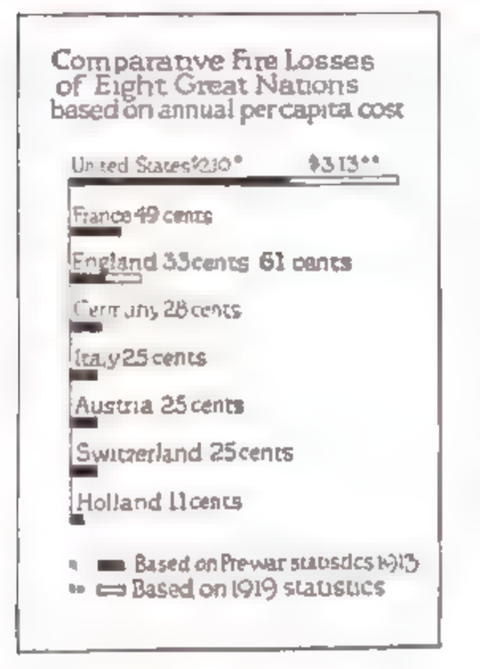
We might as well face facts frankly, once and for all. If we are to maintain our leading position in the petroleum industry of the world it can only be through the activities of oil companies of first magnitude with sources of supply in all parts of the world; small companies cannot hope to compete against the great aggregations of foreign capital plus government assistance. And if we are to deal adequately with this preëminently vital problem new methods must be devised and adopted, based upon coöperation and encouragement—not antagonism—between government and industry.

Our World Obligation

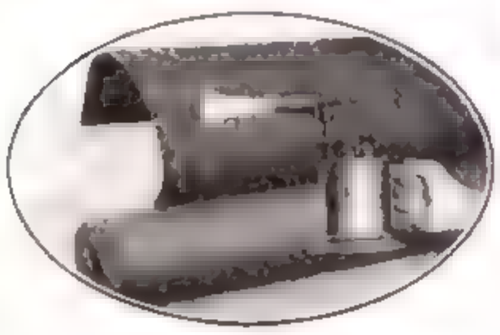
The present situation is only one of many examples of our failure as a people adequately to comprehend and intelligently to solve problems having to do with our raw materials in their relations to modern civilization. These new and complex problems can be solved only by the application of intelligent coöperative commercial effort, not only wise but sympathetic, between government and industry. The world's liberty was almost lost through unpreparedness and stubborn refusal to take heed; are we now to refuse to prepare for the great economic struggle that will decide the control of the world's raw materials?

Because of its relative scarcity as compared with iron and coal, petroleum is to-day the most vitally essential mineral in the industrial field; of all raw materials none presents a problem so perplexing, so difficult of adequate solution. The world obligation with reference to petroleum, therefore, must not only receive immediate consideration but must be met satisfactorily, because the prompt and proper solution of the petroleum problem will not only be an important element in a lasting peace but it will in large measure, if properly dealt with, conserve for posterity this—water alone excepted—the most valuable of all the substances of earth.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Requa. The second will appear in an early issue.


Comparative Fire Losses of Eight Great Nations based on annual per capita cost
United States $2.30* $3.13**
France 49 cents
England 33 cents 61 cents
Germany 28 cents
Italy 25 cents
Austria 25 cents
Switzerland 25 cents
Holland 11 cents
* Based on Prewar statistics 1913
** Based on 1919 statistics

"Below is a sheet of Johns-Manville Roofing against which I play the flame of a blow torch. Notice it is unharmed by even this hot blue flame. You can do this with any Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing without effect."



EXTRACTS from one of the many lectures on Fire Prevention by Johns-Manville men:

"The price each of you paid in 1919, as a tax on fire loss in America, was $3.13.

"This is largely due to the kind of buildings we erect—using inflammable materials.

"We build our towns in a hurry, but they burn down about ten times as fast.

"If you were up in an aeroplane you would realize how defenseless your buildings are against flying sparks. Now flying sparks carry fire from place to place, or we should say roof to roof, and each time one fails it starts a new blaze.

"So, in preventing widespread fires (the bad ones) the roof is the chief factor."

The Salesman turns Preacher against fire sin

FIRE prevention is one of the most important topics of the day. The press, our public men and our fire authorities all stress the need for action against the tremendous loss that fire entails.

Nor is the plea futile, judging by the interest shown by incidents like the above where townsfolk gather to hear Johns-Manville men speak on the subject.

It is significant too that at the risk of hearing a purely biased talk on the subject, attendance is full and attention rapt.

Such interest is heartening because it bears out our belief that commercial institutions can do much for the common good by honest propaganda, if they are courageous enough to brave the cry, "You have an axe to grind."

We frankly admit that through such efforts Asbestos Roofing is sold. To deny this is to deny our own birthright.

But one cannot conceive of Asbestos and not think of fire resistance. So why not meet the issue on bigger, simpler grounds?

Admitting the need of Asbestos in fire prevention, we have chosen to preach it, sustained in our course by the knowledge that if we wanted to be small, we might sit back and still benefit while fire prevention authorities did it alone.

But this business didn't earn its place by trailing.

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Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

COVERS THE CONTINENT

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and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

MISS ASHTON'S HOUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

bevy of thrilled maids, just descended from an inspection of their young mistress' splendor in her tiring room, ejaculated in adoring admiration. It was agreed that she looked an angel as ever was, a queen, a sweet lamb and a vision. This last was the impression of the housekeeper, who added that she only hoped that He might turn out half good enough for Her. In the implied comparison her subordinates, to Henniker's marked disapproval, concurred with nods and sighs expressive of various shades of doubt.

Though this was mere partisanship, since all Miss Ashton's relatives and friends were of opinion that Mr. Cotterel was, if not a very wealthy, certainly a very fine, charming, brilliant fellow, and that the only bar to his becoming ultimately a Lord Chancellor was the danger of his being made, prematurely but unavoidably, a Prime Minister. Indeed he had already taken a decisive step toward the woolsack by being called to the bar. The rest of the journey, as he and his Penelope had fondly agreed, was to be but a question of a little industry in such spare time as his absorbing devotion to her might leave at his disposal.

Before the hall door four handsomely appointed carriages waited imposingly, their glossy-coated horses pawing and stamping and jingling their silver-mounted harness impatiently. On each box a coachman and a footman in the Ashton livery sat as idols, chillily indifferent to the little crowd of onlookers that lined the strip of red carpet let down the hall-door steps and across the footpath.

At a quarter to ten a tilbury drawn by a very showy and fiery chestnut horse came clattering up Albermarle Terrace and drew up behind the rearmost carriage. From it alighted a tall and handsome and fashionably attired young man, who ascended the red carpet with solemnity, passed in through the open hall door and so disappeared. Hardly had he done so when a hackney coach drove at the full speed of a hackney coach up the terrace and came to an abrupt halt behind the tilbury. Another tall and handsome and fashionably dressed young man got out and went up the red carpet with solemnity and disappeared into the house. The solemnity of both young men was sufficiently remarkable to move a witty butcher's boy in the crowd to disrespectful comment.

A very few minutes later the first tall handsome young man, looking still more solemn and much redder in the face than when he had gone in, came out again, descended the red carpet, climbed into the tilbury and drove away. The clatter of his departure had hardly died away when the second tall handsome young man reappeared, also with a more solemn and more highly colored countenance, descended the red carpet, got into the hackney coach and rumbled off. These frowning arrivals and departures moved even the idols on the carriage boxes to palpable curiosity.

A few minutes later two footmen issued forth and, having given some instructions to the idols, proceeded, to the amazement of the onlookers, to roll up the red carpet and carry it into the house. Next came forth the two aunts, the four bridesmaids and the whiskered uncle, and fitted themselves hurriedly and with difficulty into three carriages, which then drove away smartly, followed presently by the fourth at a slower pace. And finally and most confoundingly the hall door was shut, by the butler himself, with a cold, contemptuous, dismissing bang.

The little crowd stared, conjectured a little, laughed a little and then dispersed. A message was dispatched in haste to the church, filled that morning to overflowing, where its arrival created a profound sensation. And upstairs Miss Ashton lay, face downward on her bed, sobbing big, choking, tearless sobs, while outside the locked door of her bedroom Mrs. Crowther tearfully but vainly implored of her admission and explanation. One thing amid the dismayed confusion of the household was clear: Miss Penelope's wedding would not take place that morning. The butler had with his own two ears heard her state that it would never take place. But, discreet loyal man, this special information he kept locked within his perplexed and deeply grieved breast.

When at length Penelope unlocked her bedroom door it was to demand this faithful servitor's immediate attendance and to deliver to him—with an amazing collectedness, one learns—certain explicit instructions. To Penelope's butler her commands were the decrees of a divinity. By midday her instructions had been carried out to the letter and but three people remained in the house.

Miss Ashton and her aunt waited in the drawing-room until Henniker came to announce to them that all was ready. They watched him close the shutters of two windows and light a candle before he fastened those of the third. When the two ladies had left the room he extinguished the candle and followed them, locking the door behind him. Penelope and Mrs. Crowther went down the now dim stairs and out into the carriage which was to have carried them to Christ Church two hours before. The butler, having locked the hall door, settled himself comfortably on the box beside the coachman in preparation for a long cold drive and said "Blindell" with the calmness of a man whom no catastrophe could surprise. The coachman, not to be outdone, drew Mr. Henniker's attention to the fact that it was rather a nice day now, gathered up his reins with one masterly hand and with the other laid his whip a sixty-fourth part of an inch above a carefully selected spot on the off chestnut's near quarter. And so Miss Ashton's house, bolted and barred and shuttered and abandoned, saw the last of its mistress for many a long day.

"I Hate Being an Old Maid. I Was Never Meant to be an Old Maid. It's a Shame That I Should be One. And it's All Your Fault"

IV

NOT until many months later did Penelope condescend to explain this astonishing anticlimax. And even then her sole confidante; under pledge of inviolable secrecy, was her cousin Barbara Lawrence, afterward Lady Sneyd, the best-beloved of the four cousin bridesmaids whom Mr. Cotterel's sudden appearance scattered that morning in alarmed bewilderment. From Mrs. Coleridge, who is Lady Sneyd's daughter, I have received an account of that turbulent entry and exit.

The first of the two tall and handsome young men—he who drove up in that dashing tilbury—was not, as you may have supposed, Mr. Harry Cotterel, but Mr. Way of the broken heart. In the hall this young gentleman encountered Henniker, respectfully condescending to this, as to all gentlemen, young and old, whom he suspected of hearts more or less damaged by his mistress' gray eyes. To Henniker Mr. Way confided a letter which he desired might be at once placed in Miss Ashton's hands.

By this time Penelope had appeared, a slim white loveliness, in the drawing-room and was standing beside the big ottoman, surrounded by her ecstatic bridesmaids and their mothers. On the outskirts of this admiring circle Mrs. Crowther hovered like an affectionate bluebottle, while from the hearthrug Major Ashton, impressed momentarily to forgetfulness of his own beauty, stared through a fiercely approving monocle at his niece's.

No doubt as she stood to be gazed at and cooed over that unusually short upper lip of Penelope's parted from its fellow in a little happy smile. And no doubt her gray eyes found the reflection of the smile in some mirror about the room with a complacency as unaffected as that of the whiskered major himself. All the Ashtons of Blindell were without concealment proud of the family good looks. I regret to have to admit that she wore a crinoline, and that her hair was smoothed rather flatly to her pretty, haughty little head. But it is clear from Lady Sneyd's recollection of her own impressions and those of her fellow spectators that to them Penelope in her wedding finery appeared a perfection beyond all criticism. "Ravishing" was, Mrs. Coleridge says, her mother's adjective for it. And, despite the crinoline and the flatly smoothed hair, ravishing no doubt it was.

Upon this pleasant scene Henniker entered in portly gravity and, advancing to his mistress with an air that conveyed to everyone else in the room that, save in so far as they contributed in a becoming way to her happiness, they were beside her of complete unimportance, proffered to her on a silver tray the letter which Mr. Way had committed to his care.

Having done this he relapsed instantaneously into a more than human unconsciousness.

Penelope glanced at the envelope and smiled.

"When did this come, Henniker?" she asked.

Henniker awoke momentarily to respectful animation.

"Mr. Way brought it himself just now, Miss Penelope. Mr. Way is waiting downstairs for a reply, if there should be any."

At that Penelope frowned and opened the envelope and took from it a letter in which was inclosed another envelope addressed in her own handwriting to Mr. Way. Her frown deepened. She read, first Mr. Way's note to her, and then the letter contained in the envelope which it inclosed. Then she uttered a little sound like "Tcsish" and bade Henniker show Mr. Way up.

It is a fact eloquent of the determination of her independence that while they waited for Mr. Way's appearance the three aunts and the four cousins conducted their conversation on the apparent assumption that his appearance at that time and in that place was the most ordinary and natural thing in the world. Penelope's frown, however, persisted, it seems, until the misguided young gentleman entered the drawing-room, though at sight of his serious eager face she smiled faintly and went forward to meet him.

"How do you do, Mr. Way?" she said calmly. "It is very kind of you to have taken so much trouble to return my letter."

At the formality of her tone Mr. Way's face flushed rather painfully. It was pitiably evident that he had expected a very different reception. But his troubled eyes met her tranquil ones manfully.

"Am I to understand then," he stammered nervously, "that the letter which I received from you was—was not intended for me?"

"Of course not," smiled Penelope gently, yet a little impatiently. "It was intended for Mr. Cotterel. I cannot conceive that you could have believed it intended for you."

"Then—then why did you send it to me?" he asked blankly.

"I did write a letter to you last night. This one went to you by mistake. I suppose I must have put the letters in wrong

(Continued on Page 63)

WRIGLEY'S

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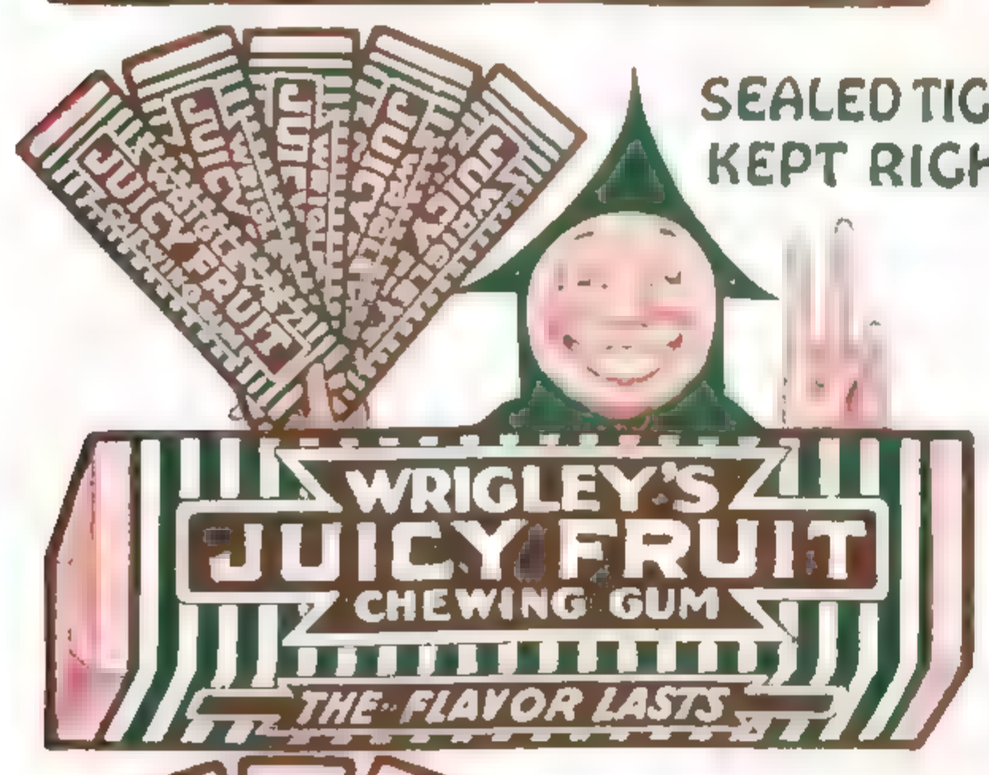

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A 129

3 FLAVORS

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Have White Teeth and a Clean Mouth!

YOUR teeth are white *naturally*. The enamel *ought* always to look white and sparkling—never dark and discolored.

You can *restore* this clean whiteness now. How? By beginning at once to use the *white dental creme*—Klenzo.

Klenzo is made scientifically by a formula unlike any other dentifrice. Its white creamy foam penetrates every crevice of teeth and gums, cleaning, polishing, and whitening the enamel, and leaving that indescribable Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling.

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UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

(Continued from Page 60)

envelopes. I was very hurried. I am very sorry."

"Oh!" said Mr. Way. "I—I had been foolish enough to believe that the letter which I received was intended for me."

Penelope's frown returned.

"How could you believe that, Mr. Way?" she asked coldly. "How absurd of you."

"I did," he said dully. "I see now that it was very foolish of me, but I hoped ——"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" interrupted Penelope cruelly. "How absurd!" Then she relented so far as to smile, but obviously for pity's sake alone.

"Well ——" began Mr. Way. He stared at her dumbly for some moments, and then with manifest discomfort in the neighborhood of his Adam's apple, said "Well" again, and again relapsed into dumbness.

In the background the cousins and aunts simulated an extraordinary anxiety as to the weather, though we may be sure that Cousin Millicent at least allowed her ears and eyes to stray at moments toward the other end of the room. As the sun was then shining with every visible intention of continuing to do so for the rest of the day the major refused point-blank to take any interest in it whatever and stared fixedly through his monocle at Mr. Way's crimson and tongue-tied confusion.

At this awkward moment Henniker from the door announced amazingly: "Mr. Cotterel." For it was he who, in defiance and outrage of all bridegroomly etiquette, had arrived in a hackney coach at Miss Ashton's hall door a quarter of an hour before the time at which he was to be married to her at Christ Church. He entered upon an awful silence.

His eyes—he had very fine, bold, piercing eyes, addicted in those days, one learns, to flashing—swept defiantly over the embarrassed faces beyond Penelope and then fixed themselves on hers. Mr. Way, for the moment, he ignored completely.

"I must speak to you alone, Penelope," he said curtly. "Here or elsewhere, but it must be alone."

The cousins and the aunts abandoned the weather finally and gazed at the peremptory intruder in shocked surprise. After a moment he bowed to them stiffly, and they acknowledged his salute, stiffly also, I have no doubt, or at least dubiously. His handsome face was blankly sullen and his whole air angrily and accusingly hostile. So much so, indeed, that Major Ashton left the hearthrug and advanced into resentful prominence.

"This is very extraordinary, Harry," he said frigidly. "Very extraordinary indeed. Most unusual! You must allow me to point out that—that this sort of thing—really, is most—most unusual."

"I am quite aware of that, Major Ashton," said Mr. Cotterel haughtily. "But you must permit me, for the moment, to be considered the best judge of my own conduct."

"I will permit nothing of the kind, sir," said the major with equal haughtiness. "And I must ask you, sir, to permit me to say that I consider your conduct most unbecoming. The most elementary sense of what is fitting—of what is due to my niece and to all of us ——" The speaker paused and looked toward the ladies for support. They murmured it faintly, and, one is convinced, there was some tossing of brown and golden ringlets. But to these demonstrations Mr. Cotterel vouchsafed no heed.

"I wish to speak to you alone, Penelope," he repeated doggedly.

"Moderate your tone, sir!" broke in Mr. Way, suddenly bellicose. "Moderate your tone!"

"Mind your own business, sir," flared Mr. Cotterel as hotly, and the young gentlemen exchanged some stares and glances of much ferocity.

"Mr. Cotterel," said the major, "will you be good enough to explain to me ——"

"Not now, sir, not now," said Mr. Cotterel, waving a hand. "For the last time, Penelope, I wish to speak to you alone. Will you comply with that request or will you not?"

Penelope, who had been examining Mr. Cotterel's face with a rather anxious intentness, compressed her lips and then, with a little upward movement of her delicately penciled eyebrows, asked to be left alone with him. The cousins and the aunts went out of the room in a little huddled, protesting mob, full of presentiment. The major, after some warlike snorts and impressive maneuvering of his eyeglass, followed them.

"You will find me in the morning room, Mr. Cotterel," he said from the door.

Mr. Way, filled apparently afresh with wild, misleading hopefulness, remained—but not for long.

"What do you want, sir?" demanded Mr. Cotterel, turning on him stormily. "Have you not heard that I wish to speak to Miss Ashton alone?"

"Your wishes are a matter of complete indifference to me, Mr. Cotterel," said Mr. Way coolly.

"I shall perhaps find a means to impress them upon your attention, Mr. Way," retorted Mr. Cotterel with a wicked gleam.

But Penelope ended the encounter.

"Please go, Mr. Way," she said gently. "And please forget that you came."

Mr. Way was, though you may perhaps have judged otherwise, a young man of sound common sense and great good nature. At those words he bowed with resignation and left the room.

As soon as the door had closed behind him Mr. Cotterel produced from his pocket an envelope which he handed in menacing silence to Miss Ashton. A glance at it, as her long white-gloved fingers took it from his hand, informed her of its contents and explained, for her, everything.

For she had written and posted two letters on the preceding night, one addressed to Mr. Cotterel and one to Mr. Way, and had by some incredible carelessness enclosed them in the wrong envelopes. The letter intended for Mr. Cotterel had been a last brief affectionate message on her wedding-eve, faintly ironical as her humor always was:

"I love you. But never tell that I have told you so. I wonder if to-morrow I shall lose you forever. P."

This was the letter that had inspired in Mr. Way's unhappy breast that fond foolishness. Not so absurdly, perhaps, seeing that for some two years he had professed himself openly Penelope's suitor and had been notoriously one of her preferred dancing partners. This letter Lady Sneyd, who saw it once, remembered word for word. So, doubtless, for long after, did poor Mr. Way.

The second letter—that intended for Mr. Way but received by Mr. Cotterel—Lady Sneyd also saw, but once only, so that as it was a long letter its exact words cannot be given here. But its general tenor she recalled very distinctly and this Mrs. Coleridge has transmitted to me. Its misdirection was a much more serious misfortune. It had been written to Mr. Way to refute some doubts which that gentleman had expressed a few days previously as to the complete sincerity and singleness of Mr. Cotterel's devotion to Miss Ashton. These doubts, she stated, in her reply to him, were quite unworthy of Mr. Way and of herself. And she gave in three pages reasons for their unworthiness. But, her fourth page stated, even if they were well-founded, and if Mr. Cotterel was indeed marrying her merely for her fortune, even then she was content to become his wife and to hope that affection might one day take the place of mere interest. Doubtless she had not troubled to pick her phrases. Doubtless some of them were open to misapprehension. Mr. Cotterel, at least, had elected to burst upon her in the character of a wronged and misjudged and insulted man.

And it is clear that, upon grounds of some justice, he was just at that moment an exceedingly jealous one.

Admittedly Mr. Cotterel possessed, in addition to his many charms, a great many virtues. But he had, I regret to record, one overwhelming vice. He was as proud as sin. And there is no doubt that he had been unduly sensitive about a supposed suspicion of his motives in offering himself to Penelope as a husband. While his birth and upbringing were much more than respectable—his father and his grandfather had been esteemed and successful London solicitors—it is clear that, at all events at first, Miss Ashton's family and her friends had not been entirely cordial in their reception of this intruder upon their county family exclusiveness. To them, we may assume, a further acquaintance had revealed the strength and nobility of character that, combined with those flashing eyes and that fine persuasive voice of his, had brought Penelope's drifting heart at last to anchor. But he had never been able to convince himself, one feels, that in their hearts these Ashtons and Lawrences and Crothers and their kin who were "the County" did not condescend a little to, and did not doubt more than a little, the son of a London attorney. And in a breast so confident of itself and so determined upon great and honorable achievement the poison of these fancied slights had rankled in concealed but steadily accumulating bitterness. That unfortunate letter had, it is very clear, pricked the sore and given all its venom vent.

He would hear no explanations. Had she or had she not written that letter which he had received and which contained that dishonoring doubt of him, with the intention of sending it to Mr. Way? She admitted that she had, and then, after a defiant scrutiny of his stormy gloom, was suddenly and most characteristically moved to laughter. She laughed, indeed, until tears filled her eyes and her tightly-laced sides ached. Then she dried her eyes, said that it was too absurd, reconnoitered him over the hem of her ridiculous handkerchief, and fell to laughing again.

Upon this unseemliness Mr. Cotterel glared for some moments speechlessly, then broke forth in brief hot passion. He thanked heaven that he had learned in time her opinion of him and what opinion he might justly have of her. He thanked heaven that they were not man and wife, and he called heaven to witness that they never would be. It must have been quite an impressive performance. One can hear that fine voice vibrating emotionally, one can see the vivid gestures, the flashing eyes, the whole imposing six feet of Mr. Cotterel's accusing eloquence. So impressive certainly did it appear to the young lady who stood in the dock that her laughter ceased and she became, for her, very serious. Even in repose Mr. Cotterel's general effect in those days was, one gathers, darkly and romantically stern. In that tumultuous moment he must have appeared to her, upon reflection, at least a person not to be laughed at with impunity.

He went to the door, turned and came back a little toward her, more master of himself.

"It is unnecessary to say," he explained, "that I leave it to you entirely to explain why you have refused to marry me."

Penelope bowed mockingly.

"How very considerate of you, Mr. Cotterel," she said with an uncontrollable tremor in her voice. "But no explanation will be necessary." A naughty little dimple appeared in the cheek nearest to him. "After all," she said innocently, "there are many obvious reasons why I shouldn't want to marry you, aren't there?"

He smiled bitterly.

"I had not doubted that you knew of them—even before Mr. Way was good enough to become your instructor."

"That is a silly speech, Harry," said Penelope simply. She went close to him bravely. "I think your whole behavior this morning is silly in the extreme. You are a ridiculously proud, sensitive, silly young man, Harry. You know that you are. And you keep on being one. And that I think is quite a sufficient reason for not marrying you. And marry you I will not, until you have learned to trust yourself and me. So there, proud, sensitive, silly Mr. Cotterel. That's what I think of your heroics."

He considered her darkly for a little while in silence. Perhaps for a moment, determined and justly incensed as he knew himself, his resolution faltered. None but the most ruthless of hearts could have forsworn so fair a mistress without a pang.

"If I have spoken unkindly," he said more gently, "it is because the words you used in that letter to Mr. Way—quite innocently, I feel—have hurt me more than any open and deliberate slight could ever have done. I am a ——"

"Proud, sensitive, silly young man," broke in Penelope. "Yes, I know you are. I am glad you admit it."

"I admit nothing of the kind," said Mr. Cotterel, losing for a moment some of his dignity. "I was about to say merely ——"

"I don't want to know what you were about to say. Say this—say: 'I am a proud, sensitive, silly young man, Penelope. I cannot help it, but I'm very sorry. Please forgive me.' Say that, and then if you have anything else to say at all worth listening to, I will listen to it."

"Oh, this is childish!" said Mr. Cotterel.

"Is it?" said Penelope. "We will discuss that afterward. Now be brave, make your little speech, and I will marry you after all at ten o'clock—or a few minutes after. Come, Harry."

An absurd silence followed. Mr. Cotterel strove manfully to recover that fraction of dignity which he had lost, but looked as if he knew that he looked slightly foolish.

"Well," said Penelope, "I am waiting." A pleasant idea occurred to her. "You have never gone on your knees to me yet, Harry, not even when you proposed to me. And you know that you ought to have gone on them, even in your newest and tightest trousers then. I think I must ask you to go on them now, Harry. Yes, I really believe I must. Kneel down there—there, do you see?" She pointed to the carpet at her feet imperiously.

"I see," said Mr. Cotterel.

"Very well. Kneel down there and say very humbly: 'I am a proud, foolish, silly young man, Penelope. I cannot help it, but I'm very sorry. Please forgive me.' Now. One minute to ten. *Du courage! Allons!* It will be awfully good for you, really, Harry."

But Mr. Cotterel had now succeeded in recovering completely that formidable dignity of his again.

"I am sorry," he said quietly but with finality. "I cannot do that."

"You will not?" she demanded, suddenly angry.

"I will not," he said.

Penelope laughed furiously. "I was right after all," she said hardly. "Something told me last night that to-day I should lose you forever. Good-by, silly Mr. Cotterel."

She turned her back upon him and began to take off her long white gloves. After a moment he made a step toward her, but she flashed round on him passionately.

"Leave this house!" she cried. He bowed and walked silently out of the room and down the stairs, and so, as we have seen, to his hackney coach.

The aunts and the bridesmaids and the now bloodthirsty owner of the blond whiskers hastened to the drawing-room, where they found Penelope laughing rather hysterically.

"Well," she cried upon their entry, "I am not to be married to-day."

"Not to be married to-day?" they repeated in confounded chorus.

"Not to-day or any day," she said, and began to tear at her finery with vague, pitiful hands. As they stood staring at her at a loss, she cried at them furiously to go away and leave her and then ran out of the room.

Lady Sneyd, Mrs. Coleridge reports, remembered that on the stairs between the drawing-room and her bedroom Penelope left behind her a white trail of flowers and ribbons and ruthlessly despoiled muslin.

▼

BUT, save to her cousin Barbara, Penelope said for many long years nothing of that tragical exit of Mr. Cotterel's, and gradually it came to be believed that in one of her fits of wayward capriciousness she had broken with him and sent him about his business. It was rumored that he had returned to London, and as he did not reappear to keep alive an interest in his doings, Penelope's friends presently forgot about him altogether.

From the day of her return to Blindell its mistress displayed herself as an entirely revised and amended young woman. No more appearances in trousers are recorded; no more diaphanous wanderings in the moonlight; no more climbing of church spires. She hunted regularly—until almost an old woman she remained a fearless performer across country—but she gave up shooting and fishing and card playing and indeed all her masculine affectations. Her former airy flippancy retired beneath a staid decorum, cheerful and charitable, but growing, as time went by, more grave and more dignified. Many most worthy and eligible gentlemen evinced their perfect willingness to console her for Mr. Cotterel's defection, but to all of these she said, with unmistakable decision, "No." In all the rest of her long lifetime no one found the key to that secret of her heart that Harry Cotterel had locked behind him. For two years Mr. Way hovered uneasily at a distance always kept respectful; then, very wisely, he married Miss Millicent Lawrence, and Penelope, if she did not dance at his wedding, officiated as bridesmaid with the most tranquil good humor.

Until Mrs. Crowther's death in 1873 she traveled extensively. She was in Paris during the feverishly brilliant year before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War,

(Continued on Page 65)

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HOFFMAN VALVES
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(Continued from Page 63)

and seems to have created something of a sensation there. From Paris she transferred herself to a villa on Lake Garda, about which for some little time a bad bold Austrian baron revolved in vainly amorous prancings and posturings. In the autumn of 1872 she returned to Blindell and only once left it again for longer than a few hours. She was wont to say, and anyone who knows Blindell will indorse her opinion, that she had never seen a better place to live in.

In the management of her estate she took a direct and practical interest, and became by common agreement as shrewd a judge of stock as was to be found in Somerset. She built in Blindell village a new schoolhouse and a large number of picturesque sanitary cottage homes, founded a free library and a cottage hospital and knew the name of every urchin that bobbed or plucked at his cap to her along the road and whether her or his mother had rheumatism or sciatica or merely a husband too fond of the Ashton Arms' ales. These kindly activities did not interfere with others of a more ornamental kind. All sorts of pleasant people, distinguished or merely agreeable, found their way to Blindell and, so long as they continued to be pleasant people, a cordial welcome. The four bridesmaids, all of them married now, had provided her in due course with a large flock of little cousins toward whom she filled the post of fairy godmother. Blindell became for these young folk the scene of a constant succession of parties and entertainments of the most delightfully surprising and ingenious kind. Children Penelope adored as they adored her; and her greatest pleasure was to realize for them, without warning, some secret and unavowed longing which she had divined. Mrs. Coleridge has told me that one of her first clear recollections of Miss Ashton was the appearance one Christmas morning beneath her nursery window of a tiny governess cart with a tiny pony and a tiny groom and a tiny whip—the last a most important feature—all complete and all, as a card pinned to the little groom's smart livery assured her, her very own with Pen's best love.

They called her "Pen," all these children. Neither "Cousin Pen" nor "Aunt Pen," but just "Pen." She herself taught them all, boys and girls, to ride bareback and astride, and later rode to hounds surrounded by a tribe of intrepid young Nimrods and Nimrodesses.

On Sundays, for many years, she went regularly to Blindell Church. No doubt sometimes as she walked with dignity along the narrow flagged path to the church porch she must have thought of that disgraceful white silk stocking. But on the installation of a new vicar, with what she called theatrical views on matters of ritual, her attendance became irregular and finally ceased altogether.

So then the years for our Penelope went calmly and smoothly by, marked by no happening more dramatic than the changing of the trees in Blindell Park. And somewhere about the middle eighties she became definitely middle-aged; and somewhere about the time of King Edward's death definitely an old woman. But the real Penelope, as you will see, remained just twenty-three.

She retained, I am informed, her slim uprightness and rather haughty carriage in triumphant defiance of her birthdays, though her blue-black hair turned to gray early and at fifty was of a silvery whiteness. Her skin kept its clear delicacy of texture and coloring practically unimpaired. She was proud, too, of her arms and shoulders, and in her later years was prone to caustic comment upon the decadent meagernesses of the twentieth-century young woman in these particulars. "Unwomanly" and "unmanly" were perhaps her most scathing adjectives.

Meanwhile what of Mr. Cotterel? Apart from two actual meetings with him—pleasant passages to be narrated presently—Penelope heard from time to time a good deal of him and must have seen in the Law Reports of the Times his name appearing with steadily increasing frequency, for if he had not yet become Lord Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice he made from the first steady progress toward those eminences, took silk in 1874 and in 1889 was made a Right Honorable Judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. On the Western Circuit, which he joined as a junior, the future Mr. Justice Cotterel made many friends, and Miss Ashton must have often received, through the Sneyds, stray intimations of his doings. In 1892, however, Barbara Sneyd died, and, as Penelope never found any intimate confidante to replace her, it is not possible to speak certainly of any further news that may have reached her of Mr. Cotterel's fortunes after that date, beyond the information of the morning's newspaper. But by that time, among the younger members of the family, a pleasant legend, of which one of the central characters was a certain apocryphal "Old Harry," was well established, and they were accustomed to chaff Pen gently at times in reference to this legend, of which she herself was the admitted author.

It had first appeared, one learns, in the guise of a fairy tale, one of the many with which she had regaled them as children in the winter afternoons around the big fireplace in the hall at Blindell. It was a tale of a poor Princess upon whose Prince a wicked spell had been laid, so that he had ridden away and left her. But in the end he freed himself from the spell and returned to her and they lived in the usual happiness forever after.

As they grew up and stood back a little from Pen the young folk learned that this constantly repeated invention was a mildly sardonic comment upon her own history. Pen was prone, it appears, to sardonic comment. And thus, little by little, it was established that Pen liked to pretend that she believed that Old Harry would return to her and—for his identity was now well known—lay his wig at her feet. And on the production of this honored joke she invariably smacked some portion of the wit's person and feigned a delicious travesty of shyness.

Before Lady Sneyd's death Penelope and Mr. Cotterel had met, as I have said, twice. And these two scenes of the comedy appear to deserve each a rising and a falling curtain.

VI

ON ONE November afternoon, in 1875, Mr. Cotterel, then thirty-six, presented himself without warning at Blindell. There had been high feasting and revelry that afternoon in honor of Miss Phyllis Sneyd's ninth birthday, for which all the four cousin bridesmaids—including the still golden-ringleted Mrs. Way—and their young people had forgathered in accordance with a now sanctified usage. Five little girls with wonderfully long legs and three little boys with wonderfully glossy hair had eaten and danced and romped to their own and their hostess' entire contentment. Then there had been a wonderfully funny conjuror from London, and a magic lantern, and a last wild chevying of Pen up crooked staircases and along twisted corridors. And then, regretfully, the party had ended with mufflers and shawls and shrill farewells from departing carriage windows. Lady Sneyd and her two "afflictions," Miss Phyllis and her brother Paget, were to remain the night at Blindell, and return to Clevedon next day. And with them Penelope was sitting before a great log fire in the twilight of the hall, when Mr. Cotterel arrived.

By an odd coincidence—for which, however, Lady Sneyd, who was much impressed by it, vouched, one learns, with some solemnity—Penelope began, at little Phyllis Sneyd's request, the oft-told story of the Princess whose Prince had been enspelled for refusing to wear the shield which she had given to him and had been unable to return to her until, after long years, he had slain the proud ogre who had been responsible for the whole affair. It had gradually grown to a story of many thrilling episodes and the two children squirmed themselves into comfortable positions against Pen's knees in joyful anticipation of its well-known horrors. And just then there was the sound of wheels on the gravel outside and a few moments later a vigorous rat-a-tat-tat at the hall door.

"Oh, bother!" cried Miss Phyllis at this untoward intrusion upon her private fairy lands forlorn.

Henniker—a shrunken and rather stiffly moving Henniker now—opened the door, which led directly into the hall and to the fireplace, and admitted the visitor without recognizing him.

"What name, sir, if you please?" he asked with finely mellowed courtesy.

"Mr. Cotterel," said a strong, clear voice pleasantly. "Forgotten me, Henniker, have you?"

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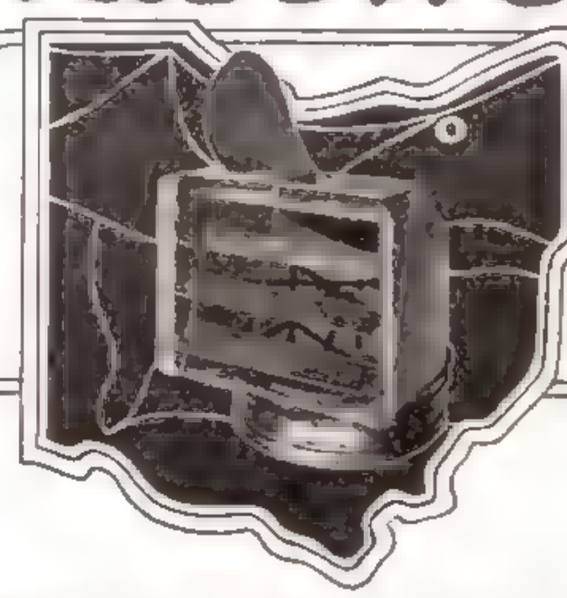

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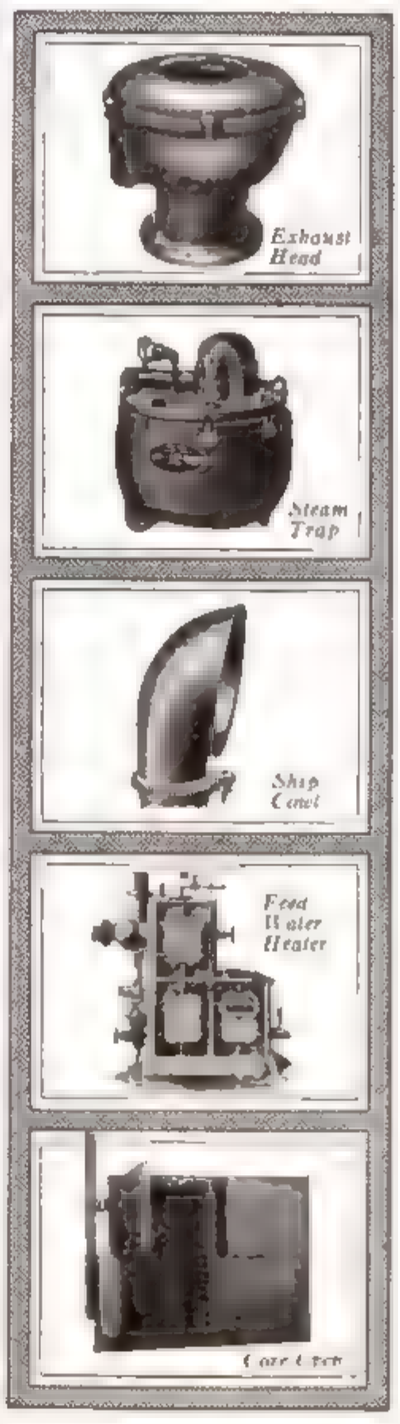

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"No, sir," replied Henniker statelily; "no one is ever forgotten at Blindell."

"Nor forgiven for forgetting Blindell, Mr. Cotterel," said a laughing voice from the dusk.

In the firelight Penelope held out to him a little cool, collected hand. He released it instantly and passed on to Lady Sneyd. While he was making friends of Miss Phyllis and her brother, Henniker lighted the candles—in the hall nothing more modern was permitted—and disappeared, gravely humorous about the corners of his aristocratic mouth. Mr. Cotterel seated himself with the already confidential Paget on his knee and learned from him exactly how in his, Paget Sneyd's, opinion, the funny conjuror had produced two rabbits and a glass of milk from his hat.

In the candlelight Mr. Cotterel appeared, after ten years, little altered. His manner, Lady Sneyd observed, had grown at once easier and more reserved. He conveyed an effect of impersonal responsibility genially endured, of an outlook disillusioned but determinedly tolerant. After a first steady stare at Penelope he appeared to avoid looking directly at her, though most of his remarks were addressed to her general direction. Perceiving after a little while that his interest in Master Paget's revelations had declined into rather abstracted monosyllables, she summoned a maid and dispatched the two young people to the cave, that wonderful room at the top of the house upon the door of which was inscribed in gold letters the words "Open Sesame" and in which one might find anything from a marble to an engine that could be made to go by real steam on rails right round the room.

Before the log fire an exchange of desultory amiabilities went on for some little time and then, quite abruptly, Mr. Cotterel dropped a conversational thunderbolt. He announced with a quite successful imitation of matter-of-factness that he was to be married very shortly to a Miss Letchley of his acquaintance, and conveyed that the making of this announcement had been the special reason of his visit to Blindell that afternoon. The suggestion, while so delicately expressed as to avoid the faintest tinge of impertinence, was one which the two ladies judged it expedient to pass over in tactful silence. They concentrated upon Miss Letchley and learned from Mr. Cotterel that her uncle was an archdeacon, that she was considered a brilliant conversationalist, possessed literary tastes—she was then, he believed, engaged upon the composition of a novel—was an ardent student of all matters in relation to social reform, and was twenty-two years of age.

Penelope—on that afternoon her thirty-fourth birthday was but a few weeks distant—declared Miss Letchley, thus epitomized, most charming, most suitable, and was sure that her literary powers would be a great help to Mr. Cotterel in "drawing up papers and things." Perhaps Q. C.'s were not in the habit of drawing up papers and things, or perhaps they felt equal to drawing them up unaided. At all events Mr. Cotterel greeted this particular comment upon the future Mrs. Cotterel with a rather forced smile, which, one feels sure, did not escape Penelope's merciless eyes.

They had passed on to Miss Letchley's archidiaconal uncle when the nursemaid reappeared tragically.

"If you please, 'm, will you come at once, 'm. Master Paget is took unwell and his eyes are rolling horrible, 'm."

"Paget has eaten too much," said Pen decisively. "He always does. I think you ought to be a little firmer with him, Barbara."

"Well, really, Penelope," protested Lady Sneyd, "I saw you deliberately exciting him to eat a third ice."

"I don't think it is the third ice, my dear," said Penelope. "I fancy it was probably that last éclair. He told me that he thought he had eaten five already, but I let him have the sixth for being so truthful about it."

"I wish you wouldn't spoil the children so," said Lady Sneyd, as she went in placid anxiety toward the door.

"My dear," smiled Penelope, "I always ate too much at parties when I was Paget's age. I always thought it was worth it."

When Barbara Sneyd had disappeared she reseated herself in confidential proximity to her guest.

"When is the great and happy event to take place, Mr. Cotterel?"

"Early in January."

"I shall read Miss Letchley's novel with great interest. Will she write under her own name—or yours—or one less distinguished?"

Mr. Cotterel thought under a pseudonym.

"Like George Eliot," said Penelope kindly. "I am so interested about her. Is she tall or little, dark or fair?"

Mr. Cotterel thought, dispassionately, darker than fair, and taller than middle height.

"Taller than I," asked Penelope audaciously. But Mr. Cotterel declined for the moment to be drawn on to thin ice.

"I should say, to be strictly accurate, that her height was five feet seven inches."

"How nice," said Penelope. "And her weight?"

"That I regret I cannot give you," he said, smiling despite himself.

"A very important feature, Mr. Cotterel. Love may fade but adipose tissue most unkindly persists. What color are her eyes? Blue or black or brown?"

"Her eyes are—I should call them brown."

"Brown. Dark brown?"

"No, not very dark."

"Hazel?"

"Yes, I suppose hazel, perhaps, describes them fairly accurately."

"I adore hazel eyes. They have such lovely greeny lights in them," said Penelope. "Have they green lights in them?"

"I haven't noticed them," said Mr. Cotterel. But a certain evasiveness in his tone suggested that he thought that now he might.

"You used to prefer gray eyes," said Penelope, giving him as full a view of her own as was possible by candlelight.

To that Mr. Cotterel said nothing.

"And her complexion?" pursued the inquisitor sweetly. "I do hope she has a good complexion. So many of these literary, artistic women have indifferent complexions."

This time Mr. Cotterel sprang on to the thin ice voluntarily.

"You don't approve of literary women, I see," he said, smiling. "But you never were a bookish person, if I remember aright."

"Frankly," retorted Penelope a little sharply, "I don't. I don't think, you see, that as a rule people who—well—live care a great deal for reading about living or writing about it. As a rule, I mean. Of course there are exceptions. I suppose Miss Letchley goes about a great deal? Lives?"

"Lives?" Mr. Cotterel raised his eyebrows. "Her tastes are rather toward simple pleasures."

"Oh, yes," said Penelope. "But she is very young. She will grow out of that, I have no doubt. Is she fond of horses? Does she hunt?"

"No. She is rather timid, I think; I don't think she is very confident on horseback."

"Oh!" said Penelope. "Musical?"

"Her work leaves her very little time for——" Mr. Cotterel abandoned Miss Letchley with an odd abruptness. "And you? You still live violently then?"

"If you had arrived half an hour earlier you would believe so. The family archdeacon will perform the fatal operation, I suppose. How nice to have an archdeacon practically on the premises. Letchley. Letchley. Surely the name is familiar. What part of England does Miss Letchley come from?"

"She lives in Bristol," said Mr. Cotterel.

"Bristol," mused Penelope. Her brows met. "Not—not the people who make the biscuits?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cotterel with heroic calmness.

Penelope continued to muse, holding one long-fingered hand between her face and the blaze of the logs.

"They are very wealthy people, the Letchleys," she said at length. "After all, in these days that is everything."

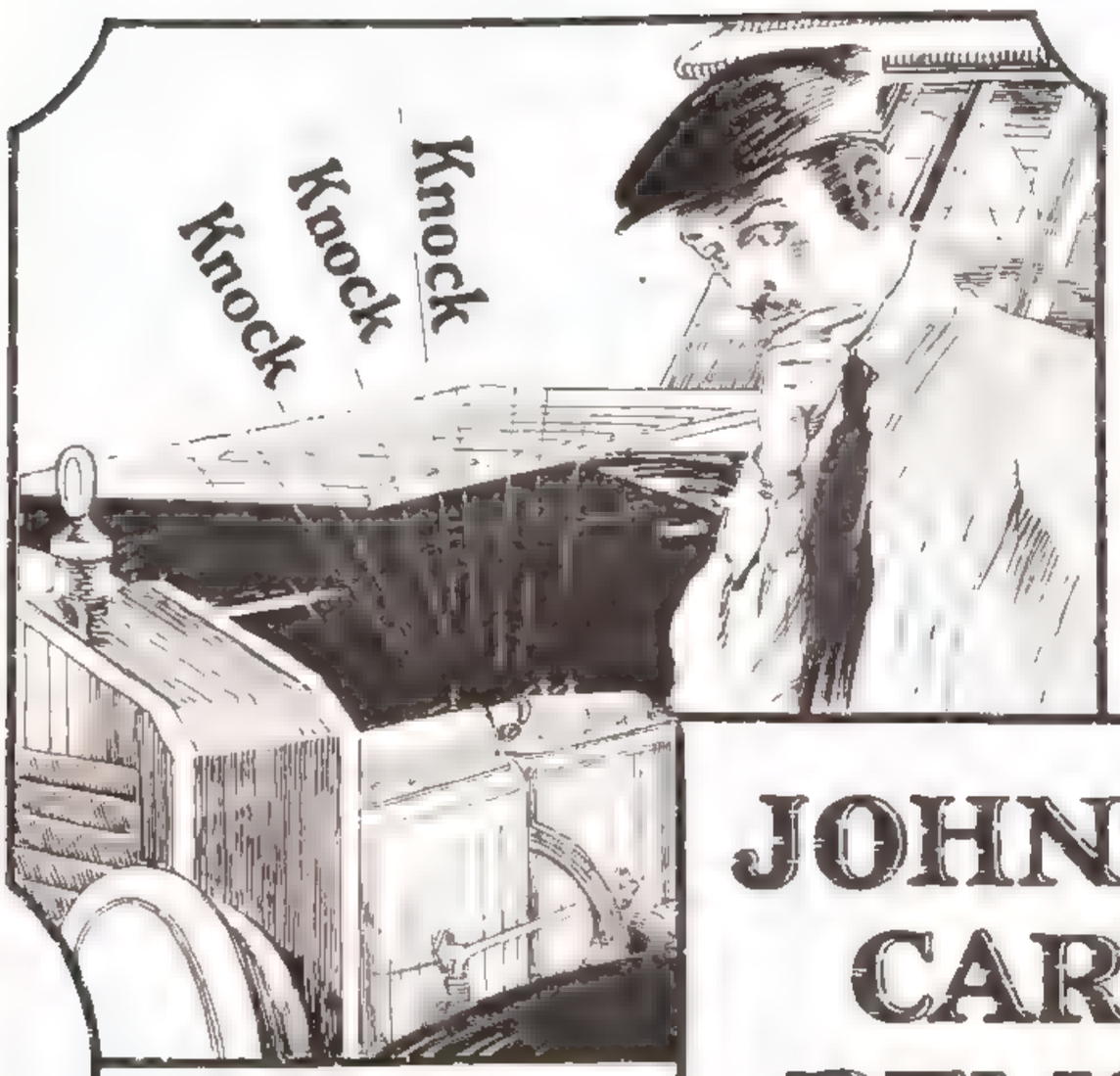
Mr. Cotterel rose from his chair abruptly.

"You are trying to hurt me, Miss Ashton," he said coldly. "I think that is—I think that is scarcely generous of you."

She raised serene eyes to his.

"Hurt you?" she repeated. "My dear Mr. Cotterel, why should I wish to hurt you? On the contrary I congratulate you very heartily. I think you are making a most prudent and desirable marriage. I think it was very friendly and—and kind of you to come out all this way to tell me of it. And I think Miss Letchley is a very much to be envied girl. There!"

(Continued on Page 69)



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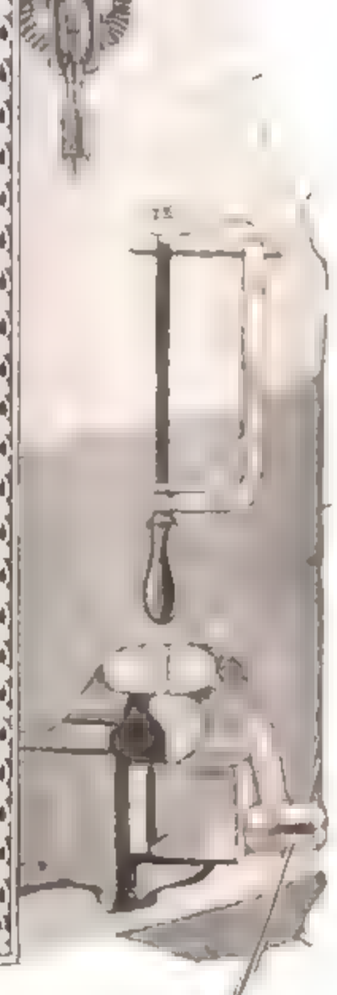

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(Continued from Page 66)

She rose and stood facing him.

"That balances our account then," he said, holding out his hand. But she put hers behind her

"Not quite, Mr. Cotterel," she said demurely. "You still owe me one pretty little speech."

He stared at her dubiously

"Do I? What is that?"

"And I still expect you to make it to me very humbly and sincerely."

"What is the speech?" he asked again.

"You must say: 'I was once a very proud, sensitive, silly young man, Penelope. I couldn't help it then, but I'm sorry for it now. Please forgive me.'"

He smiled wryly.

"Not guilty!" he said, and shook his head.

"You're not sorry then? Don't tell me that you are still proud and sensitive and silly at—how old are you now, Mr. Cotterel? Thirty-six, I think."

"Thirty-six"

"Almost forty. Well?"

She waited, but he shook his head again.

"You refuse me that poor little crumb of consolation? How cruel of you!"

She turned away from him and going to the fireplace stirred the fire to a blaze. Then she faced him again.

"I should like to be quite certain as to the exact reason that induced you to come so far to tell me that you are going to marry Miss Letchley. Of course you had some reason?"

"A very clear and definite one," he said quietly.

Their eyes clung together in a long, searching challenge.

"I believe after all I know it," she said without triumph. "Some day, I hope, you will marry happily. But I don't think you will marry Miss Letchley—now."

"Why not?" he demanded defiantly.

Penelope laughed.

"Because you have seen me. To-night or to-morrow or whenever you go to her next you will look at her eyes and her nose and her mouth and her complexion and her figure and her ink-stained fingers—I'm sure they're ink-stained fingers—and you'll compare them with mine. You've practically admitted that her eyes are green and her complexion muddy and that all the rest of her is so insignificant that you haven't even noticed its insignificance. I suspect that she has the melodious Bristol accent. And, even if one of them is an archdeacon, her relatives are probably extremely trying. And that novel which you believe she is writing, and that nervousness of hers on horseback, and, worst of all, that awkward shyness of hers —— Have a look at Miss Letchley, Mr. Cotterel. I feel sure that you think of marrying her because of some better reason than her father's money, but be sure that it is a sound reason, and one that will wear well."

"Thank you," he said dryly. "I hope some day you will have an opportunity of smiling at the remembrance of that little exordium. Your picture of Miss Letchley is, however, I may inform you, quite imaginary. And she has a singularly sweet, kindly nature. I think she is incapable of speaking ill-naturedly even of people whom she knows nothing about."

"Have you told her of me?" flashed Penelope. "That will cure that defect."

And then Lady Sneyd reappeared—to Mr. Cotterel's visible relief. When he had learned that Master Paget Sneyd had recovered sufficiently to demand another ice, he took his departure in platitudinous affability.

"My dear," exclaimed Penelope when the hall door had closed behind him, "he's marrying Mixed Biscuits!"

VII

AN INTERVAL of fifteen years elapses before Mr. Cotterel reappears in the cast. The Bulgarian atrocities, Kars and Plevna, the annexation of the Transvaal, the loss of the Eurydice, the Land League, Afghanistan, Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift, the Prince Imperial's death, Bradlaugh, Garfield's assassination, Majuba Hill, the Sudan, the Phoenix Park murders, Khartum, the Jubilee, Jack the Ripper, Parnell—these are the landmarks of that interval, the headlines of a decade and a half of English history. On the whole a stirring fifteen years for newspaper readers.

Our *jeune premier* is now, alas, fifty-one, but Mr. Justice Cotterel. Penelope, alas again, is forty-eight. The long-legged fairy-tale-loving Phyllis of Mr. Cotterel's last appearance is now Miss Sneyd, a very wise and common-sense young lady in her twenties, already an aunt and the possessor of a real prince of her own. The curtain rises on the pleasant old-world garden at Utterleaze, Sir Robert Sneyd's house near Clevedon, on the afternoon of the Tuesday of Easter Week.

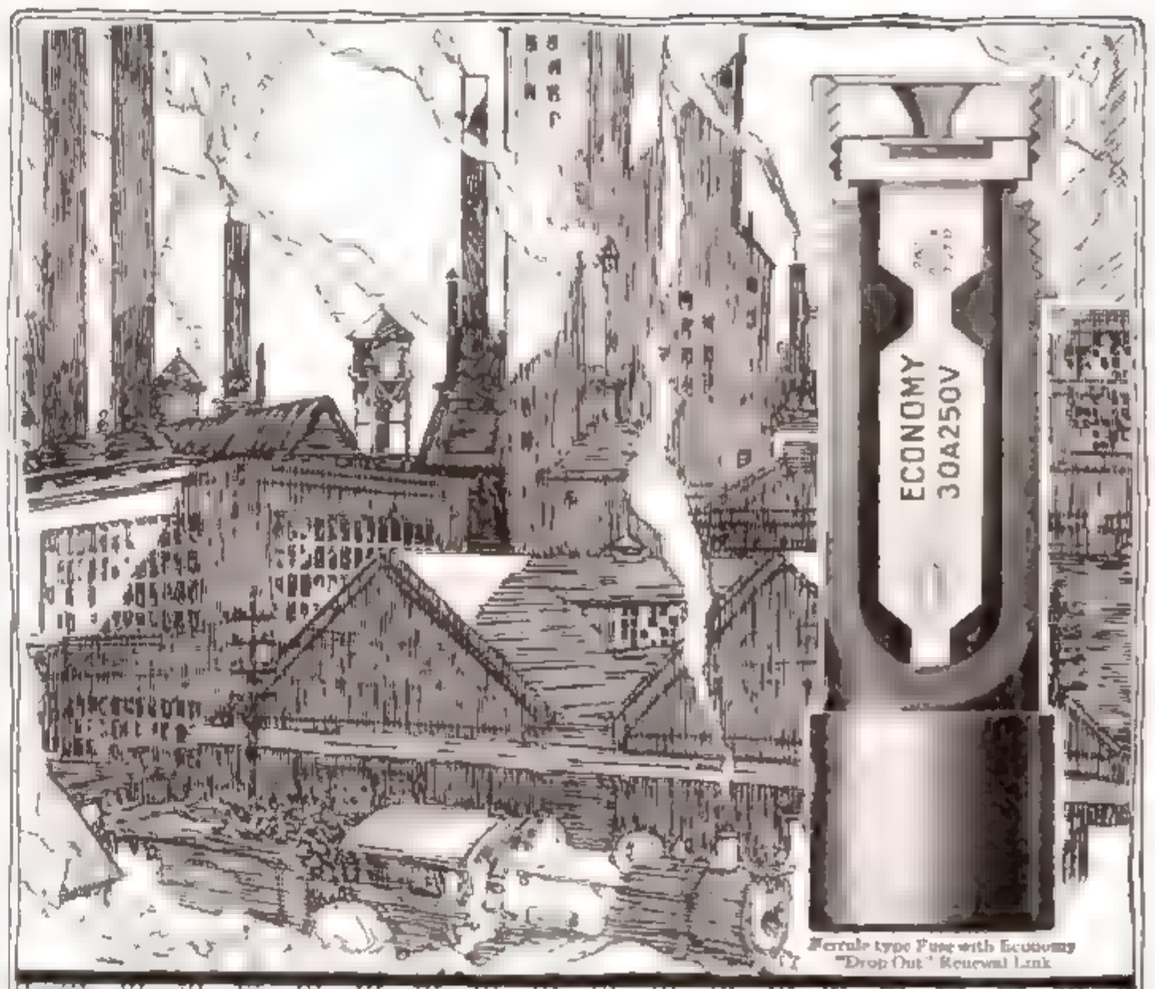
In the early part of that spring Lady Sneyd had fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic of "Russian" influenza, and her illness had left behind it a tendency toward depression which appears to have caused her husband considerable concern. Penelope, in the guise of a tonic distraction, had transferred herself to Utterleaze at Sir Robert's request for a visit of some weeks. And we find her that afternoon in a sheltered corner of the garden where the daffodils are ablow in the sunshine, reading aloud to the convalescent One of Our Conquerors—Penelope was a staunch Meredithian. To them enters presently to interrupt the reading Phyllis Sneyd. Her laughing eyes detect the unusual elaboration of Pen's toilette upon this particular afternoon, and she ventures on a teasing allusion to its suspected cause. For Old Harry is expected, at any moment now, to arrive at Utterleaze, on an errand presently to be disclosed, and Penelope's return to Blindell, originally announced for that morning, has been postponed until next day in his especial honor.

Pen makes a playful little attempt to pinch Phyllis' plump arm, and laughs a merry little laugh to intimate that though a sense of humor forbids middle-aged ladies of forty-eight to take themselves seriously, it is none the less an amusing thing to pretend that, given an opportunity, they might. And then Mr. Victor Coleridge appears from the house with two books under his arm and Phyllis waves a joyous hand and forgets everything else in the world. Her mother and Pen smile happily as they watch her flutter to her prince and disappear in a complicated embrace.

This new arrival and his two books play in this scene no inconsiderable part, so that perhaps here some special account of them is fitting.

Mr. Victor Coleridge was just then causing considerable concern to the Sneyd household, not only to Phyllis, to whom he had been engaged for several months, but also to his prospective parents-in-law. He was a most excellent young man, but he was just then passing through that phase of rather windy restlessness which affects even the most excellent young men as they approach their twenty-fifth year, if they are handicapped by the possession of an artistic temperament. He possessed just enough money to enable him to do nothing whatever comfortably and gracefully as a bachelor. And there seems to have been some difficulty in persuading him that there would be the least necessity to do anything more as a husband. He painted—landscapes—very nicely. He played the piano very nicely. He sang in a nice tenor very nicely. He wrote occasionally very nice little poems of a Swinburnian warmth. He affected at times an exotic picturesqueness of attire—loose, blowing things. They blew very nicely, but they blew. His hair too was loose and blowing, very nicely but a little too conspicuously so. He was really most anxious to do something, but he could not decide what he was anxious to do. And he was prone to novel incalculable enthusiasms, involving revolutionary changes of outlook upon life. Having an outlook upon life was, it seems, just then for him the only really important thing in it.

The elder Sneyds and the elder Coleridges had, however, at last held a solemn council of war and had decided that it was high time that this hovering butterfly should settle upon some particular flower—settle, in fact, "down to something." They had invited him to state definitely what exactly he would like to settle down to. A sensational murder trial had just then brought into prominence an until then unknown young barrister, whose classical features, reproduced in the illustrated press, had suggested to Victor a quite new outlook upon life. He felt assured just then that he would like to settle down to being a brilliant young barrister with classical features, defending people charged with sensational crimes, in courts filled with fashionable and electrified audiences, and being photographed in the intervals for the more expensive illustrated papers. And he said, for once without hesitation, that that was what he would like to settle down to.



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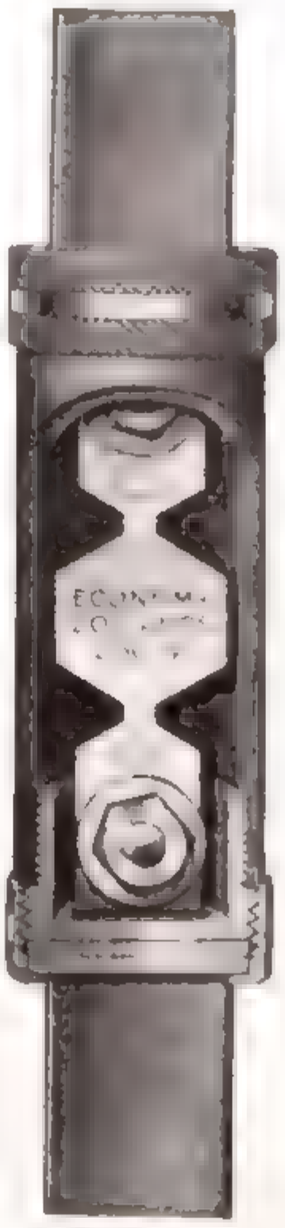
ECONOMY renewable FUSES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Sir Robert Sneyd was an energetic father-in-law-to-be. Learning that Mr. Justice Cotterel, who was an old friend of his, was then in the neighborhood of Bristol, he invited him to come without delay to his house at Clevedon, there to consider and encourage and advise the already visibly reformed Victor. For Mr. Coleridge, in outward sign and token of an inner settling down, had instantly shaved off a promising mustache. He had also purchased a copy of Goodeve's Law of Personal Property, the only legal work he had been able to unearth in a dusty little secondhand bookshop in Bristol.

Poking about the shop with this acquisition tucked under his arm, in search of other similar treasures, his eyes fell, most unfortunately, upon a small plump volume in a cover of faded yellow paper upon which appeared in arresting simplicity the title Madame Bovary. He read French with an inaccurate facility and frequently encountered allusions to that apparently remarkable work had excited in him a considerable curiosity as to its contents. He bought it for a few pence and then betook himself to a neighboring restaurant, a quiet little place where one could lunch excellently and dip into one's book or newspaper without distraction.

He began with soup and the Law of Real Property. By the time, however, that his fish arrived he had discovered that the subject lacked emotional interest and artistic design, and that it made evidently preposterous demands upon one's powers of concentration and memory. He abandoned Bailments and Possessory Liens abruptly and erected Madame Bovary in their place against a convenient cruet stand.

Long after his coffee was finished and his bill paid he sat blissfully indifferent to time, place, and everything save the magic of this newly discovered wizardry. In the train on his way to Clevedon he resumed the sinister Emma; the Law of Personal Property reposed neglected with his hat and stick in the rack above his head.

He presented himself at Utterleaze to Phyllis Sneyd in one of those moods of rather feverish exhilaration with which she had now become disapprovingly familiar; and after a very little while he explained to her that upon careful reflection he had discovered his real mission in life to be, not a settling down to the dead dry dustiness of the law, but the writing of novels of a mordantly scientific realism like—well, like Madame Bovary, for instance.

The French novels which Phyllis Sneyd had read were La Tulipe Noire, Sans Famille, Le Roi des Montagnes, and Le Maître des Forges, works which she had considered unnecessarily exuberant in places, but quite nice. Madame Bovary she had never even heard of. But she knew, knew with a conviction beyond argument, logic, chaff or open ridicule at Mr. Coleridge's disposal, that all French novels, with the four exceptions above quoted, were "horrid," so horrid that it was rather horrid even to talk about them. Mr. Coleridge and she had already discussed this particular view with some approachings to tiffiness. The discovery that a passing craze inspired by one of these disreputable productions was responsible for his latest and most serious vacillation aroused her to an anger that was no less real because she felt it to be virtuous. These two young people quarreled very bitterly and woundingly beside the garden roller and parted at different ends of the tennis court, as each of them felt sure, forever.

To her mother and Penelope beside the daffodils Phyllis proceeded with flushed cheeks and angrily sparkling eyes, while Mr. Coleridge drifted to and fro uneasily in the distance. When presently he heard Penelope's voice calling him, he affected at first deafness, then unwillingness, and finally, as he strolled toward the three ladies, sulky defiance.

"Now, Mr. Coleridge," demanded Penelope cheerfully, "what is all this nonsense?"

Even in cheerfulness, however, Miss Ashton was at forty-eight a person of formidable authority of air and eye and speech. Mr. Coleridge, feeling an odd necessity to assert the fact that he was not a naughty little boy, inserted his hands deeply in his trousers pockets.

"Nonsense, Miss Ashton?" he repeated. "If you mean about Phyllis and me ——"

"I do mean that," said Penelope. "And when I was a girl, Mr. Coleridge, gentlemen did not speak, even to very old ladies, with their hands in their pockets."

Mr. Coleridge smiled sheepishly and brought his hands to light again.

"Phyllis is absolutely unreasonable," he said. "She seems to be incapable of understanding that everyone hasn't exactly her outlook upon life."

"Life? French novels?"

"Her ideas about French novels are—well, there is no use in discussing them any further. Phyllis and I have both made up our minds that we are quite unsuited to one another, and that it would be folly for us to think of getting married."

"You think so, Phyllis?" asked Penelope.

"Yes, I think so," said Miss Sneyd with conviction. "Whatever my views may be about anything, they're my own views at any rate, and I stick to them. I don't allow the first trashy novel I read to make them for me—or to alter them."

A true Blindell Ashton, Miss Phyllis, evidently.

Lady Sneyd smiled deprecatingly for Mr. Coleridge's assuagement, and Penelope's long fingers squeezed Phyllis' arm in gentle remonstrance.

"You will neither of you allow a few thoughtless words to alter your whole lives, I am sure," she said gravely. "Now about Madame Bovary. I admit frankly that I don't think you ought to read Madame Bovary, Phyllis—at all events just yet. And I don't think it will interest you in the least when you do read it—as I feel sure you will now at the very first opportunity."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," declared Phyllis, perhaps a shade too vehemently.

"At the same time I think that you, Mr. Coleridge, are quite old enough and wise enough to admire its *actualité*—that, I think, is the word—without being unduly influenced by its occasional unpleasantness."

"You have read it, Penelope?" asked Lady Sneyd.

"That is my own affair, Barbara," said Penelope with dignity. "I know at all events that there are some unnecessarily unpleasant unpleasantnesses in it. They will offend Mr. Coleridge's good taste just as much as they would mine, for instance, I'm sure. But there are some charming descriptions and some excellently drawn characters I believe. So that really, Phyllis, really I do not see why you should refuse to marry Victor because he admires an admitted masterpiece."

"He doesn't know what he admires," snapped Phyllis. "He changes his mind about everything before he has made it up properly. He says now that he doesn't want to go to the bar—after papa has taken so much trouble about it. He says he wants to write. Just as when he goes to the theater he wants to be an actor. And when he saw Captain Bentinck in uniform he wanted to go into the army. And ——"

"Well, there's one thing at all events that I don't want to be!" said Mr. Coleridge furiously.

"What?" flared Phyllis, outraged in anticipation.

But Mr. Coleridge contented himself with a sardonic "Guess!" and walked off through the garden very slowly.

In the house he encountered Sir Robert Sneyd and Mr. Justice Cotterel, just arrived from the station, and, at greeting, sympathetically paternal. With his usual refreshing frankness and confidence in the profound interest taken by other people in his own private emotions, he explained to them the situation as viewed from his own, this time, immutable point of view. He had no desire to cause any inconvenience or discomfort or disappointment to anyone; and it was most awfully kind of Sir Robert and Mr. Justice Cotterel to have been so anxious to help him and advise him, and so forth. Most awfully kind. But ——

To that lengthy "but" the two older men listened in silence, and then proceeded, with much kindliness, to point out to him that they considered him a hot-headed, impulsive, weak-willed, selfish and ungrateful young idiot. Mr. Justice Cotterel spoke with special emphasis of the risk of ruining one's life by hasty and ill-considered decisions. Sir Robert expressed his opinion that, as a career, literature was at the best a toss-up, at the worst a regrettable descent. Mr. Justice Cotterel said that, whatever the career chosen, success could only be achieved by inflexible perseverance; that perseverance of that sort might quite possibly enable Mr. Coleridge to attain a fame rivaling that of—of—er—Dickens or—er—Thackeray; but that there were other things in life more important even than a career; other much more precious things that could be won only with still greater difficulty, and held by a still more unswerving loyalty and devotion. Sir Robert said "Yes, Victor," and shook his head solemnly. Mr. Justice Cotterel laid a hand on Mr. Coleridge's shoulder and said with deep emotion: "And once lost, remember, my dear fellow, that prize can never be regained. I'm sure you know that as well as I do."

I hope that Sir Robert did not smile then, discreetly and unseen. If he did we, knowing what we do of Mr. Cotterel's constancy, may perhaps forgive him. Probably, however, he didn't smile. Mr. Justice Cotterel still retained, no doubt, Mr. Cotterel's skill in inducing his audience to close their eyes to inconvenient facts.

Mr. Coleridge certainly did not smile As we have seen, he was profoundly susceptible to the seduction of artistry and a very skillful artist was at work on him just then. He was deeply moved. He saw clearly that a mature outlook upon life saw it as steadfast endeavor, preferably in a barrister's wig, sanctified and inspired by steadfast love of a sweet, good woman, named preferably Phyllis Sneyd. In renewed amity the trio proceeded presently toward the ladies in their sheltered corner of the garden. But at sight of their coming Phyllis disappeared hastily into a shrubbery and swept with her Mr. Coleridge's ideal of good, sweet womanhood. He gazed moodily at his smart boots while the Sneyds and Penelope and Mr. Justice Cotterel discussed the influenza epidemic and Lady Sneyd's share in it. Then, as the sun had abandonded the garden for the day, Sir Robert wheeled his wife into the house and Penelope proposed a little turn about the grounds, which deliberately excluded the unhappy Mr. Coleridge and which Mr. Justice Cotterel agreed to with unconcealed pleasure. After some lonely moments Mr. Coleridge wandered off dejectedly toward the shrubbery.

The little turn came presently to a halt at the edge of the lily pond.

"One assumes of course," said Mr. Justice Cotterel, "that everyone is satisfied that Miss Sneyd and young Coleridge are perfectly suited to one another, perfectly certain to make one another happy. Everyone is satisfied about that?"

"Well," said Penelope, "I suppose on every husband's tombstone the really truthful epitaph would read: 'He did not give entire satisfaction.' Still in a world of disappointments ——"

"Ah, well," said Mr. Justice Cotterel, "one must leave something to hope for in a better one." He removed his Homburg for fuller enjoyment of the first warm sunshine of the year. "I met Mr. Coleridge to-day for the first time. He impressed me as being a good fellow—rather impulsive, but a good fellow. On principle I distrust impressions profoundly. But I take it for granted that he is a good fellow."

"Mr. Coleridge," said Penelope, "has a good forehead, clever eyes and a rather weak chin. Phyllis will make a good working husband out of him once she has discovered that a clever man is almost always, for all practical purposes, a foolish one."

Mr. Justice Cotterel stroked his iron-gray head. "Dear me!" he said. He took his chin in a hand, a favorite trick of his, and regarded her with twinkling eyes. "Dear me!" he said again.

Penelope considered him smilingly. "Yes," she said with a little emphatic nod, "for all practical purposes. I hope you gave him a good scolding."

"Well, I put the thing to him on the usual stereotyped lines. He took it in excellent part, I must say. Much more good-humoredly than I should have received such advice from a prosy old fogy when I was his age. I advised him to make the *amende honorable* to Miss Sneyd—though I'm bound to say I think the young lady has just as much to be forgiven as Mr. Coleridge."

"I don't think so at all," said Penelope decisively. "I entirely agree with Phyllis. I think she is quite right about Mr. Coleridge and his French novels and his artistic crazes. She will probably have to keep him in order all her life. She may as well start doing it as soon as possible."

"*Noblesse oblige*," said Mr. Justice Cotterel. "I submit that unless Mr. Coleridge is capable of doing the keeping in order he is unworthy of our serious concern. I am growing horribly old-fashioned, I find. The harder I strive to keep pace with modernity the more old-fashioned I become. For me the tradition of the meek, repentant,

(Continued on Page 73)

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A little more good fellowship—a few more pipes of Velvet—a few more laughs, and this old world would wag the better.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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America's smoothest smoke

(Continued from Page 70)

slightly tearful female is undying. For me all true males are, *à priori*, forgiven everything. All they have to do is to pretend, occasionally, that they forgive."

"I wonder," said Penelope, "with whom you mated in the Ark. And that reminds me—what happened poor Miss Letchley?"

Mr. Justice Cotterel flashed a little quick glance at her and then considered the reflections of the lily pond.

"Happened to her?" he said slowly. "Well, she didn't marry me, and she did marry some one else. Beyond that I'm afraid I can tell you nothing of her. I have not heard of her for many years now."

"Her eyes were green, then?" said Penelope. "I know they were green. Admit it."

"I never make admissions," said Mr. Justice Cotterel. "But it is possible that they were."

"How fortunate that you came to Blindell that afternoon," said Penelope. "Aren't you very grateful to me now?"

"You looked extremely charming that afternoon, Miss Ashton."

"Oh, la, la!" said the lady. "You may call me Penelope with perfect impunity now, you know, Harry."

"I always think of you so," said Harry gallantly. He sighed gently.

"God bless my soul, fifteen years ago! Yes, you looked your very best that afternoon, Penelope."

"I'm so glad, Harry," she said simply.

They stood for some moments surveying one another a little quizzically.

"You, at all events, have worn well," said the gentleman.

Penelope shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Worn?" she repeated. "I have been laid aside, Harry. You should have worn me."

Mr. Justice Cotterel stared at her.

"You still think so?" he inquired dispassionately.

"Gracious, yes," said Penelope.

"Well, will you marry me?" he asked bluntly.

"With pleasure," said the lady. "But upon my own conditions."

"Now, now, Penelope!" said Old Harry.

"Now, now, Harry!" said Penelope.

"We want to forget all that."

"I will forget all that when I have forgiven it, Harry."

"Now is the hour for forgiveness, Penelope."

"Now is the hour to ask for it."

Mr. Justice Cotterel patted his hair, covered it carefully with his Homburg, examined his nails solicitously, took off the Homburg, and patted his hair again.

"Of course," he said gravely, "this is not at all a laughing matter."

"Not at all," agreed Penelope. "It is a most serious matter."

"It will almost certainly crop up afterward. It will probably crop up frequently. I mean, we are only poor weak human beings, you and I, after all."

"I am, at any rate," said Penelope.

"This difficulty will certainly crop up afterward."

"Very possibly."

"You see, we are both of us very strong-willed."

"I agree."

"Even obstinate."

"Let us say," suggested Penelope, "that you are obstinate and I am strong-willed."

"And we are not likely to become more adaptable now."

"Personally," said Penelope, "I propose to die without changing a single view about anything."

"So that, unless we start afresh on—on the basis of a definite compromise, unless we are both agreed that this—this mistake of ours ——"

"Yours," said Penelope.

"There, you see," said Mr. Justice Cotterel. "Unless we agree that it was a joint and several mistake—I mean unless we recognize clearly that we both have something to regret and to—forgive ——" His charming smile appealed for confirmation.

"I cannot recognize anything of the sort," said Penelope. "I may as well state that quite clearly at once. You have wasted my life. I admit that to you, perhaps foolishly, but it is the truth. I have had to sit with my hands in my lap and watch myself drying up and fading out, growing gradually and hopelessly into an old maid. I hate being an old maid. I was never meant to be an old maid. It's a shame that I should be one. And it's all your fault."

"Well. And I?" he demanded.

"You have had your work—you have it. You have been able to fight. You are winning the fight."

"There must be something to fight for," he said slowly. "And as for the fight—a scrambling for hot coppers. There's nothing very consoling about that, even if you do get hold of a fistful of the hot coppers. You can't hold them long, Penelope. You've got to drop them in the end."

"You must have known that your success caused some happiness to me."

"If I hadn't hoped that, I believe I should have accepted a county-court judgeship and married Miss Letchley. Well, well—to return to the main issue. Only half an hour ago I said to Mr. Coleridge exactly what I —— Oh, here is Mr. Coleridge."

Very slowly and sadly that gentleman drew near them.

"Well, Victor," asked Penelope, "have you made friends with Phyllis?"

"Phyllis is on her high horse," said Mr. Coleridge. "She takes up the attitude that I am in disgrace and that she is to be entreated to forgive me—by installments. I never knew anyone who can be so irritating as Phyllis when she likes, so obstinate, so exasperatingly convinced that she's right."

"And you, my dear Victor?" smiled Penelope. "You are obviously so perfectly willing to acknowledge that you are wrong."

"When I know that I am in the wrong," said Mr. Coleridge magnificently, "I am always ready to admit it. But in this particular case ——"

"Ah, that's the rub," said Mr. Justice Cotterel, "always. If it wasn't for the particular case—well, we poor lawyers should find it hard to earn an honest living. You mustn't stand on that dignity of yours too much, my dear fellow."

"Quite so," said Penelope. "You must humor Phyllis a little sometimes, you know, Victor. Just go to her and say you're sorry."

"But I've nothing to be sorry for that I can see," protested Mr. Coleridge aggrievedly.

"She thinks you have," said Penelope. "Just go to her ——"

"Oh, it's all jolly well to say just go to her!" said Mr. Coleridge.

"I think, Mr. Coleridge," said Old Harry very solemnly, "that under the circumstances your best course will be to feign—just feign, you know—abject surrender."

Just then Phyllis came into view sauntering toward the lily pond. She paused to inspect with intense interest a row of empty flowerpots; then she sauntered back along the path by which she had come.

Mr. Justice Cotterel took the hesitating Victor firmly by an arm. "One, two, three—got that smile ready? Charming. Go!"

And Mr. Coleridge, grinning rather foolishly, went.

"Now, my dear Harry," said Penelope, when they were again alone, "do be consistent. If you counsel Mr. Coleridge to surrender ——"

"Mr. Coleridge, Penelope," said Mr. Justice Cotterel, "as you remarked just now, has a rather weak chin."

And then Sir Robert came humming through the rhododendron bushes and carried them off to inspect his greenhouses.

Shortly before tea time Penelope announced, a little peevishly, her intention of returning to Blindell that evening, and disappeared, despite all expostulations, to pack. And Mr. Justice Cotterel, who went back to Bristol by the six-ten, saw, for that time, no more of her. It may be recorded here, however, that Mr. Coleridge had made his peace with Miss Sneyd by tea time. She married him very shortly afterward and has kept him in excellent order ever since. True, he still does nothing in particular. But the deaths of some wealthy and otherwise uninteresting relatives has relieved him of the necessity of doing anything else. Mrs. Coleridge still maintains that French literature in general, and Madame Bovary in particular, are horrid.

VIII

ONE June morning twenty-eight years later, Mrs. Coleridge, now a grandmother of imposing plumpness, entered the sun-bathed breakfast room at Blindell to find Pen awaiting her coming in agitated impatience. "So sorry, dear," she began. But the old lady thrust a letter into her hand with tremulous fingers and commanded her to read it. Mrs. Coleridge glanced at its signature.

"Good heavens!" she said incredulously. "Mr. Cotterel. Why I thought he—I thought he died long before the war."

"Retired, my dear. Retired," said Miss Ashton irritably, drumming with both hands upon the tablecloth. "Read what he says! Read what he says!"

Mrs. Coleridge complied, conscious that as she read Penelope watched her face with jealous suspicion.

"My dear friend," said the letter, "I have been in failing health for some time past, and I cannot disguise from myself that the end of a long life is only too clearly in sight. I have thought much of you lately and have many times meditated a journey to Blindell to see you. I learned last night from a Mr. Cyril Way, a charming young fellow to whom Lady Thorcliffe introduced me at dinner, that you are still, thank God, active and in good health. I should very greatly like to see you and talk to you again. As you perhaps know, I retired some time ago from harness, so that I could go to Blindell at any time that suited your arrangements. Yours very sincerely, HENRY G. COTTEREL."

"Cyril Way!" said Mrs. Coleridge when she had perused this communication. "Cyril Way is forty-six or forty-seven. Mr. Cotterel calls him a charming young fellow. How old is Mr. Cotterel now?"

"He is seventy-nine," said Miss Ashton with remarkable promptness. "He is three years older than I am."

"He was rather a dear old thing, I remember," said Mrs. Coleridge. "Eat your breakfast, Pen, dear; you're letting everything get cold. Yes, quite a nice old fellow. Rather courageous of him to contemplate such a long journey, isn't it?"

"I don't see that there is anything courageous about it," said Pen with asperity. "One would fancy, to hear you talk, Phyllis, that he was an old, old man."

She refused to eat any breakfast and retired immediately afterward to her desk, where, with a brand-new nib, she wrote a number of letters, each of which in turn she tore up and consigned to the waste-paper basket. Ultimately she decided upon a telegram and dispatched the following message to Mr. Cotterel:

"Delighted. Come twelve Albermarle Terrace Clifton Wednesday twelve noon. Wire confirming. Ashton."

Mrs. Coleridge protested, argued, scolded, threatened. The thing was ridiculous, unmeaning, inconsiderate, extremely imprudent, for an old lady of seventy-six whom fatigue or excitement of any sort reduced to breakfast in bed and a crotchety headache next day. But after a dogged resistance of forty-eight hours she gave way, though with many misgivings, and on the morning of the following Wednesday set off with Miss Ashton in her big car for Clifton.

During the drive Pen spoke very little, though she smiled cheerfully and examined her reflection in the mirror facing her several times with deep interest. At Albermarle Terrace, which they reached a few minutes before twelve o'clock, the chauffeur with some difficulty unlocked the hall door, and, leaning on Mrs. Coleridge's arm, Miss Ashton, after fifty-three years, passed out of the sunshine into the twilight of her house. The hall door, in accordance with her wish, was left open.

They went past a roll of carpet standing on end in the middle of the hall, its crimson barely recognizable beneath a thick gray coating of dust. The dust seems to have impressed Mrs. Coleridge especially. Little clouds of it rose from the stair carpets beneath their feet, and the old lady coughed a good deal on the way to the drawing-room. Mrs. Coleridge unlocked the door and entered the dim, musty room cautiously. The shutter bars of all three windows, however, resisted her best attempts to unfasten them, and she was obliged to descend to borrow a box of matches from the chauffeur. She lighted a candle which she found on a table near the door and which must have been the very candle with which Henniker had lighted his mistress and her aunt from the room on that long-ago frosty February morning. It was, like all the other candles in the room, bent almost double, and as yellow as the gilt frame of a miniature that stood beside it.

By its light the two ladies surveyed the room curiously. Lying on the floor near the door was a long white glove, and for some moments Miss Ashton gazed at this in inscrutable silence. Then as they moved on to the piano, upon which a faded yellow

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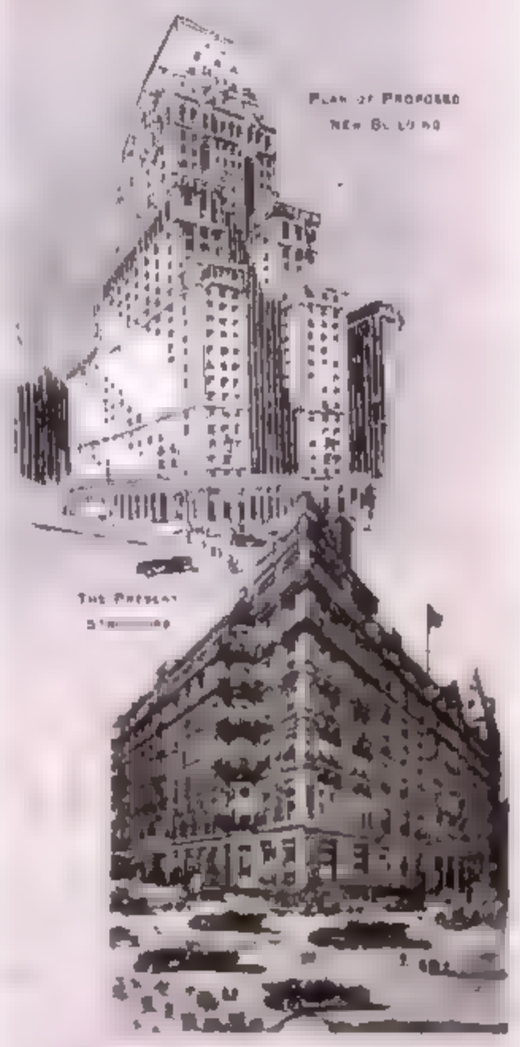

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BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

waltz stood open, they heard footsteps ascending the stairs very slowly. And at the sound of them Pen seated herself with surprising alacrity, smoothed out her skirts and, with an odd little stifled laugh like a naughty schoolgirl's, took off her pince-nez and dropped her hands in her lap.

You picture her sitting there amid all that dusty, haunted old furniture in the flickering light of that solitary candle, very erect, her eyes fixed on the door. She had attired herself with unusual magnificence that morning and had been very fussy about the arrangement of her silvery hair. Mrs. Coleridge says that her skin and her eyes looked by candlelight just like those of a girl of seventeen. But both, indeed, were always remarkably bright and clear and fresh.

On the first landing the footsteps paused for a considerable time. Then they came on again slowly. Then they paused again outside the drawing-room door. And finally Mr. Cotterel came into the room.

You recall the Mr. Cotterel whom Penelope had seen disappear through that doorway, a splendid if unfriendly figure, youth and strength and high spirit personified. The Mr. Cotterel who came back to her through it was a bent, rather feeble old man, whose feet as he crossed the room dragged a little on the carpet, so that a white mist rose about them. They passed close to the tragic white glove—but just avoided it.

"How do you do?" he said in a breathless gasp. "Do you mind if I ——" He collapsed into a chair and panted. "Stairs!" he explained. "I can't stand stairs. This old heart of mine."

"They are such steep stairs too," said Penelope. "I also found it quite a task to get up them. I think you have met Mrs. Coleridge before."

Old Harry half rose from his chair and peered at Mrs. Coleridge uncertainly as she went forward to him with outstretched hand.

"You haven't the faintest idea who I am," she said accusingly.

"I'm—it's very stupid of me, but my memory for faces is not what it was," said Old Harry. "Coleridge. Coleridge. God bless my soul, of course. You—you are the young lady who disapproved so of that French book, Madame — Madame —— There, I've forgotten that too. But I'm delighted to meet you again, my dear young lady. God bless my soul, it seems only yesterday! You look very well, Penelope, though you're only three years younger than I am."

"How very tactless!" exclaimed Pen with vivacity. She threw a coquettish glance to Mr. Cotterel from beneath her eyelashes. "You remain as frank as ever," she said, following up the glance with a smile.

Mr. Cotterel sat back in his chair and blew and stared at her for some moments.

"Your—your eyes trouble you?" he asked at length.

"Well, my sight is not what it was fifty years ago," said Penelope. "But I can still read your handwriting, and that, you will admit, is a pretty severe test."

Mr. Cotterel laughed with great heartiness. "I can't read it myself," he said. "Then why—won't those shutters open?"

"We can't open them," explained Mrs. Coleridge. "The bars have stuck."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter." He nodded toward Penelope. "I was afraid her eyes were troublesome. That is why I ——"

He rose and made his way to the piano and bent down to examine the faded waltz. "God bless my soul!" he said, and sighed again. "The Guards' Waltz. Do you remember, Penelope? That was our first waltz."

"And our last, Harry. Have you forgotten that?"

"It was a magnificent waltz, I remember," said Mr. Cotterel. "How did it go?"

He slipped his arms into hers and she rose and seated herself at the piano. The piano was most abominably out of tune, Mrs. Coleridge reports, and Penelope's performance of the Guards' Waltz was more remarkable for its gracefulness than for its strict accuracy. But Mr. Cotterel stood over her and hummed the refrain and nodded time with a highly approving head Mrs. Coleridge, feeling, she says, as if she was shut up with two philandering ghosts, went out of the room quietly and left them to their ridiculous selves.

Penelope ended on a final triumphant discord and Old Harry thanked her gravely.

"My poor old fingers," she said, holding them up. "They keep trembling now, Harry. Do yours tremble too?"

"A little," he admitted. He smiled and looked about the room. "It is odd," he said slowly. "There seem to be four people in this room."

"You feel that too?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Those other two—must smile at us, Penelope. They know that they can never be like us."

"Well, my dear," said Pen, "we can remember that we were once like them. And we can smile too. Look at her, sitting there in that awful crinoline."

They remained for a moment staring toward the ottoman. "Now you mustn't stand so much. You will tire yourself."

She urged him toward a chair, but he refused, a little fussily, to be assisted.

"I wish we could open those shutters," he said, moving toward a window. "More and more I love the sunlight. There is bright sunshine outside."

He clambered on to a chair, aided by her anxious hands, and struggled for some moments feebly with a shutter bar, but was forced to descend defeated.

"Well, well," he said testily when he had reached the carpet safely again. "We can't stay here in this this chamber of horrors, Penelope. I—I —— Sit down."

She obeyed this peremptory command smilingly.

"That's right, that's right," he said. "Now."

For a moment or so he appeared to brace himself to immense and perilous effort.

"I've come here to say it, Penelope, and I will say it."

She waited, always smiling.

"I—it's extraordinary how difficult it is to say—even now."

With abrupt stiffness he lowered himself onto one unsteady knee, supported by the hands which she held out to him.

"I was a very foolish, proud young man once, Penelope. I don't think I could help it then, but I've been bitterly sorry ever since. Will you forgive me, my dear?"

"You dear, dear darling!" she cried, undecided between tears and laughter. "Oh, why have you kept me waiting so long, Harry?"

"Well," he said, truculent in his elation, "now I've said it, help me up."

He rubbed his knee rather ruefully as he seated himself on the big ottoman beside her.

"And now that I have said it, are you happy?"

"Perfectly happy, my dear."

They were still sitting hand in hand on the ottoman when Mrs. Coleridge reentered the room. She had sat, she admits, with extreme impatience in the hall—the doors of all the rooms were locked and there was no other alternative—until certain harrowing suspicions had developed into an actual and horribly swiftly moving mouse.

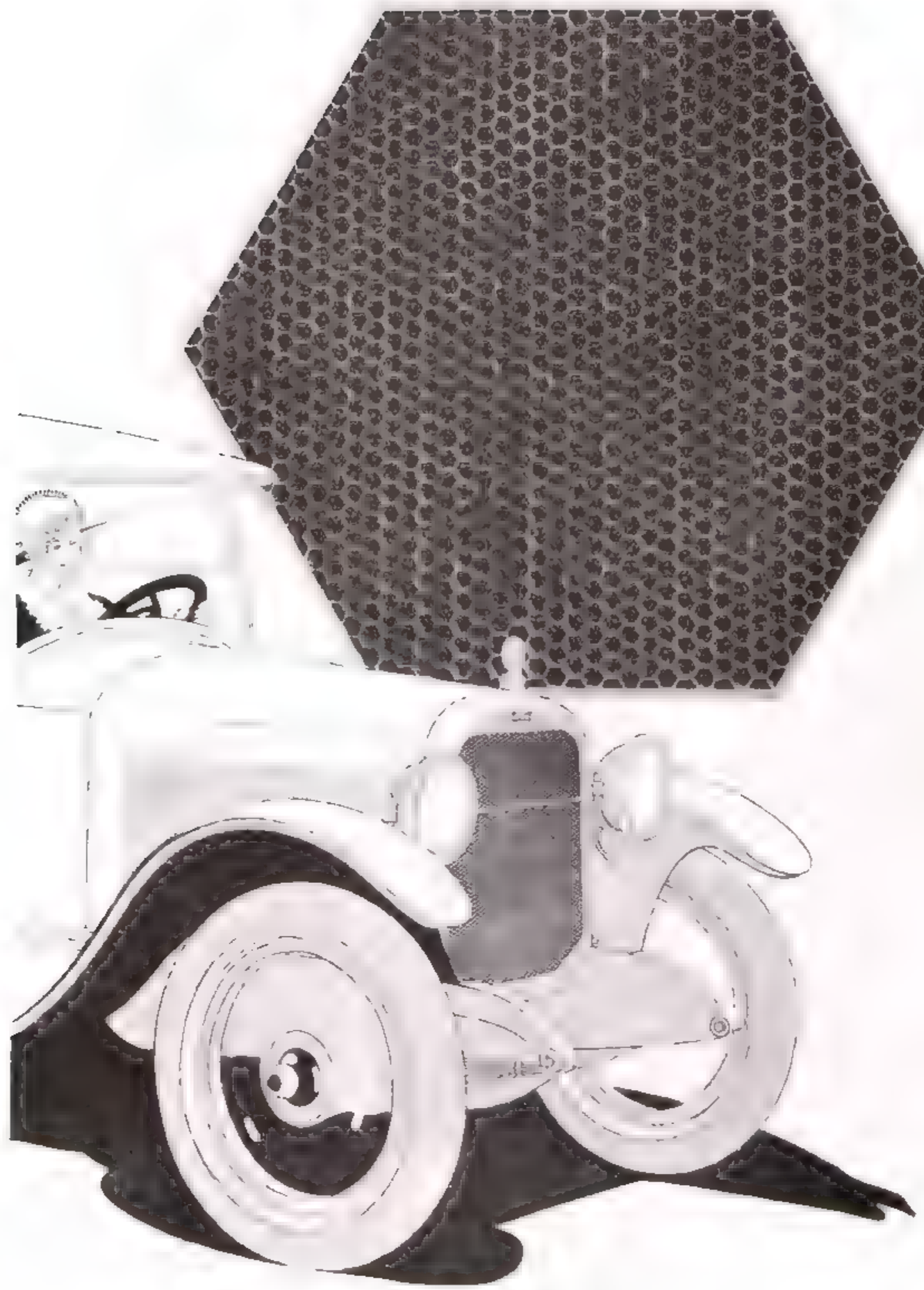
"We really must get these wretched things open," she said as she entered, and moved to vigorous assault upon a shutter bar, this time successful. She threw the shutters wide open and turned to descend victoriously from her perch. A broad beam of dusty sunlight fell full upon the occupants of the ottoman. Penelope faced it with gay defiance.

"Now," she said, "you can see all the wrinkles you've caused me."

For reply Old Harry, very solemnly, kissed her. From Mrs. Coleridge, still perched on her chair by the window with gathered skirts, came a scandalized "Penelope!"

IX

THEY were married very quietly at Christ Church a few weeks later. Any fine morning now you may see them strolling very slowly arm in arm up and down a sunny path in the garden at Blindell.



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GROVER CLEVELAND'S CAREER IN BUFFALO, 1855-1882

(Continued from Page 7)

in a city of sixty or eighty thousand people, I was essentially a country boy, and even to this time I have maintained my interest in the industries, the ways and the people of the country. My hours have continued to be early and late, as I learned them in the country, so when I went to town, even if I could have done so, I did not change my habits. My tastes merely assimilated themselves to both kinds of life."

Mr. Cleveland's professional studies were not seriously different from those of any other man except in the time and attention which he devoted to them. After four years of hard study, from eighteen until twenty-two, he gained admission to the bar. After that he stayed with his firm until the end of the year 1862. I have the record of the original firm furnished me by Mr. Locke showing what his receipts and payments were.

According to the ledger, Mr. Cleveland seems to have entered the employment of the firm in or prior to 1855. He remained until January, 1863, when he was appointed assistant district attorney.

The first charge against him for salary was made December 3, 1855, and was for $12. On June 27, 1856, he was credited "By Salary $146.87." The different charges against him are interesting:

1855	
December 3	$12.00
December 19	8.00

1856	
January 12	$16.00
February 2	1.00
March 25	5.00
April 1	1.50
April 7	15.00
April 12	2.00
April 23	7.25
April 30	10.00
May 10	17.00
May 30	17.00
June 9	5.00
June 16	5.00
June 18	2.00
June 27	20.00

He took a vacation, from which he returned July 26, 1856, and seems to have been overpaid up to that time fifty cents.

1856	
July 22	$2.00
August 5	8.00
August 9	10.00
September 1	5.00
September 15	7.00
September 26	3.00
September 29	12.00
October 11	1.00
October 14	5.00
October 25	8.00
November 3	6.00
November 11	3.00
November 14	10.00
November 24	3.00
December 3	5.00

He was absent from January 3, 1857, to February twenty-first, spending the time at Black Rock, and from July 29, 1857, to September first he was on a vacation. The last charge against him is January 22, 1863, when he was paid one hundred and two dollars and ten cents. In 1862 his salary was one thousand dollars.

It must be borne in mind that for most of the four-year period as a student this represented money sent to his mother. For the earlier part of this period he was living with his uncle and was working on the Herd Book, an occupation which did not end for several years. Here he not only had the home surroundings already described, but by his labor earned other money and paid for his board and clothes. It cannot be forgotten that these were the days of simple living, so that these drawings, which would be modest to-day, were to him ample.

He there began those habits of unremitting industry that during all the years never left him, a fact which enabled him to carry on the great labors that he undertook in his later days. He could do this because in health and strength he was something almost phenomenal. Even as a country boy he never knew what it was to be tired. He never would permit himself, even then or later, to lose time, so that every moment must be accounted for in some way.

Nor can his rapid success be undervalued. To become assistant to the district attorney of a big county like Erie at only twenty-five was something of an achievement. He always spoke with great interest about this particular work, which was really his introduction to the independent practice of law. As in the case of everything else that he attempted, he looked upon it as serious. He always spoke with unusual pride of the sense of responsibility that he had then felt.

After a Day of Duck Shooting in South Carolina

Capacity for Taking Pains

He said that, having in his hands the authority of the law and the power that it gave over persons charged with crime, he never permitted himself or an opposing lawyer to badger a witness. He proceeded upon the old theory that the accused was innocent until proved guilty, and felt it was his business to give him every chance that was possible to prove this innocence.

Even then every case was prepared with the utmost care. Most of them, he used to say, were submitted without argument. In the main he relied upon his power properly to present the case as a case in order to make an impression upon the jury. He always expressed a sort of contempt for the purely criminal lawyer who indulged in flights of eloquence, most of which seemed to him nonsense, and neither his nature nor his training nor the duties of his office permitted him to attempt these things.

He also deprecated the modern tendency of prosecuting officers to use the grand jury for the purpose of oppression, and spoke still more bitterly of the resort to the newspapers with the criminal records. He thought the latter to blame for much of the modern prejudice against courts.

There is no record to show that when his term of office was over he accepted criminal cases. This was rather unusual either then or at present, because district attorneys are rather prone to use their training for pushing themselves into this particular kind of practice.

He made it a rule in general not to take cases unless he wanted them. He cared so little for money as such that he did not have to take up with clients that were disagreeable or who had cases that were shady or who wanted or needed sharp practice. When he accepted a case it was something serious, a making of himself with all the power of the law the protector of other men. Feeling this way, he would not take a client unless his case seemed to be as fairly just and right as possible. He early became a corporation lawyer, and yet in his various candidacies for office, whether early or late, nobody ever reproached this particular kind of practice as a fault of his.

As a rule his arguments were prepared with the utmost care. Even when he was in the district attorney's office he would not allow a case to go to the jury until he had had ample opportunity to study it, and then he presented it in the briefest, plainest form possible. He had the confidence of these juries, because he did not try to fool them. He did not indulge in flighty appeals to their prejudices or to their sense of humor, but treated it as a serious matter. When he became wrought up, as he sometimes did, he could talk offhand with a readiness that was surprising. But he seldom trusted himself to that.

If he had a motion of a hundred words or more to make he wrote it out, and as in this process he had committed it to memory, he would throw away his copy and present it to the judge as if it were offhand. He did this with his arguments in the most important cases. He could trust himself for an offhand cross-examination, but would seldom do so when it came to the summing up of the evidence.

Mr. Milburn tells how in one case with which he himself was connected the testimony was completed about seven o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Cleveland went out to dinner and spent an interesting evening with his friends, but returned to his office about nine o'clock to begin the preparation of his argument. In doing this he wrote every word of a long and intricate argument between nine at night and seven in the morning, never intermitting his labors. When the court met the next day he presented his argument just as he had written it, probably without a word of change. He always used to insist in later years that he thought both the judge and jury, as well as his client, were entitled to the best that a lawyer could give.

Feats of Memory

Perhaps few lawyers have had the training with the pen that he gave himself. Thus writing everything so that he might save time and space, he became an adept in writing. He had always been a persistent writer, copying poems or extracts from prose writings that happened to attract his interest or attention. He was never much of a letter writer. He did not have to be. Practically all his friends and connections were at home where he could keep in personal touch with them, a fact which explains why biographers and historians have never been able to find any original Cleveland matter. They did not find it because it never existed.

This writing habit was to serve him throughout his life. The great audience which heard his first inaugural in Washington on that magnificent day in March, 1885, was surprised that a country lawyer could go down and deliver with the utmost coolness that solemn address without reference to manuscript or note. The same astonishment was universal in all the audiences he ever addressed in later years, and yet there was not the least thing about it to surprise anybody. It was the perfectly natural result of his life and habits. He could write a letter or an address, and when he was through with it and had made the necessary corrections he could recite it letterperfect.

Thus in preparing a long address during the later years of his life he would write it with that untiring care of his, and then while he was dressing for a dinner or other occasion he would glance over his manuscript and throw it aside. Now and again when it was something rather long and intricate he would copy the first word of each paragraph on a little piece of paper, which he would hold in his hand. But though he did this, no hearer ever saw him use it. His memory was in many respects one of the most remarkable of any public man known to our history. It was almost equal, though in a different way, to that of Macaulay.

As a lawyer Mr. Cleveland knew how to look after the interests of his clients. Compared with the present, his fees were modest. But whatever they might be, the business intrusted to him did not suffer from neglect on his part. But he was only a lawyer, so he never learned to use his clients' affairs for his own speculative advantage. He refused to take any cases that required him to tell his clients how far they could go and keep out of jail—how close they could shade toward the shady. He was simply an old-fashioned country lawyer, one of those whom he always regarded as the real men of the profession. As it was before the days of the high charges made necessary by elaborately organized offices, he not only prepared his own cases in every way, but recorded them in his handwriting in the various public offices where this was required. He thus knew only how to do his work well, without frills, show or publicity, or any desire to use his professional position for entrance upon public life. Everything of this kind came to him unsolicited. When he was only twenty-five he was made assistant district attorney

(Continued on Page 79)

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Continued from Page 76)

without consultation of his own interests or wishes. It can thus be seen that his progress was unusually rapid. At few times in our history have young men of twenty-five been preferred for important places like that tendered him in such an important county as Erie had then become.

His term ended, he resumed private practice with diligence and with a fair degree of success. During the last year that he was with the tutor firm his pay was one thousand dollars. His position in the district attorney's office had a still lower salary. Upon his return to practice some time was required for him to get back fairly into harness. He had to attract clients, because he never had had an opportunity to do this. He continued this process with different associates until the year 1871, when he was tendered, again without solicitation, the nomination for sheriff of Erie County.

Elected Sheriff

This was something rather outside the usual lawyer's scope, but his friends insisted that he ought to undertake it. After he had thought of the previous years of hard work, of the absence of opportunity to study his profession as he wanted to do, of his increasing obligations and of his failure to accumulate anything, he consented, and so was nominated and elected. He took up this work with his usual energy. As is always the case, he found that abuses had crept into the management; so aside from the ordinary routine duties incident to his office, he chose the best help he could get, but carefully looked after details for himself. He had a natural gift for this and it did not fail him in this case.

Soon after he came into office the contractor who had been furnishing wood for the use of the jail reported the delivery of the usual one hundred cords. The sheriff, taking nothing for granted, went out with a tape line and measured the whole pile for himself, counted out the crooked sticks and did what he would have done in his own house. When he found that only eighty cords had been delivered he simply ordered that the deficit should be made up. From that time forward during the Cleveland term a new contractor, who had competitive bidders, was found.

In like manner he discovered that the miller who had been supplying flour for the use of the jail had delivered a very poor quality. As he had learned everything in a practical way he knew the quality of products of every sort. So he discarded the flour and insisted upon a better quality, saying that no flour was too good to be baked into bread for prisoners. They had a hard enough time, was his announced theory, so that nobody with his permission should ever cheat them either in the quality or quantity of the food furnished. This contractor also got short shrift.

The shrievalty seemed to be a turning point in Mr. Cleveland's life, the modest savings it brought being estimated by different persons at from forty to sixty thousand dollars. The opportunity for study and association, the clients who came as a natural reward, all brought that larger outlook which showed him better and better and more and more what he was capable of doing. This modest competence did not change his plans, his methods of living or his associates, but it did intensify everything in his life and brought a freedom and independence that were needed to set him going properly. He not only lost no caste by holding an office outside the lines of his profession, but his position was bettered by these three years of intense work. He could then foresee his ability to meet the obligations he had assumed in the form of help to his mother and other members of the family engaged in clerical and religious work either in the home field or, as was the case of one sister and her husband, as missionaries in Asia.

Mr. Cleveland often told me about his early political alignment. He was only nineteen when the presidential campaign of 1856 occurred. The Republican Party had just been formed and had that year nominated its first candidate for President. His Uncle Allen, with whom he had lived, had been a Whig, and was once inclined toward the newly formed Know-Nothings, who then called themselves Americans. But when the Republican Party was formed his uncle allied himself with the new party and became chairman of its county committee. In spite of the fact that his nephew was then living with him on intimate terms, he took the other turn and became what he remained to the end of his days—a consistent Democrat.

In 1858 he became a voter, and every year from that time until his election as mayor he distributed tickets at the polls. In those days ticket distributors were the volunteer workers of the party. In the absence of official ballots each man was given tickets and was assigned to look after a number of his fellow party voters, and was also expected to do what was known as missionary work with all comers. This was the accepted way of influencing men. It was before the days when money or the ways of using it were known, and so upon the men chosen as party watchers depended not only the casting of the regular party vote but the ability to obtain recruits from new or unattached voters. He never failed in this work, and pursued it with the industry and insight that characterized him in everything.

He was a strong, unyielding partisan. He had chosen his side, apparently without help or advice, as there is nothing to show that he had any inherited political principles or leanings. He had merely taken his own course and—once taken—he stuck to it. He maintained this policy for about three years, when in 1862 his party elected the district attorney of the county. Greatly to the surprise of most people, though not of those who knew him, young Cleveland was chosen as his assistant. His chief, Mr. Torrance, lived in the country, so that a large part of the routine of the office fell upon the assistant. He began his duties with the year 1863, and continued them the following two years, when the succession was to be determined. His work had been so well done that he was chosen as a candidate for district attorney, but was defeated by a small vote by Lyman K. Bass, who became and remained one of his best friends; and later they became partners.

About this time, even when he had gone out of office, Mr. Cleveland's position in his party became clearer. There was then less of formal management by committees than now, whether of counties, towns and precincts or elsewhere. His power with his fellow partisans was then so distinctly recognized that whenever a dispute rose in any ward or election precinct in Buffalo—Irish, German or what not—what in these days would be called a party row—it was at once communicated to Mr. Cleveland. He would arrange to reach the place where the dispute was in progress at a given time, would hear both sides, and whatever the question might be he would decide it promptly. The justice of his decisions soon became so well recognized that the practice of sending for him in such emergencies became a party habit.

A Case of Party Loyalty

This gave him a position that was to stand him in good stead personally in spite of the fact that he was not seeking an office. This attention to practical politics, though confined to his own city, was useful training in coming days. When he came to deal with men who called themselves practical in politics in later life he knew just what to do. He himself had grown into the game itself, not as it is played now, or as became common, but in the knowledge of men. In the really practical side that enters into politics as in everything else he was an adept in his way. This fact was hardly understood by the newer machine element as it grew in assertiveness and power during his higher flights. But still it was there, and during his service as governor and President, and to the end, he always expressed a satisfaction amounting almost to pride that he knew how to deal with these elements.

As showing his devotion and the undeviating adhesion to his party, Mr. Milburn tells how when the nomination of General Hancock for President was made in 1880, he went to Mr. Cleveland's office and began to talk about it in a very critical way, insisting that just as the Republicans were about giving up the pursuit of the Union soldier, the Democrats were now, as was usual with them in many cases, taking up the cast-off issues. This expression was at once resented by Mr. Cleveland, and he spoke with a plainness amounting almost to severity, reproaching Mr. Milburn for talking in that way about the man of high distinction who had just been made the representative of the party to which he had pledged himself and was bound.

It made upon Mr. Milburn a very distinct impression, which recurred many times during the coming years. But it was only illustrative of the position that Mr. Cleveland took, even when party division came toward the end of his days, and when he himself had to assume the critical attitude that had characterized his friend only a few years earlier. He always deprecated the necessity for any action of this kind, and evinced a prejudice in his later days against the men who, having been Democrats, went over to the Republican Party in the days of McKinley and Roosevelt. It was proper, from his point of view, to help elect these men in order to save a great moral issue, but he had always looked upon it as a temporary and disagreeable necessity which ought not to be carried to the extreme of permanent alignment with party opponents.

During these early years he passed through the experiences, public, party and other, incident to the Civil War. The attitude that most distinguished him during this period was unswerving devotion to the cause of the Union. There was naturally division in his party about the policies to be pursued, but his own mind was always clear. In this he was as uncompromising in his support as the strongest partisans of Lincoln and the Republican administration.

Habeas Corpus Suspended

He was eager to volunteer, but when the time came he found himself in the district attorney's office hard at work. Upon him and his three brothers the mother was dependent for support. So a family council was held, and the conclusion reached that two of the older brothers, the eldest then having entered the ministry, should volunteer, while Grover should stay at home and contribute as best he could to the common fund. A little later, in order to fill quotas in Buffalo, resort was had to the draft, and when Mr. Cleveland's name was drawn he furnished a substitute, borrowing the money—one thousand dollars—from his superior, Mr. Torrance. It was some time before he could pay this back, but it was a necessity of the situation. In describing this incident some thirty-five years later he said to Gen. Leonard Wood: "One of the greatest regrets of my life was that I could not shoulder a musket and go to war. But I was the one who was left at home to look after my mother. My two brothers both went into the service."

But his devotion to the cause of the Union went still deeper. An interesting story about this was told me by Judge Haight. In September, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus. Upon this there was a great outcry not only in Buffalo but everywhere. It was such an unusual proceeding that many men, Republicans as well as Democrats, were strongly opposed to this policy.

Among others, a Campbellite clergyman in an outlying village preached a fiery sermon to his congregation. Thereupon, when report was made to the authorities, a warrant under the President's proclamation was procured, and the clergyman was haled to Buffalo and landed in jail. A lawyer who did not have much personal interest in the case but wanted to test the Federal judge, who had been rather pronounced in his opinions about the question, asked his clerk, then the young man Haight, to prepare a writ calling the offending clergyman before the court. This was granted, a hearing held and the clergyman released, only later to be rearrested and sent off to Fort Lafayette, where he was again released and the case ended.

During the day after the first writ was served the clerk met Mr. Cleveland in the street, when the latter said to him: "Well, I am very sorry that the judge decided as he did yesterday in the case of the clergyman. It seems to me that the Government has a right in time of war to resort to every possible method to protect itself."

This was a bold and characteristic opinion for a very young man, and a Democrat, considering the fact that more than thirty years later he himself found a way in the Debs case by which the Government could protect itself from offensive acts and attacks in time of peace. Thus his attachment to the Union was shown at every turn, and he was soon classed among the most positive of the war Democrats of his town and district.

Mr. Cleveland was never out of sympathy, as is sometimes claimed, with the

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 79)

reform purposes of Samuel J. Tilden, but the latter had built up in Erie County, as in some others, a machine of his own, antagonistic to Dean Richmond, who was the leading Democrat of the county and a man of the very highest character, of whom Mr. Cleveland was a follower. They did not look upon this opposition machine as having had a good purpose, but as an attack upon Mr. Richmond and his associates. That there were few counties in New York where there were fewer things to correct or reform than in Erie was due to the high character of the county leader.

Aside from this, Mr. Cleveland had no interest in any politics outside his own immediate district. He did not go to conventions or make party speeches, local or general, and so far as I have ever been able to learn he did not make a speaking canvass in the county or city even when he was a candidate. He ran wholly on his merits and upon the claims of his party.

When he became the candidate for mayor he broke up the common custom of canvassing for votes in saloons, and he would never stand for the use of money. He never went out of his way to see outside party leaders, and it was not until after he had been elected President that he met Mr. Tilden.

Neither in this nor anything else was he much accustomed to doing things in a conventional way. As he had his own life to live and his own character to follow, these seemed quite sufficient for him.

For every office he ever held he was nominated without effort of his own. This applied to the district attorneyship, to the shrievalty, and between these times he declined the assistant United States district attorneyship tendered him by William Dorsheimer, later lieutenant governor of New York. So far as money was concerned, he always had to think carefully on the living side. After his first failure in 1864 he could not afford to be again beaten. The result was that every time he was a candidate he was put upon a ticket to strengthen it, to help carry other men through with little regard to his own fate. It must be confessed, however, that he never had much stomach for running for an office and being defeated. It did not specially worry him, but he had not much time to give to vain attempts, because from first to last office was no more than an incident.

In the campaign of 1881 the Republicans had nominated for mayor Mr. Beebe, an architect, who had been elected as alderman, had served as president of the common council, and enjoyed an unblemished reputation so far as the general public knew. The city was normally Republican. Its forces were all united, and there was no reason to suppose that it would not easily elect its entire city ticket, which was then in the field.

Mr. Cleveland as Mayor

Shortly after, the Democratic convention met, but was unable to find a candidate for mayor. Mr. Cleveland was approached, and declined the honor. Several other leading Democrats were solicited, but the prospect of election was so remote that no one desired to run for mayor. The convention thereupon passed that office and proceeded to nominate the remainder of the ticket. For comptroller John C. Sheehan was renominated. He had been comptroller at that time for two terms, and this would be his third term. After making these nominations the convention stood adjourned in order to procure a nominee for mayor.

As the search for a man continued public sentiment in the party more and more centered upon Mr. Cleveland, and he was finally visited by the leading members of his party, who forcefully presented their claim for his services. He was reminded that the party had elected him to the very lucrative office of sheriff, from which he had been able to secure a competence; that the times demanded him and he owed it to the party and to his fellow citizens to make the fight. The pressure was so strong that Mr. Cleveland yielded his assent, but upon condition that Sheehan retire from the ticket as a candidate for comptroller.

This created another serious obstacle, as Sheehan clearly controlled the convention and was disinclined to yield. It was finally compromised by Sheehan's proposal that he would retire if he was permitted to name his successor. When this was reported to Mr. Cleveland he replied that it was agreeable to him, dependent, however, upon whom he should nominate. Sheehan thereupon named Timothy Mahoney, and Mr. Cleveland immediately approved of this selection.

The campaign was but a few days old when charges of a very serious character were made against the Republican nominee, and in the main the general public was in doubt. It became apparent in a short time that the Republican ticket was doomed to defeat, and such was the fact. From that time Mr. Cleveland had greatness thrust upon him.

It is no part of my purpose to review, except in the briefest way, Mr. Cleveland's short term as mayor of Buffalo, because, though it was the first of his real political achievements, it is perhaps also the most conspicuous. He challenged home attention at once by his short speech of acceptance in October, and naturally he became a local celebrity by his overwhelming election. But it was four or five months after he went into office before he began to be known outside the limits of his city. His whole reputation and his subsequent nomination for governor of New York were based upon three distinct utterances: His speech of acceptance, his message vetoing the appropriation of five hundred dollars for the celebration of Decoration Day, and his famous plain-speech veto in June.

The Flanagan Case

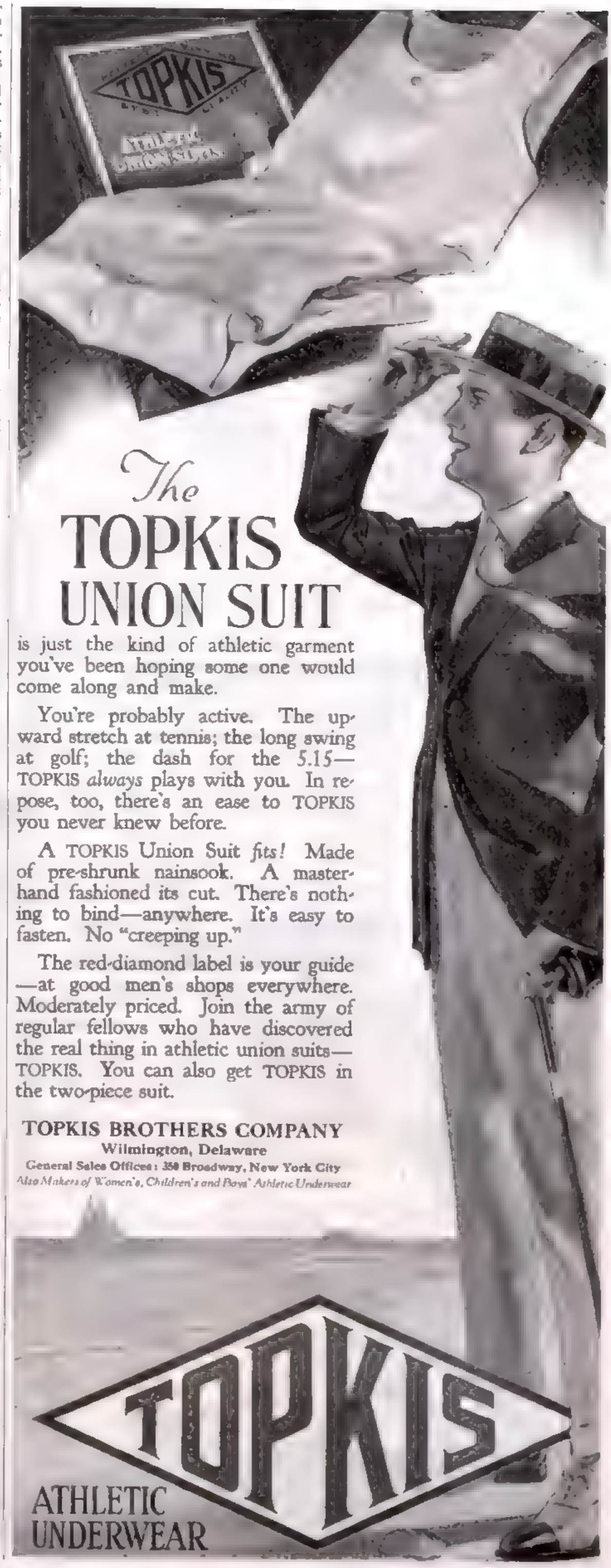
Practically his higher career opened, so far as its larger phases are concerned, in May, 1882, and so rapid was its progress that three months later the nomination for governor was made upon these utterances and the positive executive work based upon them. His national character was fixed by these few events and by his election as governor. Certainly no man has ever come to high distinction with so few distinctive utterances or after a political career so brief and modest. It is no wonder that he was always afraid that he could not maintain the pace he had fixed.

But the mayor of Buffalo did something else than veto bad city ordinances and get himself deeper and deeper into politics. For an account of one of these activities I am indebted to Edward W. Hatch, long a supreme-court justice in Buffalo. He tells me of the following dramatic incident, modestly failing, however, to explain that he was the district attorney in question:

"In 1880 Martin Flanagan, a scooper in a grain elevator, killed John Kairns, his foreman. For that crime he was indicted for murder in the first degree, was tried and convicted of the offense early in the year 1881, and sentenced to be executed. Appeals were taken to the superior court of Buffalo, where the indictment had been found. The conviction was affirmed and the court of appeals upheld the verdict. An application was made to Governor Alonzo B. Cornell by Flanagan's counsel for commutation of the sentence. This was denied by the governor, and the day was fixed for the execution. He was confined in the Erie County jail, and the gallows had been erected for his execution. Flanagan had been indicted under Robert C. Titus, as district attorney. But a change took place on the first of January, 1881, and the conviction of Flanagan was secured by Mr. Titus' successor.

"Messrs. Titus, Cleveland, Powers, Fillmore and John Allen, the latter a director of the New York Central Railroad, together with a number of other gentlemen, had a common table at the Tifft House in Buffalo. The occupants of this table attained added distinction by Mr. Cleveland's preferment for public office. On the day before the date set for Flanagan's execution Mr. Titus called attention to the fact that the execution was to take place the next day, and remarked that if Flanagan had been well defended he would not have been convicted of murder in the first degree.

"In this Mr. Titus was mistaken, as Flanagan was defended by two competent young lawyers who presented everything, both as to law and the facts, of which his defense admitted. The statement, however, arrested the attention of Mr. Allen, a forceful, vigorous, able man, and he remarked that if a man was about to be improperly executed in Erie County it was time for somebody to take action; and a committee from the gentlemen at the table immediately waited upon Mr. Cleveland, then mayor, laid the whole matter before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him and insisted that he should communicate with the governor, procure a commutation of the sentence until such time as an examination of the case was made and the governor could be asked to commute the sentence.

"Mr. Cleveland immediately telegraphed to Governor Cornell, requesting a postponement of the execution in order that further matters might be presented for consideration in the renewal of the application for a commutation of the sentence. The governor granted this request, and the date for the execution of the sentence was accordingly postponed.

"Mr. Cleveland not only took this step, but also interested himself in Flanagan, with whom he had a number of prolonged interviews. He examined the entire record of the trial; interviewed Judge Beckwith, who had presided at the trial, and thoroughly informed himself concerning the circumstances surrounding the whole proceedings and the evidence adduced.

"The defense of Flanagan was based upon his being a dipsomaniac, which it was claimed so confused his mind as to make it impossible for him to distinguish between right and wrong or to appreciate the nature and quality of his act, in consequence of which the act did not fall within the definition of what constituted murder in the first degree, and Flanagan was therefore entitled to acquittal. This claim was submitted to the jurors, who rejected it. Beyond this there was no defense.

"Flanagan claimed that he had not the slightest recollection of committing the murder or of what happened at the time, and in this respect he convinced Mr. Cleveland of the truthfulness of his statement. So though there was no disposition upon the part of Mr. Cleveland or anybody to ask Flanagan's pardon, all were insistent that under the circumstances the question of guilt was so doubtful that execution was not justified; that the benefit of the doubt should be given him and his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

"No task ever occupied Mr. Cleveland's attention that he did not thoroughly examine the questions involved until he reached a conclusion. He had an open mind to that point, and justly weighed the facts and arguments. Having reached a conclusion, he was rarely if ever moved from his point of view, and he always acted with a courage which rose to the level, if it did not surpass his conviction."

The Hearing at Albany

"Mr. Allen, at the time set for the hearing before the governor, procured a special car to take to Albany nearly all of the jurymen who had convicted Flanagan, a number of the witnesses who had been sworn and some who were able to adduce circumstances extraneous to the trial. Quite a number of persons participated with Mr. Cleveland in making up a case for presentation to the governor, and quite a number of affidavits were obtained. Mr. Locke and Mr. Box, of Buffalo, interested themselves and went to Albany. The district attorney was invited by Mr. Allen and accompanied this delegation to Albany. There was nearly a carload of people.

"It will be borne in mind that Governor Cornell was a large man physically, of a strong character and disinclined under all circumstances to exercise the pardoning power in relieving criminals from the consequences of their acts. I think it will be found in his message to the legislature of the year before the Flanagan application that he directed attention to the fact that during the previous year he had not found occasion to exercise the pardoning power. He was impressive in appearance, cold and deliberate in action, and presented in fact and in appearance but little evidence of favorable consideration to applications for executive clemency.

"The governor received the delegation in the executive chamber. The hearing was before him and his pardon clerk. This pardon clerk had been appointed by Governor John T. Hoffman, and had remained ever since with successive governors. Pardon clerks become important personages in the exercise of executive clemency by most governors. Mr. Cleveland was a distinct exception to this rule. A warm-hearted pardon clerk is frequently the means of moving executive clemency; an unemotional one the reverse. This pardon clerk fell into the latter class.

"Mr. Cleveland opened the hearing with a carefully prepared statement of all the facts and circumstances connected with the commission of the crime itself and what occurred upon the trial. He urged with great force and ability the reasons why this man's life should not be forfeit, but that he should be given the benefit of the doubt and commuted to life imprisonment; that in the case of the governor such doubt was not to be measured by the cold legal definition of a reasonable doubt, but that the attitude of the defendant to the crime was to be considered, and if any circumstances, reasonable in themselves, cast doubt upon any element of the crime, executive clemency should be interposed; that it was clearly apparent that no motive existed in Flanagan which induced him to commit the crime, as the deceased was his friend and had befriended him many times.

"This view was enforced by Mr. Cleveland with great power, but so far as appearance went made little impression upon the executive. After he had finished, affidavits, letters, papers, recommendations of the jury and other matters were presented for consideration. The governor then asked if the district attorney was present, and having identified him, asked him if he had tried the case. He was then asked for a statement, and he presented to the governor the facts of the case as revealed by the evidence upon the trial, both those adduced for the prosecution and those for the defense, as clearly as he was able. He made no recommendation with respect to the propriety of the exercise of executive clemency, but left that solely to the governor, contenting himself with saying that the evidence justified the verdict which had been reached, and that no errors had been found by the courts prejudicial to the defense."

A Dramatic Scene

"Then occurred an intensely dramatic scene. Mr. Box, of Buffalo, who had interested himself deeply in presenting the application for the defendant and was a special friend of Governor Cornell, rose to address him further in Flanagan's behalf. The hearing had been quite prolonged, nearly two hours having been consumed. The governor had become impatient of further discussion, evidently thinking that he had heard all that was of any use in making disposition of the application. He therefore admonished Mr. Box that the hearing was at a close. Mr. Box, who was generally not easily suppressed, held some views which he believed, if expressed, would be beneficial to the defendant and, notwithstanding the attitude of the governor, persisted in addressing him. This not only increased the impatience of the governor but roused his resentment, and in a tone indicating anger he ordered Mr. Box to desist.

"His attitude and expression succeeded in squelching Mr. Box, but they roused Mr. Cleveland. The governor sat in a swivel chair in front of his desk. Mr. Cleveland sat a little to the right of the desk, but when he rose to address the governor he stood behind it directly facing the man in authority. The governor, in order to squelch Mr. Box, had partially risen from his chair, with his arm extended toward Mr. Box, when Mr. Cleveland sprang to his feet and in a determined manner, evidently under great excitement, faced the governor, and in a ringing, impressive tone he said: 'We come to you as to the king, pleading for mercy. It is your duty to hear us and to hear us to the end.'

"Here were two men, both very large physically, both determined in character and in habit; both had been used to the exercise of command in the spheres in which they had moved; both were powerful in will. The governor was angered and roused, possessed the power and knew it. Mr. Cleveland was roused, presented a majestic appearance in the conviction that his cause was just and that the rights of a citizen were being infringed by the governor. The attitude of the two, the tension of the occasion, the commanding force of both men, it is impossible to describe. The whole chamber was hushed. Gradually the governor let his hand fall, resumed his seat in the chair, and Mr. Cleveland proceeded to address him for fifteen minutes with tremendous impressiveness, and the governor listened without any attempt to interrupt. He realized that for once he had met his master.

"The hearing was then closed. Mr. Cleveland and his associates retired, together with the pardon clerk. After the rest of the party had retired the district

(Continued on Page 85)

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Men who smoke find that film absorbs tobacco stains. So men's teeth generally show film-coats more than women's do.

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These 7,000 Specialists are Working Together on Your Washday Problems

A few women acting collectively in a common cause are within a single vote of affixing a new amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

In a brief period of striving together they have achieved more than their mothers accomplished in a thousand years of working alone.

Yet, by reason of their natural isolation in the home, women still think "individually" of *washday* problems. The cleansing methods of the modern laundry, on the other hand, have approached nearer to perfection because 7,000 laundryowners are thinking *collectively*.

This trained thought force—this multiple mind of 7,000 units—is being applied every day in the modern laundries of America to the further solution of your washday problems.

What each individual laundryowner learns is communicated to the 6,999 others.

Through this co-operation many things in your interest have been accomplished. Here are some of them:

A washing process has been developed that emulates the softly cleansing action of the cascade.

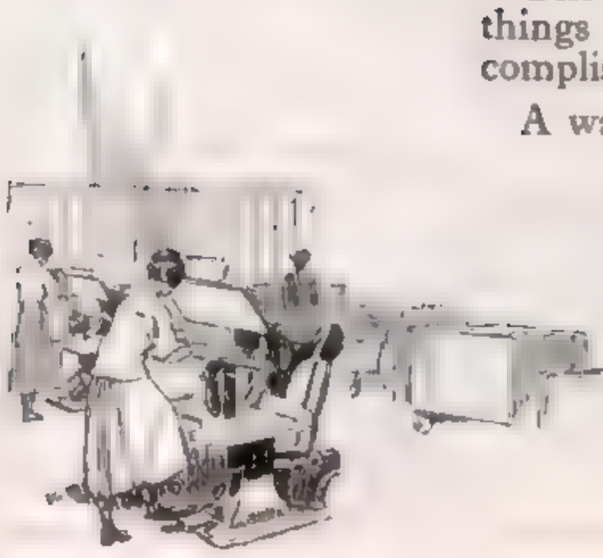
A remarkable spinning basket is in use that extracts water from wet clothes without the squeezing or straining of a single thread—superseding the old-fashioned clothes wringer.

Equipment for ironing, so delicately adjusted that a sheet of wet tissue paper can be smoothed without the tearing of a fibre, has been perfected.

Individually, and collectively through the Laundryowners National Association, these 7,000 modern laundryowners are daily bringing out improved methods of laundering your family apparel and household linen.

Isn't it only reasonable to assume that this service—which represents the combined experience of 7,000 specialists—is safest and most sanitary for clothes, and the most saving for yourself?

This improved laundering service is available to you. You'll find washday no longer a problem if you'll send your family bundle to one of the modern laundries in your city. Try it.



THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 82)

attorney, when asked what ought to be done, replied that he could not say; it was for the governor to exercise the pardoning power; and with that, under the circumstances, he thought he ought not to express an opinion. The governor thereupon unceremoniously dismissed the district attorney, who afterward learned from those accompanying Mr. Cleveland that when they reached the anteroom Mr. Cleveland inquired of the pardon clerk when they would be likely to hear the result of the application; that the pardon clerk made some reply which Mr. Cleveland regarded as insolent and they had words. The next fall Mr. Cleveland was elected governor. The first application for appointment to office received by him came from the pardon clerk, to which Mr. Cleveland immediately replied that his services would be dispensed with on the first day of January following; and they were.

"Years afterward I was invited to deliver an address at the alumni meeting of the Cornell University in New York, where I met Governor Cornell for the first time since the hearing. His mind had lost some of its acuteness, and he showed little interest in his surroundings. I told him that I had met him before at the time when Mr. Cleveland appeared before him in the Flanagan case. His face lighted up immediately, and he indicated great interest in the matter. I said I was the district attorney, and he said, 'So you were, so you were. I recollect you now very well.' He said, 'I understood that when Mr. Cleveland retired from the hearing he was offended at some action by my pardon clerk [naming him] and took great offense at it,' and he asked me if I knew what the circumstances were. I said I did not, as I was not present; that he would recall that he kept me after the others had left, and he replied, 'So I did, so I did. But I understood Mr. Cleveland was much offended.' He then relapsed into his former condition of complete indifference to his surroundings, and said no more.

"Cornell in fact commuted Flanagan's sentence to life imprisonment. He was committed to Auburn prison and died there some years after his committal."

Mr. Murlin's Recollections

Confirmatory of this narrative, Mr. Edgar J. Murlin, one of the old-fashioned Albany correspondents, long connected with the court of appeals, writes me as follows:

"My first sight of Mr. Cleveland was under somewhat dramatic circumstances. One day Governor Cornell, in chatting with me, referred to the circumstance that he had granted few pardons. My thought when I heard Governor Cornell make this statement was that he meant, in this indirect way, to declare that he upheld the verdicts of the courts. The following day when I came into the executive department I found a large fat man haranguing Cornell in the big executive chamber. Cornell sat in a swivel chair, leaning back with his under lip thrust out—the picture of an obstinate man set in his purpose. It was a hot summer day, and the large fat man who was addressing the governor frequently had to wipe his sweaty brow. 'Who is that?' I said to Henry Abell, Cornell's secretary. 'Mayor Cleveland of Buffalo,' he answered, 'trying to get a commutation for Flanagan, a Buffalo man convicted of murder.' And I inwardly thought, 'Much chance the mayor will have to get that commutation.' But he did. Cleveland argued that Flanagan was insane, and six months later this was clearly established."

Many thoughtful men in Buffalo attribute to this Flanagan incident an entire change in Grover Cleveland's outlook upon the world. Upon this, his first venture into the great outside world, he had achieved a great victory, and both he and his friends knew it. He had measured himself with a man who represented power, and had won. He realized that after all there was a larger outlet for his life than that leading to and from the practice of law in a restricted district. For the first time he showed some interest in his own political career.

When his friends and neighbors met soon thereafter at a clambake on George Urban's Pine Ridge farm, where the heap of shells is still shown as proof that it had really been held, Mr. Cleveland attended. This meeting of personal friends, Democrats, Republicans and Independents, had for its purpose the inauguration of a movement to present to the Democratic state convention to be held at Syracuse the claims of the Buffalo mayor for the governorship. Erie County had been overlooked in state politics ever since Millard Fillmore had been defeated for governor nearly forty years before. In this movement Mr. Cleveland no longer refused, as he had previously done, to help his own promotion, but took his full share in this initial meeting to make him a party standard bearer.

Many of those who took part in it were his strong political opponents, but they did their part in letting the state know the claims of their own citizen, newly come into prominence. After that the rest was easy. The movement thus started procured the nomination and insured the election. It has always been believed in Buffalo that the Flanagan case had proved itself to be the moving cause in this change of attitude on the part of Grover Cleveland.

It is the general conclusion of his old friends that Mr. Cleveland, just prior to his election as mayor, may be fairly said to have been destitute of political ambition; certainly of any desire for social distinction and in the main also of professional advancement.

Local Opinion

A year or more prior to his election as mayor, A. P. Laning, one of the leading lawyers of Buffalo, the personal attorney of Dean Richmond and the representative of the New York Central Railroad Company at Buffalo, died. He was an able man and, as his partner, Colonel Willett, had died a short time before, their firm, then doing the New York Central business, was left with two young men who feared that they were not strong enough to hold the Central business. They therefore sought to strengthen their connection. Mr. Wilson S. Bissell, afterward postmaster-general, was then a partner of Mr. Cleveland. He had read law in the office of Laning & Willett, and the newer firm already represented some railroads.

A proposition was made to Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bissell by the surviving partners of the Laning firm. This was agreeable to the New York Central Railroad, and assured the proposed new firm that connection in their business. Bissell was extremely anxious, and urged the formation of the copartnership. Cleveland nearly consented. He was so far committed that he tried many lawsuits for the Central, and for some time looked after most of its contested litigation.

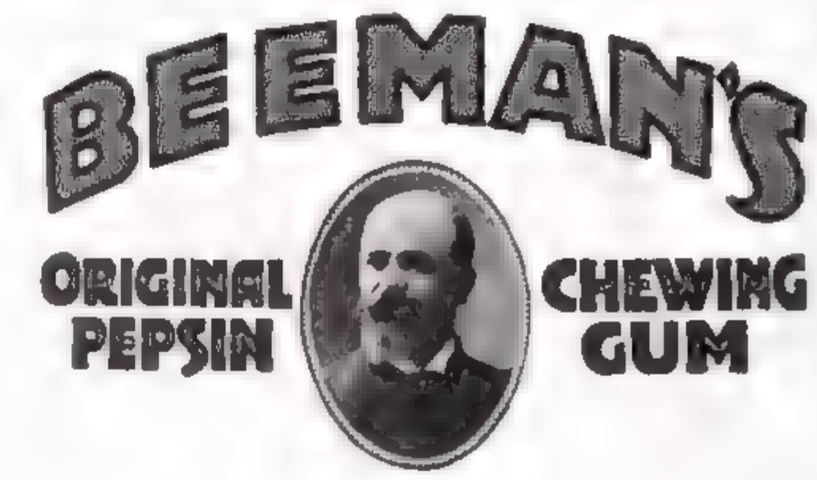
Mr. Cleveland finally refused to form the connection, and announced—not publicly but privately—as his reason that his personal comfort would be interfered with. It was for much the same reason that, when governor, he requested Croker to retire Thomas F. Grady from the senate. He insisted that Laning had to get up early in the morning to reach the circuit courts in some parts of the district, sleep in strange beds, live in poor hotels and return home late at night, and that he himself, though working regularly early and late, did not like this and would not do it.

From a professional point of view this connection was most desirable, but it soon became plain that Mr. Cleveland was in possession of a competence sufficient for all his needs, which were simple, and the business which he did he could practically select, and in its performance he was at home for the greater part of his time. In no direction was his ambition strong enough to lift him out of this view, and this was his political attitude when the mayoralty was thrust upon him.

An eminent member of the Buffalo bar has contributed the following estimate of Mr. Cleveland as a lawyer:

"Mr. Cleveland, in the main in his professional activities, was contented with such distinction as he achieved in Buffalo, the place that he had selected for his home. He was attached to old things; was rather opposed to innovations, and not ambitious to achieve distinction by any new departure.

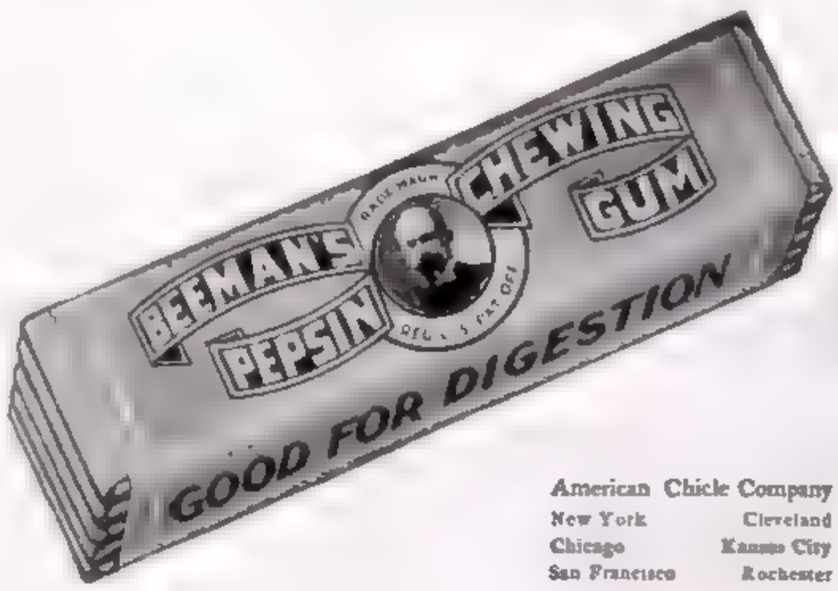
"By the bar of Buffalo, men of distinction and eminence in their profession, he was regarded as a very able lawyer. He had a genius for application and a resolute purpose not to be turned aside, to master every question which he undertook to solve. His perceptions were not quick, his apprehension was slow, but he made up for lack in both of these attributes by a determined power of application, which never faltered until it had mastered the thing which he



An Aid to Digestion

Many people have found that the routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal aids digestion, because the chewing of gum stimulates the flow of saliva which is so necessary to the proper digestion of food.

This applies with particular force to business men and women whose nervous "let-down" is often due entirely to some slight form of indigestion.



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Mary says: ... wouldn't get frozen up.

Father says: ... warmth no matter how hard ... sedan for the bad weather."

Mother says: I like to go visiting in winter just as much as in summer. And I like to go to the theatre, too. What beats an Anchor Top closed car for comfort and style?"

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An Anchor Top makes a sedan out of a touring car and a coupé out of a roadster.

Each make of car named here has an Anchor Top model designed specifically for it. The Top fits right on the regular body irons and the lines of the Top carry out the lines of the body. The effect is that of a custom-made product.

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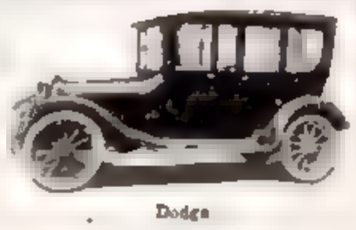
The Anchor Top is demountable. Remove it for summer and put on your regular extension top. Have two cars in one—a closed model for winter and an open car for the fine weather.



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had set about. Physically he was strong, and his physical powers seemed always to be entirely obedient to his will. I think whenever he went to excess in any direction it was the result of reaction which takes place after a continuing strain of an intense application for long periods of time. His power of concentration was limited only by physical demands. He worked for twenty-four hours at a stretch without feeling the need of rest. Indeed I think he was insensible to his physical requirements. When his task was ended the physical reaction was like that of a suddenly released spring.

"His application would master every question, no matter how subtle. He was not infallible, and his processes of reasoning would sometimes lead him astray, or courts would not follow the nice distinctions that he made. This was not because he did not understand the question involved, but it was due either to an infirmity in his reasoning or an infirmity in the courts' decisions. Whichever it was, when Mr. Cleveland had reached a conviction upon any question, neither one nor the other of these conditions ever shook the strength of his conclusion. This made him at all times an exceedingly dangerous antagonist, and it is no exaggeration to say that he was a very able lawyer and entitled in his profession to have taken a much higher position than he achieved.

"I never heard of his expressing preference in the practice of the law between trials at circuits and argument in banc. He was a good jury lawyer, and frequently became eloquent before juries. He practiced no subterfuge. This was impossible for him. His great strength was his candor, his thorough integrity, which could no more be concealed than he could have hid dishonesty if he had been impregnated with that. These elements, coupled always with an intense conviction, were an exceedingly strong factor before a jury, while before the courts they gave him a standing and insured him a respectful hearing at all times."

Judge Hatch's Anecdotes

I have had to resist the temptation to seek and record that series of anecdotes of my subject with which all Western New York is filled. They are as thick out there as are the Lincoln stories in Illinois, and, generally speaking, much better attested. It must not be forgotten that the Buffalo of this man's days was distinctly Western in type. Its men had been compelled to conquer the forest, and thus they had the same qualities of the larger and more remote territory of the pioneer. They were not limited to conventional lines, and so character came out in much the same way. So I must be content with one or two of the strictly Buffalo stories. In this I must fall back again upon the helpfulness of Judge Hatch:

"The last time I saw Mr. Cleveland recalls a pleasant and interesting incident. I met him at the Lawyers' Club, then in the old Equitable Building. I had not seen him for some years. I had just resigned and entered upon the practice of the law. He greeted me very pleasantly. From our earliest acquaintance he had called me by my given name. He said: 'Ed, I was surprised when I learned that you had resigned. Indeed you have surprised me twice—once when you went upon the bench in an early day and the other when you left it later in life. But,' he said, 'I suppose you will be happier off than on. It gives you more freedom and perhaps enables you to enjoy a great many things that you would not come in contact with if you remained a judge.'

"I expressed satisfaction at meeting him, thanked him for his kind wishes, and we walked out near the cigar counter, where were standing Judge Parker and some other gentlemen forming a group. Mr. Cleveland told the judge that he had known me in an early day when I was district attorney of Erie County, and said that he himself was once a candidate for the same office and was beaten. He explained that he ran against Lyman K. Bass, later a partner with him. He said that he and Bass, who was the candidate on the Republican ticket, were warm friends. After both conventions had made nominations he and Bass entered into a compact to the effect that neither would spend any money in the campaign, except such sums as they might contribute to their respective county committees, and that they would not drink more than four glasses of beer a day apiece. Turning to me, Mr. Cleveland said: 'Ed, you know that in that German community at that time four glasses of beer were not much.' I replied: 'Yes, that is true. If a person drank no more than four glasses of beer a day he was eligible to any office on the Prohibition ticket.'

"Mr. Cleveland went on to say: 'After the compact that night I met Bass at the Dutchman's, where we had some beer, and in a short time we found that the four glasses were exhausted. Then we looked at each other, and Bass said: "Well, suppose we anticipate part of the campaign." I yielded to that, and we got along very well, and so it continued for some time, each night anticipating the campaign, until Bass one night said to me: "Grover, do you know that we have anticipated the whole campaign?"'

"'After considering this, Bass, who was intellectually fertile and inventive, proposed that we declare the compact off, but immediately renew it, to which I assented, and Bass said he would arrange the matter.

"'The next night we met at the Dutchman's, when Bass produced two tin-can receptacles, which he called glasses, holding about a gallon each, and said those would be used as glasses for the remainder of the campaign. I acquiesced in this, and we went through the remaining days of the campaign without trespassing upon the compact.'

"When he had finished he said: 'You see, gentlemen, what a man will do to gratify his vices.' He turned, walked to the elevator, entered it and that was the last time I ever saw him. He was dead within the year thereafter."

When Mr. Cleveland was elected governor he had next to no knowledge of any of the judges of New York state outside of the Eighth Judicial District, to which he had limited his practice. I cannot find any record of his appearance before the Court of Appeals in Albany, and it is certain that he had never been in Washington before he went there for his first inauguration. He seemed to have no desire to take cases that carried him personally into other districts or into any other state or Federal courts. He was perfectly satisfied not only with the practice he had in Erie and the surrounding counties, but he constantly declined high-class and lucrative business that was offered to him.

It was only natural that when he became governor he was forced in some way to extend this acquaintance. In the first year of his term there came to him, as to all governors, the duty of assigning judges to the duties incident to special term and other duties. At that time his neighbor and friend, Albert Haight, then serving as a justice in the fifth department of New York and later associate judge of the Second Division of the Court of Appeals, and still later associate judge of the Court of Appeals, was stationed in Albany. As showing the attachment to his old Buffalo friends, the governor said one day to the judge: "I wish you would come up to the executive mansion to-night and take dinner with me, after which I shall probably call upon you for certain help which I will then outline."

Dependence on Friends

The social duties over, the governor told his guest just what he wanted. He explained that he had before him this task of distributing judges for extra service in the eight judicial districts of the state, in districts other than their own and to special terms, and frankly admitted to Judge Haight his absolute lack of knowledge of any of them and insisted that he needed help.

This frank admission of his dependence upon one who had been his friend almost from boyhood naturally made its appeal, so that the next few hours were absorbed in a thorough review of all the higher judges of the state. The whole situation was thrashed out from every point of view—the merits, the peculiar abilities, even the faults and failures, if they had any, and the fitness of each judge either for his own special work and for any lying outside his district or field—in short, everything that related to the highest judiciary system; their qualifications for certain work in the different courts; their capacity for sitting in banc, and thus their gift for working with others; in fact everything that could possibly relate to the qualities and qualifications of the judicial representatives in all the districts.

When the consultation had ended a complete list had been made of all these judges, with tentative selections as suggested by the judge. The understanding between the two was complete, and the dependence of the governor upon his mentor was acknowledged throughout. When the work of seven districts was finished the governor said, "Now that will do," thus intimating that so far as the eighth district was concerned he needed no help. Within the usual period for making such assignments the list appeared, and throughout just as had been suggested and agreed between the two. As to the eighth district, as already noted, no advice had been asked or accepted, but the curious thing was that Judge Haight's name, like that of Abou ben Adhem, led all the rest.

This is only another illustration not only of Mr. Cleveland's dependence upon his friends, but of the further fact that here, as in other cases, he turned in time of need to his old Buffalo associates. This was true throughout his life, for whenever a really vital question came up—something upon which he needed absolute advice—these old associates, the men he knew best, are constantly in evidence.

Bachelor Days

It has been interesting to study the social life of a bachelor on the spot where he lived twenty-seven years until he passed suddenly into the political arena which removed him from his old surroundings. Generally speaking, the average confirmed bachelor does not have many social connections. Now and again one is found who has been the polite and trustworthy escort of ten or fifteen generations of girls—a generation of girls in this respect averaging about two years. He was peculiarly lacking both in his early days and in his later and better known period in the gossip that seems to go with the ordinary social life. If there was anywhere a romance it seems to have been sedulously concealed, and in like manner if there were intrigues they were equally hidden. He illustrated Emerson's doctrine that gentlemen do not talk about their religion or their love affairs. He was therefore essentially a man's man, and yet though he lived in a period when risqué stories were somewhat in vogue, he did not indulge in them himself or permit them in others. His mental and social activities did not find that sort of outlet.

He was fond of men's semipublic occasions, like clambakes and other outdoor entertainments. Here he could do his share both in eating and drinking, in neither of which was he backward. Though he was not inordinate in anything, anybody would make a sorry mess of it who should represent him as being a teetotaler. His ample capacity was not abused by resort to extremes, but he did his full part, paid his own way and more, was helpful in organization and was always ready to subscribe to any deficits that might exist.

His social life included all types and classes of respectable men, regardless of occupation. There was about him no assertiveness, nothing to indicate that he thought himself better than anybody else, but a willingness and a determination to show himself a real man, democratic without being familiar, and plain without any pretension. He had more time on hand to be filled in than most men. His waking eighteen hours a day made demands upon him for some sort of occupation—something mostly provided for in his daily stint.

He was an early riser, and though it is claimed that he did not know a note of music, his friends represent him as singing while shaving and dressing. This either proves that he knew no notes or that he was fooling himself into the assumption that this was the proper thing to do. A good many men who have perhaps no more idea of music than he use this opportunity for whistling, but his weakness seems to have been for song. It is probably fortunate that no modern mechanical musical instruments were at work to record the notes.

Two or three evenings a week he spent with friends, generally at some eating place, where the sittings could be both pleasant and prolonged. Buffalo had many curious conditions in these early days. About 1825, when it had hardly grown to the proportions of a town, a large number of Alsatians settled there. These people brought with them their peculiar tastes, customs and manners, especially their methods of preparing food. They were good livers, and

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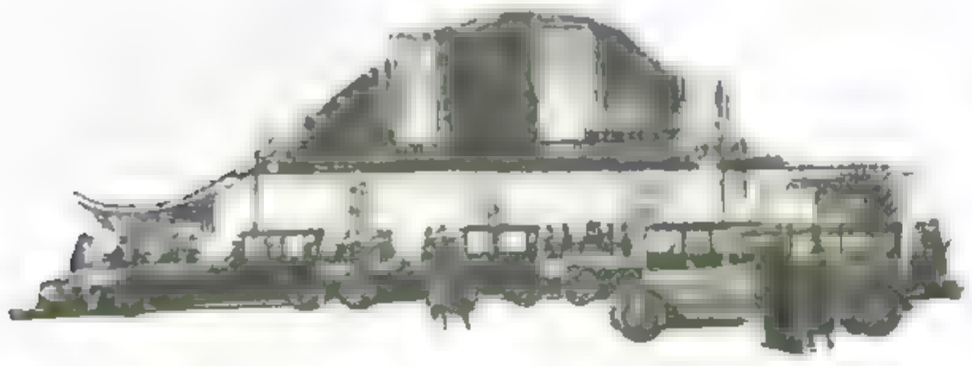

Her biggest achievements are built on moments of rest

THE wear and tear of countless rehearsals—the strain, week after week, of performing before great audiences—the exhausting travel of long tours—these are some of the reasons why not one woman in a thousand has the necessary physique to be a successful singer of grand opera.

And perhaps not one singer in a thousand has Geraldine Farrar's capacity for sheer hard work. Her thirty or more operatic rôles, her concert repertoires, her phonograph records, her miles of films, which are shown in over 9,000 moving picture houses in the country, represent an amount of energy and driving power that few men possess.

"I have never heard Miss Farrar say that she was tired," one of her assistants reported. "When she was making films, she would often begin at seven in the morning and work straight on until evening. Now and then she would take a few minutes off and rest by sitting down and playing on her piano."

These "few minutes off," with which Farrar has learned to minimize the strain of work, represent one of the most important secrets of successful achievement.

Photograph by Aimé Dupont

No other woman in the Metropolitan Opera Company has Geraldine Farrar's pulling power with audiences. She fills the Metropolitan twice a week throughout the entire opera season.

The leaders in world achievement recognize that a moment or two of relaxation, breaking at frequent intervals the drive of a hard day, are worth more than an hour of recreation after one is exhausted.

Harriman, the great railroad builder, even at the most critical moments, could drop all business problems and in an instant become absorbed in his favorite author. Roosevelt, when he was making campaign tours in his private car, could put himself to sleep in the midst of noise and argument, and wake after a few minutes completely refreshed.

There are a dozen simple ways of getting this momentary relaxation.

One simple way of securing momentary relaxation

Most of us have noticed, for example, that merely washing the face and hands is restful. The next time you wash, use Jergens Violet Soap and see what an instant sense of refreshment you can get from this simple act.

Jergens Violet Soap is especially made to *refresh* as well as cleanse. It contains an ingredient so cooling, so refreshing, that physicians often recommend this ingredient for its effect on the skin.

The moment you use Jergens Violet you will feel its refreshing quality. Your skin will feel smooth, clean and cool.

The fragrance of Jergens Violet Soap, like that of fresh dewy violets—its cool transparence and visible purity—add to this wonderful effect of refreshment. The same qualities that give Jergens Violet Soap its refreshing value make it delightful for general use.

Jergens Violet Soap is sold wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents and learn its instant refreshment

For 6 cents we will send you a refreshing little cake of Jergens Violet Soap. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 656 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 656 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

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Bread With Raisins

Is a Better Food

FORGET, for a moment, the delicious flavor of raisin bread and think of its value as a food.

Raisins furnish 1560 units of energizing nutriment per pound, as well as natural iron and organic salts.

Their pure fruit sugar is in practically predigested form, so it is almost immediately assimilated.

This fruit-food value added to the nourishment of wheat forms an almost ideal food.

Plus the nutriment, we have in raisins one of the most tempting flavors that the palate knows.

And that stimulates the eating of bread by those who, without this extra appetite appeal, don't eat enough plain bread for their good.

Send 'round the corner or telephone to your grocer or bake shop for a loaf of California Raisin Bread.

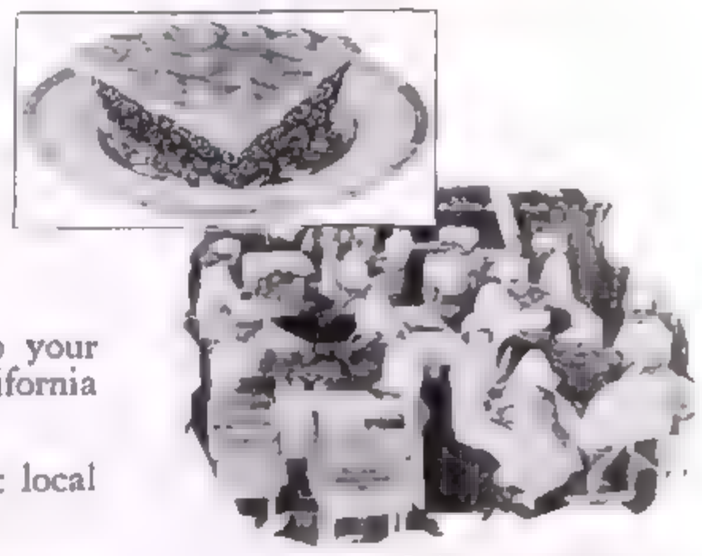
It is freshly baked for you by your best local bakeries and delivered fresh to the stores.

Filled with plump, tender, meaty SUN-MAID Raisins. The raisin flavor permeates the bread.

Try it plain, with or without butter. Learn what delicious toast it makes.

You can thus combine the breakfast fruit with the morning toast and serve a less expensive though equally good meal.

Serve at least twice a week to break the monotony of plain bread.



Packing Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins in Cartons

Also ask grocers and bake shops for California Raisin Pie, made with SUN-MAID Raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use SUN-MAID Raisins in all your cooking, for they are the finest raisins grown. Made from tender, juicy, thin-skinned California table grapes.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed);* Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds);* Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem).* All dealers.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to use.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 86)

their ways were soon fixed in the traditions of Buffalo, whose people have since been distinguished as liking good eating and drinking.

With all this they were a steady people, hard working, and soon buried themselves in the enterprises and activities of the town. Their influence upon the place was pervading—perhaps by far the strongest foreign group that took root in an early day, really much stronger than that of the Germans who came later in such large numbers. The presence of these people counted for much in the public sentiment of the town during the Franco-Prussian War. They were distinctly in favor of their race, and the taking away of Alsace from France was quite as great a grief to them as it was to the French at home.

No impression must be gained that these social evenings were given up to excessive eating and drinking. They were the social gatherings of men—men who did things in Buffalo. The lawyers, public officials, doctors, leading business men, visitors of importance, the men who came into the courts, the judges, all gathered in these places. It was before the days of clubs, as the Buffalo Club was not organized until 1867, and even then Mr. Cleveland did not become a member. He never entered it except as an honorary member just before he became mayor in 1882.

After the end of his term as sheriff and his return to the practice of the law Mr. Cleveland's position was entirely different. He was then at ease in his mind. His professional progress was rapid, and it was only a little while until he was recognized as one of the three or four biggest lawyers in Buffalo. This was brought about entirely by his practice and his improved financial position. He therefore took a more active part, his associations were broadened, his life became larger.

Mr. Cleveland as a Clubman

But these evenings with men, these clambakes, picnics and other outdoor entertainments, did not make up the whole of Mr. Cleveland's social life. As a rule men who persist in the bachelor habit are not often taken into the councils of families or of social clubs and other organizations, but Mr. Cleveland was an exception. Shortly after the close of the Civil War twenty-two families in Buffalo organized what was known as the Beaver Island Club. The summer-vacation habit was just coming upon the American people, and the desire of these families was to have a place where they—men, women and children—could go and have congenial associations among themselves and such outdoor life as their neighborhood afforded. So they bought Beaver Island in the Niagara River, formed a club among themselves, built a clubhouse, and with all the proper accessories carried it on during the summer months for nine or ten years. A steam yacht ran back and forth to the island several times a day carrying the members and their families. They took their luncheons and dinners at the club and returned when they chose to sleep in their own houses.

It was a pleasant organization, made up of people who were agreeable. Each member could invite guests under proper rules. They played their indoor and outdoor games as they chose, and lived a wholesome sort of semicommunity life. Of this organization Mr. Cleveland became the dictator and practical manager, and for nine years he filled these functions. When he concluded, for various reasons, that his time would not permit him to go on with it the club was given up, the property sold and the proceeds distributed. As I have already stated, this revealed a very unusual order of bachelor.

Another work he did was to organize the City Club in Buffalo, which corresponded in many respects to the modern midday clubs in great cities. For many years he managed this. He seemed to have a gift for these various things. His training as a country boy and his social life at the Black Rock house of his uncle all no doubt contributed to his qualifications for this work.

In later years, when he had risen to great distinction, many people who knew nothing of this training wondered how he had learned to manage the executive mansion at Albany or the White House at Washington. While in these places he provided his family-home heads, but everybody who knew anything about him knew that he was always master in his own house. From the beginning at Albany he arranged his own dinners, invited his own guests and planned their seating and entertainment; while in Washington he was the most particular President in the conduct of such social affairs that has lately been seen in the White House, Mr. Arthur only excepted.

These things may seem to be small features in a man's life, but deeper knowledge of them has interested me, because it so contradicts all the impressions that have been formed about this man. The idea even to the present day is that he had been caught up in a whirlwind and dropped down first as governor in Albany and then in the Presidency at Washington by some sort of accident. The truth is that very few men who have risen to high positions were ever so well trained for their duties, and hardly any so devoted to details as he. Everything he took up and did he learned—learned from the bottom up. One of his weaknesses was in not trusting matters to other people, and that was not due to egotism, but to a sort of confidence that he knew so well how to do things for himself, while perhaps he might have to train others. In these respects he was also exceedingly considerate. Whatever place he occupied, he was always doing something that ought to have been left to a clerk or a messenger. It is therefore a pleasure to record his training for these various duties, however small they might seem.

Another quality developed from this continued association for a quarter of a century with a few people, this limitation of his associations mainly to a county, certainly to a judicial district. From that time forward, when he wanted to undertake anything new, he was continually asking the advice and help of this group of early friends. It made little difference what the new work was, he always wanted help. If he was to deliver a speech he must read it to somebody; if he was asked to take an office or a new duty he wanted the opinion of people whom he trusted; if he was asked to make an appointment from Albany or Washington he generally ended by asking the advice and help of those who knew.

When tendered the nomination for sheriff he asked a number of legal friends whether or not it would be quite consistent with the dignity of a lawyer to take such a place. When pressed for the mayoralty he asked Judge Hatch, then sitting on the bench, for his advice. This tender came right in the middle of a case. This was the first close friend that he could reach, and it was largely upon his advice that he accepted the office. It made no difference to him that he was dealing with a strong partisan Republican. He knew that whatever advice he got would be honest and straightforward. When he got ready to send to the common council the first strong message that made his name he did not do so until it had been read to Judge Hatch.

What Mr. Cleveland Read

It was always his expression: "Well, I wanted to try these things on somebody in order to see how they sounded. I wondered how they would strike the public."

The same policy ran through everything he did. He was self-reliant, he was even confident, but he did not think himself infallible. In a great many cases, as was shown in later years, he did not take the advice given, but even in the making of home appointments, many of which caused him much trouble, he was always coming back to his old friends and saying to them: "Well, how do you think So-and-so would fit in such a place; and wouldn't it be better for me to send for this man or that to straighten out some confusion rather than to wait until it becomes a complication?"

I never knew a more independent man, and yet I have never seen one who so often reached his independence through a leaning upon his friends. In such cases this policy carried him to his Buffalo life and surroundings. He never could or would get away from his training or the people who had trusted and honored him.

Mr. Cleveland's habits of reading and study have never been quite understood. From the ordinary modern point of view he had no education. He never had more than the rudiments of the Latin primer, and there is no record to show how far he got in mathematics and nothing to indicate that he ever heard of an English grammar.

From the earliest traces that can be found of him he was a devotee of Shakspere, not only reading, but learning by heart, quoting and reciting to his friends. In his early days reading seems to have been like his study of law—part of his business. His habits were confirmed even before he came to the Institution for the Blind. While there he read poetry to Miss Crosby and other students of the institution.

From Shakspere downward he seems to have taken up in succession the old English poetry current in his time. He read Dryden, and gave much time to Pope, Prior, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Cowper. All these seem to have been a part of his current reading. I could not find much trace of his study of our American poets except a hint that he was attracted to Bryant, but the general run of American poetry of the day seemed not to appeal to him, and he hardly ever quoted it. He not only quoted his familiar poets in his writings and in his talk, but he recited to his friends and at social gatherings, after dinner, often at the Beaver Island Club, even with his friends in the German restaurants where he took his meals so often. Everywhere this devotion to poetry seems to have been a kind of passion.

He lived in the age when Byron was still the rage among young people and so he quoted from him with great freedom, reciting whenever he had an opportunity. His memory helped him out in all these things, and was in its turn helped by this constant use and exercise.

His Fondness for the Bible

He did not read philosophy, perhaps because he had had too much of the theological kind in his very earliest days. In any event, it did not appeal to him. He read not widely but with discretion in the political history of his own country. He seems to have been familiar with the great speeches of the Revolutionary era and of the generation preceding his own, including Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Wright and other prominent orators of that time. He never pretended to keep fully in touch with the political thought of his own period, but gave enough attention to it to make it fairly familiar to him. It was thus easy for him to take up the connecting links when necessity compelled him to do so. He was especially familiar with Hammond's Political History of New York, and though he never used the knowledge thereby acquired to put himself into close contact with the public men whose work was there recorded, he never forgot it or its lessons.

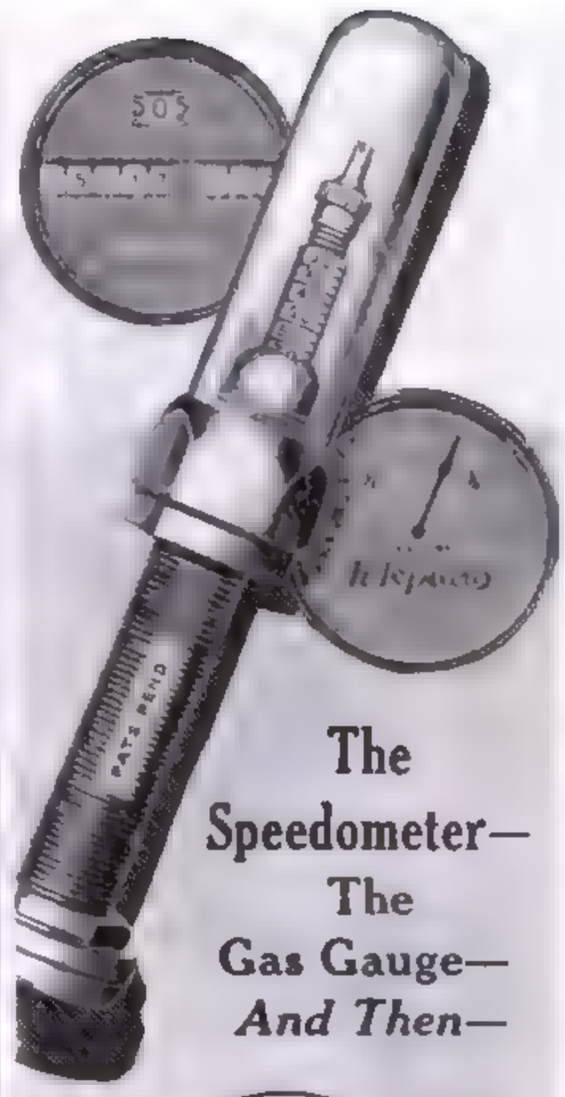
The Bible reading, which he began early as a child, had grown into a habit wherever he was, and was kept up during the whole of his life. He followed the habits of boyhood days in reading it before going to bed. He never read it critically—that is, from the point of view of a doubt—but always with the utmost faith in the page before him. He had the perfect confidence of the Christian of the time and of his surroundings. He always insisted that the Bible itself was good enough for him.

It seems that among his readings he was never especially attracted to Milton. Perhaps the very intensity of his religious feeling and his devotion to the text of scripture rather discouraged him from feeling much sympathy with Paradise Lost. It is probable that with him, as in many other cases, this form of poem was not attractive from a literary point of view. Nor did he seem to care much for the old theological writings then current, while there was certainly not much to draw him in the new and questioning school of criticism. All these would run counter to firmly established beliefs.

I have naturally found it difficult, almost impossible, to trace the genesis of Mr. Cleveland's sporting proclivities. This is only natural with a country boy. They probably had their origin, as in other cases, with a plain long pole, an old-fashioned line and a poor cheap hook, all manipulated from the bank of some small sluggish stream where the most humble of the fish tribe swam. They were probably still further indulged in that visit at fourteen to his Uncle Allen, and probably had exercise wherever he went except during his year's stay in New York.

I was unable to find out from his old associates when they began fishing with him in the Niagara River, but Charles W. Miller, born in the same year, remembers it began early and was persistent; that it was followed week after week during the season in anything like favorable weather.

It was his habit while he was a student and during his years of law practice and



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School opens soon! That means a new suit for the boy. Start him off right, this fall, with a smart-looking Jack O'Leather Suit.
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officeholding to work day and night during the week. When noon of Saturday came he would hang up his alpaca office coat, call Miller from his stables or wherever he might be and start down the river. There they remained with such adventures and rest as the occasion might afford until their return early on Monday morning.

The fish that swam in the swift-running Niagara River, its tributaries and outlying waters were muskellunge, yellow pike, sturgeon, black bass, pickerel, mullet and the various other varieties of smaller fish that breed in large inland fresh waters. Fishermen did not have time to go very far, nor could they seek the great variety upon which the modern sportsman prides himself. There is nothing to indicate that trout fishing came into his ken until his term as governor, when both opportunity and the necessity for quiet in the mountains were afforded.

The philosophy of fishing for black bass as set forth by him almost poetically in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in September, 1904, nearly fifty years after these early experiences, was learned slowly and patiently on these week-end trips down the river. Grand Island perhaps had its attractions—in fact everything that was within reach of these sturdy young men, and available for immediate use, was resorted to. The fisherman instinct in him and his companions was a gift that was born and not acquired. Mr. Cleveland was able later to practice it in a larger way than his companions, but neither was ever able to learn much more about the really fine art of fishing than they had mastered in these early and—as they would have called them later—rather rougher days.

Democratic Tastes

In earlier years Grand Island was a famous hunting place, where deer, bear and wolves, as well as smaller animals, were found, and were the favorite game of the Buffalonians of that time. The waters were filled with ducks, geese and all other water birds. It is probable that it furnished the text for that somewhat elaborate exposition, published only a few years before his death, on quail shooting. It is not even certain that his later essay on rabbit shooting was not the record of early experiences rather than those accumulated later in pursuit of the cottontail in the neighborhood of Princeton.

But wherever these were studied or practiced, or with whoever he was associated, the sport was always manly, dignified and interesting. Whether it was successful, as often described in writings and to friends, or whether it went slowly and was difficult, there was the same patience with the pursuit itself, the same interest in his companions, whether they were the boys of the countryside or the admirals and generals who accompanied him in his later and more prominent days. It was the sport, the outdoor life and the open air that he wanted and obtained. The companions, whatever their rank, were always fitting to the occasion, and in his days of greatest prominence he would have fished with the same eagerness with the plain companions of his earlier days as he did with those already mentioned when he was the monitor and master of a nation.

In his sports, as in everything else, he was plain and democratic. After he was elected governor a friend recalls going into Goetz's restaurant one night and finding Mr. Cleveland sitting in a room screened off from the general dining room and holding converse with Charlie Mary, who was a dealer in secondhand goods of nearly every description, but was a cheerful companion, contented and well fed, whose fishing company Mr. Cleveland had enjoyed many times. On the other side sat John Smith, a riverman, who rowed Mr. Cleveland on the river when trolling for bass and other fish, and nobody who saw them could have doubted but that Mr. Cleveland enjoyed their company and conversation as well as they enjoyed his; and his treatment of them was the same as he accorded to the highest.

In religion he was one of the most deeply sincere of all the men I have known. His absolutely positiveness of belief did not come from his training or environment. It was more deeply fundamental—so inborn that nothing could shake it. Even in matters of dogma so nearly artificial that most people lose them, he never changed.

But in spite of this deep underlying sentiment—perhaps because of it—I cannot find that he was ever affiliated with any church. There is no record to show he had any special drawing toward the clergy or the ordinary men and women known as professors of religion. He contributed to his own inherited church and to others, but it was of his own free will, without committing himself either to permanence or to profession. Perhaps the fact that he had had his share of these outward forms in his early life had some influence, but in any event this seems to have been his attitude to outward religious observance. In his early days he seldom attended service of any kind. His interest in mission work was perennial and genuine. This grew out of the fact that one of his sisters and her husband were missionaries abroad, and nothing pained him quite so much as the experience he had in his first administration when somebody denounced him for seeming indifference about missions to the Indians.

His personal traits, like his political and social activities, were his own. He never would permit any loss of time. Even to the end of his days the plain home-country expressions, among which he had grown up and been surrounded in all his activities, were used by him. He never strained after effects in language any more than in action. When—to accommodate a client—he had taken over a farm at East Aurora he soon learned that it was a very poor farm; that he could never expect to get anything out of it, not even his original money.

When Mr. Locke asked him about it once he said: "Some fellow has been talking to me about buying that farm, and as I have never seen it I think I ought to go over and whitewash it before this man has an opportunity to inspect it."

I have alluded from time to time to the health enjoyed by Mr. Cleveland throughout these years, and to the sturdy strength that always stood him in stead. These were accompanied by an endurance that seemed to be almost superhuman. Working regularly for eighteen or nineteen hours a day for weeks at a time was a common stunt; working all night was so frequent as almost to become a habit; while a forty-eight-hour working sprint without stop except for meals was indulged in whenever necessity seemed to demand or inclination suggest it.

Dogged as Does It

He was slow and deliberate, never rushed or hurried. This constant "it's dogged as does it" always clung to him, and his devotion was backed by the vigor and endurance that made it possible. He never wasted his strength in artificial athletic exercises or in excesses. He walked a good deal and his lightness of tread, considering his physical bulk, was the wonder of those who knew him. His hunting and fishing always persisted in season, giving him the outdoor life to which he was so much attached, and as he was never a solitaire in anything, this also afforded him the general association with his fellows which was one of the necessities of his nature.

Because to all appearance this man seemingly came to his own without notice or warning, there was long an impression that there was something mysterious about him. So I am only gathering up these early characteristics and experiences to show that except in his conscientious devotion to what he deemed his duty and his power for work, in his unfaltering devotion to his friends, to good causes and to high ideals, he was merely a normal, well-born, well-trained American. He was no exception, no paragon, no wonder.

I have not had in mind in this narrative anything that related to the mayor, the governor, or the President. I have sought only to tell what I have found in the man when he was not thinking of anything but how to do the humble duties allotted to him by fate in a comparatively small neighborhood. As a consequence I realize that the story as I have told it is patchy and imperfect. As I am not writing a history or a biography, I have not attempted to give anything like a complete idea of the character, the training and the routine work and development of a man who—unexpectedly to the world and to his associates, and to his own surprise—came late in life into large achievements and a great destiny. Perhaps better than any other in our modern days, Mr. Cleveland's life illustrates Cromwell's well-known saying that "No man rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going."

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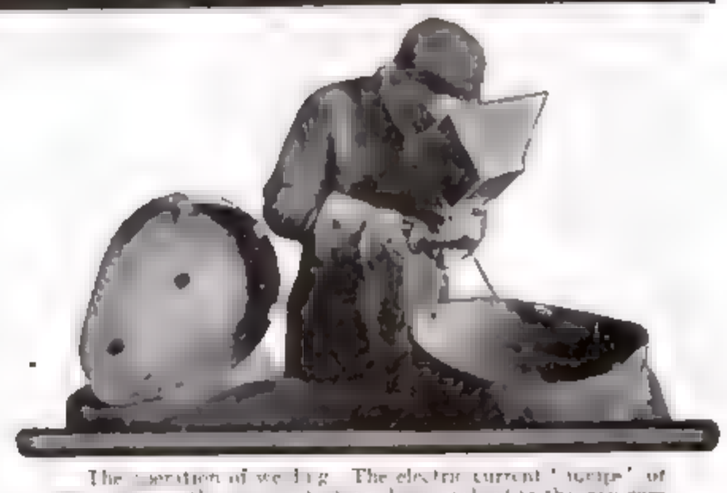

The operation of welding. The electric current 'leaps' or arcs from the pieces which are being welded to the iron wire or electrode held by the operator. The great heat melts this wire and the fused metal flows in between the pieces to be welded to make the exact metal to be welded

Steel pulley casting with a blow hole and shrinkage crack which were filled in with molten metal, making a perfect pulley

Automobile axle made by electric welding two pressed steel halves together. This is standard practice in automobile construction

Gas Tank made from steel sheets by electric arc welding. Pipe fittings also welded on. Tested at high pressure

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Branch Offices
Hartford
Columbus
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis

MESPOT IN MUFTI

(Continued from Page 23)

There are possibilities here. There are salt works. There is gypsum and fuller's earth. There are salt springs and sulphur springs. There is bitumen in large quantities. There is good clay for bricks. There is asphalt and orpiment and saltpeter. There is a government copper mine. There are reports of seams of coal, and there are workings which yield coal of poor quality. There are hills to the north where mines of copper, lead and even gold were worked ages and ages ago. Above all, in one region alone there is oil, worth more than all the rest of the minerals put together.

Great Britain is not exploiting Mesopotamia. Of course she has something to gain, but not at the expense of the Arabs. So far they and the country are costing her enormously. What she gains mainly is a closer touch with India and a better opportunity to protect it through her proposed mandate over Mesopotamia, plus the alliance with Persia, which, besides meaning oil, will also mean railroads. She will also probably be able to get a railroad across the desert to join the railway of her ally, the Hedjaz nation, and thus meet the Mediterranean. No doubt a pipe line will go along with this railroad to take the oil straight from Persia to the sea. Apart from this, everything in Mesopotamia is so far being done in the light of the interests of the Arabs.

The first proof I had of this began on the ship coming over. Two young Britishers who had held commissions in the war and who were suffering from the post-war fever of restlessness and a longing for adventure were coming to Mesopotamia in the hope of getting some sort of concession or buying land or finding some business opportunity. In India they were told that they would have to get permission from the military authorities in Mesopotamia before they would be allowed to proceed. They are still waiting for it. The fact is that though Mesopotamia is bowling along as though she were in a state of peace and long-established prosperity, she is, at the time I write, still under martial law. Not till the treaty is signed can any question of concessions come up. The concessions that Turkey gave are still operative—or else suspended—and no new ones will be granted just now.

Kurds From Dohuk

Conditions Under British Rule

Mesopotamia is a rich field for oil, but the only wells in operation are a few sunk before the war by the Arabs. Not that the British need the Mesopotamian wells at present; they have more than they can use. But they are not even prospecting for it, nor are they allowing two representatives of a famous oil company of our own to prospect, though the American oil comes in here by Abbadan and is sold at something less than the Persian oil.

One reason among many why big capitalists are not received here with open arms when they come forward with some big scheme for the country is that they generally begin by saying: "We must import labor."

Now the labor difficulty is serious here. Arabs are not very keen on getting much work out of themselves. The Kurd coolies seem to be the only ones that take to work and keep at it. One sees them carrying the most unbelievable burdens. Yesterday I saw a Kurd carrying a piano on his back, followed by an assistant who was steadying it but not helping otherwise. But the Arabs are willing to let the Kurds do it. During the war labor was so scarce that to keep going with their railroads and their irrigation schemes the British had to import Indians.

There are many Indians here as laborers of sorts as well as in government posts. But it is the policy of the British to demobilize them as promptly as possible, because the Arabs don't like them very much, and this country belongs to the Arabs.

But when an Arab works for two days and then stops because he has earned enough money to loaf for five days he complicates existence for his employer. The high prices, however, are luring some men to work harder than they need and the excellent sanitary regulations of the British will help to rear up a prolific generation that will have to work if it wants to eat. Meantime the British see many of their schemes for the betterment of the country curtailed for lack of native labor. I have been told that there are only about thirty thousand Arab laborers in the country, but these figures may not be correct.

In spite of tremendous difficulties there have been great changes in Mesopotamia since 1914. When the British came Bagdad was a place of winding alleys with only two streets of any note, River Street, parallel to the Tigris, and New Street, a thoroughfare of some two and a half miles which the Turks cut through ruthlessly. I think they must have chosen its particular route so they might have the pleasure of cutting in half the great building which was the British residency.

New Street, when the British came in, was a place of scars, of ragged edges and blank walls, of indescribable mud and dirt, where people used to come and mourn their lost homes. Now those people whose complaints the Turks ignored are to be recouped for their losses. The street itself is now a big, modern thoroughfare. Buildings of yellow brick have taken the place of gaping spaces which the Turks left when they sheared down the walls. Every second house is a shop—closed or open. One sees the signs of dentists and barbers, silversmiths and clothiers. There are scores of little fruit shops and tiny cafés. There is a big cinema building with a restaurant behind it.

All up and down the street automobiles and gharris pass, half of them carrying natives, their passage regulated by natty-looking native policemen in pale khaki with black bands on the shoulders and tall black caps adorned with a bright star. Every little while a street cleaner will rush out to pick up newspapers, broken bottles or other débris. I will confess that I have seen them poking away rubbish in holes which they think perhaps the authorities won't notice. But on the whole New Street is as well taken care of, allowing for native idiosyncrasies, as it would be if it were in London. And along this changed street pass thousands of buyers. I have never seen more constant business apparently going on in any Western street of shops. The people have made a great deal of money out of the army of occupation and they are spending it lavishly.

Agents are coming in here with all sorts of goods, a few of them American. The natives seem to like our shoes and our automobiles. The streets here are full of our little car which helped to win the war. Only it doesn't sell here at tin Lizzie prices. French chef is more like it. Yet there seems to be money enough for any price that is demanded.

Col. James Lynch O'Connor, the only American here except the consuls and the oil men, is running weekly caravans of these American cars up to points in Persia. But the other firms doing business, with the exception of the one Colonel O'Connor represents, have been here for some time. His firm, which is agent for two or three American firms, is booming, because he knows the ropes. But I think any other new firm coming in would have a very hard time. It would find here problems of transport and of trading not germane to the Western world. It would have to come prepared to spend a great deal of time and capital learning how; it would have to understand that Mesopotamia is anything but virgin soil.

A firm willing to spend something learning its way about, and with something new to present, like American machinery, might make money—and might easily not. In this land, where personal relationships and traditions and a knowledge of the Arabic language count for so much, it would have to compete with long-established firms; for example, with the Mesopotamian Corporation, an amalgamation of two firms that have been doing business here and in Persia for about sixty years and that control most of the water navigation. It would have to compete with the firms that represent the Persian oil, and with some half dozen other firms, one of them doing a large licorice business in the United States, and all of them on the ground. Above all, it would have to compete with the Bagdad Jew.

The Traders of Bagdad

The Bagdad Jew, I am told, is the cleverest trader in the world. People who know him say they would back him against a Chinaman any day. Sixty years ago, when a certain firm came here dealing in Bagdad goods, a certain group of Jews watched it. They learned how. That is how the Sassoon family, the late King Edward's friends, came into power. The Sassoon family are Bagdad Jews. For forty years they and other Jews have had the whip hand so far as piece goods are concerned.

A Bagdad Jew educates his son. He puts him into the bazaar for five years; then he sends him to Manchester. Thus the son knows the business from both ends. He can tell his Manchester firms what they must make for Mesopotamian buyers, and then he can come home and sell the goods. He can do it, too, at about one-quarter the expense a foreign firm would be put to. When you consider that there are more than fifty thousand Jews in Bagdad, all of them with the potentiality of supreme traders, you will see that they mean to make the most of the money that now flows so lavishly in Mesopotamia.

Money goes from hand to hand with the quickness of a conjuring trick, and not too much of it goes to the government, for the people are lightly taxed. The customs are a great source of revenue, and the agricultural land tax and the railway will be. There are so far no stamp duties, though commercial and legal stamps form a small source of revenue. There is some talk of income tax, but in a reborn country such as this an income tax would be resented and would be difficult to collect. The average Arab does not understand direct taxation for the purposes of education and street lighting. If he is charged a toll of a cent or two for crossing a bridge he can appreciate that he is paying for something he receives.

In spite of the astounding prosperity

(Continued on Page 97)

Arab Workmen

"I's in town, Honey!"

Copyright 1929, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

This the old Guide calls a he-man's breakfast

AUNT Jemima pancakes, tender, golden brown, satisfying pancakes. What a breakfast they do make when a fellow's out in the big woods and his appetite's giant size!

Take 'em with butter and syrup—a whopping stack of Aunt Jemima's, piping hot—man-o-man, that gratifies!

But it's not simply because it's downright good that this breakfast appeals to the old timers.

It's as easy to *get* as it is to eat!

A little Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, a little water, a minute's stirring, a hot griddle, and bingo!—they're ready—wonderful pancakes with the real old-time southern flavor. Without milk—powdered sweet milk is already in the flour. Without eggs—it's so rich it needs no eggs. Baking powder, *everything* necessary is *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. You just add water.

And think of the difference on every portage—the compact Aunt Jemima packages in place of half a dozen different cans and sacks of ordinary pancake ingredients. That's convenience again, you'll agree.

So take along *plenty* of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Besides pancakes, it makes fine muffins and waffles. (Simple recipes on the package.) And fish, rolled in it, brown with a particularly savory crust when fried.

Put it down on your grub list now. When you get out on the long trail—the trail that "he-men" take—you'll find it worth its weight in gold.

You can hear Sousa's Band an

Your home, wherever it may be, is right on the line of march of Sousa's Band—of Pryor's Band, Conway's, Vessella's, U. S. Marine, Garde Republicaine of France, Black Diamonds of London, of the greatest bands of all the world. And every band *plays* as it goes marching by—on the Victrola. Plays the very music you want to hear and gives you the same thrill!

Victrolas $25 to $1500. Any Victor dealer will gladly play your favorite music. New Victor Records on sale at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden New Jersey

y day when you have a Victrola

VICTROLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Making a Beauty Treatment
of washing your face

How do you keep your face clean? Do you give it a hasty daily washing with ordinary soap? Or do you perhaps depend on cold cream alone to remove dirt and dust?

Either method is dangerous and invites bad results.

Careless washing makes the skin rough and coarse. Yet complexions get soft and flabby without the tonic of water.

The secret is—make washing your face a real beauty treatment. How—by using Palmolive Soap as we tell you here.

Cosmetic cleansing

The Palmolive lather is so mild that it cleanses without irritation, no matter how sensitive your skin.

Apply it gently with your two hands. Profuse and creamy, it penetrates every tiny pore, removing the dirt, dust and oil secretions which, when neglected, clog and irritate.

Rinse thoroughly, using pleasantly warm water. Let the final rinsing be ice cold.

Then apply Palmolive cold cream liberally. Wipe off what the skin won't absorb.

Just before bedtime is the time to do this thorough cleansing. You will wake with your skin soothed, rested and refreshed.

The cosmetic of Cleopatra

Palmolive is the scientific modern combination of the Palm and Olive oils Cleopatra used. She, as did all the ancients, employed these rare oils both as cleanser and cosmetic. They were cleansers which also soothed.

Thus Palmolive always agrees with even the most sensitive complexions. It works without irritation.

It is the favorite facial soap of millions who have learned that while you may pay more you can't buy better.

Explaining the price of Palmolive

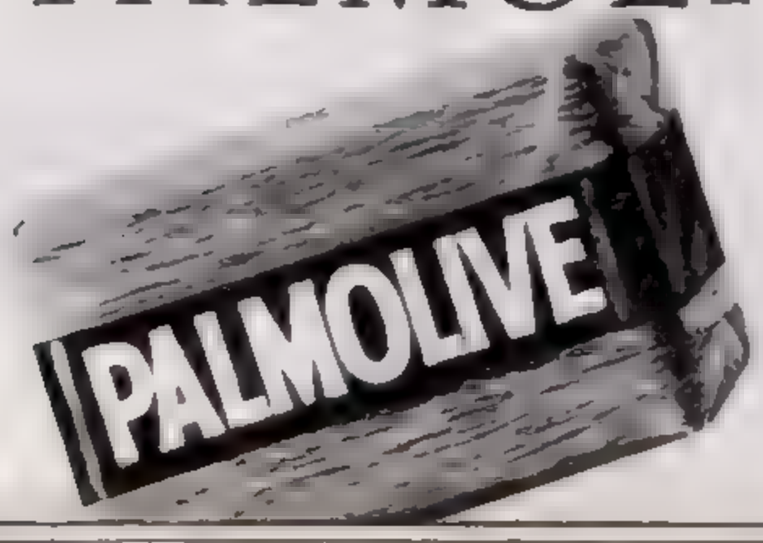
The price may seem almost too reasonable, considering Palmolive quality. It is because the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. And because the rare Palmolive ingredients are bought in enormous quantity.

Thus the price of Palmolive is moderate—no more than for ordinary soap. It can be enjoyed by every woman and procured everywhere that soap is sold. It is supplied in guest-room size by America's most popular hotels.

Made by

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

PALMOLIVE



The Palm and Olive Oil Shampoo Cleopatra used

Palmolive Shampoo is as essential to a beautifying shampoo as is Palmolive Soap in caring for the complexion. It is the scientific combining of Palm, Olive and Coconut oils into a beneficial fluid shampoo mixture.

Send for new free shampoo book

which gives directions for shampooing and simple home treatments which help hair grow.

Copyright, The Palmolive Company, 1920

(Continued from Page 92)

which the occupation of the British has brought to Mesopotamia, it is not to be expected that everyone is glad the Turks are gone. An impatient critic might say that all the people complain of is that some of them want back the houses the British rented for military and civil quarters and billets, some of which are being given up as new quarters are built. Others regret the wily ways of the Turks. They say that the Turk was sweet of tongue, forgetful of the gall they felt when he picked their pockets as he uttered his sweet words. Others will point out that this or that Englishman is not a strong man, as if the art of governing could be perfectly taught all the instruments within a few months.

Some of the Jews are disappointed at the way the world is turning out these days—and at that, they've got nothing on the rest of us. They prefer the British to the Turks, but they seem to have expected millennium in all respects. The large majority of them, however, are content with things just as they are. Some of the Moslems yearn to have the Turks back purely on religious grounds. They don't want a Christian government over them; they don't like to see the same justice given to Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. But nearly all the thinking Moslems prefer the British to the Turks, and that, on the part of many of them, through a division of their religious interests.

The population of Mesopotamia is something under two millions and a half. These comprise eleven or twelve races, but in the East it is not difference in race that counts, but difference in religion. Something like one million seven or eight thousand are Arabs, divided into two sects—the Sunni and the Shiah. There are about forty thousand more Shiahs than Sunni in Mesopotamia; but as the Turks belong to the Sunni sect, and the Sultan of Turkey has the leadership of the Moslem world, the Sunni were of course favored by the Turks. The split between the two sects, by the way, is based primarily on political theory. The Sunni regard as legitimate successors of the prophet the first three Caliphs who ruled as head of the Moslem community, whereas the Shiahs hold that they were usurpers, the rightful succession lying with Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the prophet. Ali and his two sons, Hasan and Husein, all murdered by their enemies, are deeply venerated, and the places connected with them are sacred.

Conflicting Desires

Thousands of pilgrims visit them every year, coming from Persia and various parts of Mesopotamia, and even from India. Their dearest wish is to be buried near the reputed tomb of Ali at Nejef, or at Kernela where Husein was slain, or at Samarra, where the last of their imams is supposed mysteriously to have disappeared and who is expected to return some day to establish the true faith among men. It is supposed that these holy men will help them into heaven somehow. It is a common enough sight at some seasons of the year to see a camel marching along the pilgrim road at the end of a five-hundred-mile journey, carrying on each side a felt-covered coffin for an auspicious resting place.

The two sects sometimes clash very fiercely. The Shiahs are naturally grateful to the British for regarding their claims, and thinking men of both sects appreciate the respect the British Government shows their religion. But still among the men in the towns and the desert there is a certain amount of Turkish propaganda going. There is also a small group of young Arabs who, stimulated by the independence of the Hedjaz and the declaration of the Fourteen Points, would like to rush into self-government at once. Most of the natives, however, are very glad to have the British.

Soon after the announcement of the Anglo-French agreement of their future policy toward the peoples oppressed by the Turks a questionnaire was put before the leading divines and tribal sheiks of Mesopotamia. Some think it was unwise to ask their views. Three points were put before them: Whether the Mesopotamian state should include the Mosul vilayet; whether or not it should be presided over by an ameer; and if so by what ameer. This questionnaire showed the lack of unity among the natives, the clashing of the two Moslem groups, of the Moslems and non-Moslems, and of the different tribal units. But the will of the majority asked for the election of the British to hold a mandate over Mesopotamia which should include Mosul vilayet. But it was impossible to find anything like unity as to whether or not there should be an ameer, and if so, who. There were several divisions who voted for no ameer, but for Sir Percy Cox as high commissioner; other prominent Moslems wanted a son of the king of Hedjaz; others again would not have a Hedjaz prince at any price.

The fact is, everyone would feel more settled if the peace treaty were signed. More than a year and a half, and the pens are still in the air. British and Arabs alike hear all sorts of rumors that things are in a state of flux; that an element of stability is lacking. The country is being handled more or less as if it were a civil state, but actually it is still occupied territory. At heart everyone knows just about what will happen, but the signing of the peace treaty would clinch matters.

An Arab Philosophizes

What the Arabs will probably be given is not Abdullason or the king of Hedjaz or any other ameer at present, but under the British mandate a high commissioner and a legislative assembly, together with the organization of government which has already been established—founded so far as possible on the existing Turkish institutions.

The other day I sat in the living room of an Arab of old family and listened to what he had to say of self-determination. His room was hung with Persian carpets of the finest quality, some of exquisite pattern and some with Persian faces and figures. A fortune was represented on the walls and floors, but the chairs were faded and ragged brocade, and here and there were cheap vases of queer shapes holding faded artificial flowers. My host, I fancy, did not often sit on chairs. He was a magnificent-looking man, with a profile like some wild bird, and steady, keen eyes.

An interpreter conducted the conversation for us, and as it went on one servant after another brought in wine—which the pasha, being a good Moslem, did not drink—and nuts, oranges and cakes, tea and chocolate, and at last a grapefruit, which is a rarity in this country. We said many agreeable, pleasant things to each other; he that I should consider his house my home and that it was a pleasure to meet me, and that he would be glad to do some service for me; and I that he had been kind to a lady. Then I told him about our elevated railroads and our high buildings, and he told me his views on self-determination.

"The British must govern this country," he said. "Perhaps we were able to rule ourselves. I do not speak on that point, but every man may have a dream that he knows cannot be. We were a great nation once, we Arabs; I believe the greatest in the world. Then the Turks came, and they have crushed out of us our hereditary capacity to govern. The Turkish Government was in many ways suited to us, especially those of us who were rich and shrewd. When I wanted justice in the Turkish courts I always got it. I did not bribe beforehand. It was not like that. And when my case came up in court it was considered. Then if I was in the right they would say to me: 'The law is with you; you shall have justice, but it will cost you two hundred pounds.' To-day the poor man can get justice, and nothing to pay except perhaps court fees. He can get what is right by fair means. For any but the powerful the British are far better than the Turks.

"But because we no longer know how to govern, of what use is it to ask us what we want? The British seem to admire us for certain things that we are, and they show that, and they ask us how we would like to be governed. We can't be such fools as not to reply. We know we are weak, but when they talk that way to us we feel it is necessary to pretend to be strong. That is folly. What we need and what we want is to be ruled. Some day, some century, we may be able to rule ourselves again. When that day comes it will be time enough to ask us what we want.

"The British are giving us a share in the government. They are trying to teach us how to rule. They put Arabs into many posts. But the government should watch these Arabs very carefully, and never cease teaching them justice and fair play."

Fate or luck, at present the Arabs are not capable of governing themselves. The wisest among them admit it—agree that there are too many factions, too much self-seeking, too little sense of the public or even of the body politic. They have had no experience of a firm or just government. If they were left to themselves at present they would soon bring Mesopotamia into anarchy and chaos. Then some strong and unscrupulous nation would seize the psychological moment, dart in and swallow them. Believers in self-determination naturally look forward to a day when the Arabs may perhaps be able to guide themselves. Till then their best hope, as their real leaders believe, is Great Britain.

The lack of unity among the Arabs can be accounted for in part by their difference in occupation. There are the city dwellers of Basra, Bagdad and Mosul. There are the settled Arab villagers and there are the desert Bedouins. Between these extremes there is every phase of development. Perhaps something like half the Arabs and Kurds are city and village dwellers, or urbans and agriculturists. The left bank of the Tigris is visited yearly by pastoral people who settle down for a few months of the year to make the spring crops, and whose movements are decided by the state of the pasture. There are other tribes more fitted for agriculture who claim rights of occupancy over certain territory, individual members even claiming particular spots as their own. The seminomads who move with their flocks at certain seasons may live in permanently built houses or huts and be absent from their fields only for a few months of the year; or they may live in temporary shelters of tents of reeds and brushes; or they may pitch their tents wherever their flocks lead them.

Bedouins Under the New Régime

The desert Bedouin is a romantic figure. He has done a great deal for the fiction writer and for the dreamer of Eastern dreams, but to the administrator, be he Turk or British, the Bedouin is a pest. His psychology is entirely different from that of the urbans or agriculturists. The desert is his world, and he cares only for that. What interests him is not who is ruling the country, but what the grazing is like, and how he can overreach the tribes with which he is at enmity. In his purest form he is a desert marauder whose interests run counter to the community, who does not want to see the plow running over the land, who resents seeing the routes where he used to rob caravans turned into peaceful and well patrolled highways of commerce and communication. Yet he seems to be showing a disposition toward order and peace, and is occasionally known to let the British settle peacefully for him the blood feuds which gave him an agreeable excitement at the same time that they enhanced the standing and traditions of his family and tribe.

Out in the desert the other day a sheik was entertaining a British visitor. He was of a tribe that used to pay as much taxes to the Turks as would just make it not worth their while to send an expedition against him. He was giving his visitor lunch in the guest tent from a great pewter platter loaded with rice and a roasted young lamb, about which the diners sat, using their fingers, the host tearing off strips of meat with his own hands to pass to the guest of honor. He waved his hands toward the two open sides of his tent.

"You see that no one stands at either end," he said. "Do you think that we could have eaten this way while the Turks held this land? No! I should have had pickets all about the camp. At this side of the tent would have stood twenty armed men; at the other side fifteen. I must pay taxes now to the British, but I do not have to pay so many armed men. If I am not so big as I was, I am safer. It was the policy of the Turks to cut off the heads of the tallest poppies. That kept us weak. No one was very big. Under the British rule the sheiks who deserve it will have the power, and their tribesmen will be proud of their honors."

It may be that the sheik spoke with a sigh in his heart, regretting a little his old days of free living. He and others like him are now in the pay of the British. The sheiks keep order and are responsible for the loyalty of their men. Each little tribe is its own world. The tribal units are not so exact, as in Scotland, for example. The tribal bond is not always that of blood. A small tribe may have amalgamated with a larger one. Unstable and fluid political alliances create confusion.

The tribes are managed through their chiefs or sheiks. Each leader's power depends upon his own qualifications. Some have also a religious authority, which generally carries beyond a single tribe. These chiefs settle all disputes not referred to holy men or tribal councils. If the person decided against does not like the decision he sometimes protests by a murder, which may start a blood feud, and old customs are the chief sanctions of tribal society.

It is a confession of weakness to buy off a blood feud. They are generally fought out to the end. They may be suspended because of intertribal warfare or a rising against the government, but they are always resumed. A party to a blood feud may throw himself upon the protection of an enemy, and then at all costs he must be defended so long as he is in sanctuary. But after that ——

A guest asking for help is also entitled to it. But tribal pride is so high that an enemy would only ask help as a last resort, and hospitality is not too heavily taxed.

Take them good and evil both, and allow for the West judging the East, you will find the Arab of pretty worthy quality. He lacks concentration and perseverance. In practical issues, when energy, initiative, constructive ability and dexterity are necessary, he often fails. He seems to have a natural tendency toward intrigue. Moreover he is exceedingly fond of money, and not always scrupulous about his manner of getting it. He tries to fix his loyalty to the side he thinks will win. Sometimes he commits acts of treachery, and he is prone to blackmail or rob a weaker neighbor. As a warrior he is an inferior horseman and rather a poor shot. He generally confines himself to guerrilla warfare. In intertribal warfare he is not bloodthirsty, but the Arabs who fought in the late war are said to have mutilated their enemies.

The city Arabs of the upper classes and the pure-bred tribesmen have an unusually aristocratic ideal of conduct which takes the form of dignity, courtesy, hospitality and generosity. Mentally the Arab is quick, imaginative and subtle. He can discuss intelligently any subject which comes within the range of his experience. He follows arguments readily, and responds to eloquence and telling phrases. He has an excellent memory and a good power of assimilation. It is said, too, that he has a sense of humor.

The Stone Horse

I had a small experience with that myself. It was in Babylon, and we were buying souvenirs from the women and children. Major Wright, the officer in charge of the party, had just presented me with a small stone horse, the cream of the objects. I put it in my bag and began to negotiate for an inscribed stone with the little boy who had sold it. While some of the women were besieging me this child began to negotiate with a Y. M. C. A. man for this same stone. When the Y man found that I had been bargaining for it he proposed to give way to me.

Meantime, while we were both protesting and trying each to give way, this young Arab stole the horse from my bag and began to sell it to the Y man, who snapped it up at once. The youngster roared with laughter, looking at me the while. He knew well enough that I wouldn't give him away after what the Y man had yielded to me, and he enjoyed the joke so much that he had to share it with me, the victim.

From the very beginning of the occupation the British instituted a just rule. The army commander had attached to his staff a chief political officer who appointed assistants to take charge of the various districts. Military governors were appointed to the various towns. Assistant political officers were appointed to take charge of the political and revenue administrations of the districts.

At first the job of political officers was to purchase local supplies and cooperate in maintaining the safety of the lines of communication. The only fiscal or revenue matter that the military authorities dealt with at first was customs. Later they appointed a commissioner of revenue. Since it was necessary to set up temporarily some sort of fiscal and revenue administration, it was decided to keep intact the Turkish system to which the people were accustomed, but to free it from corruption and abuses and to increase its efficiency. The number of foreign officials introduced was

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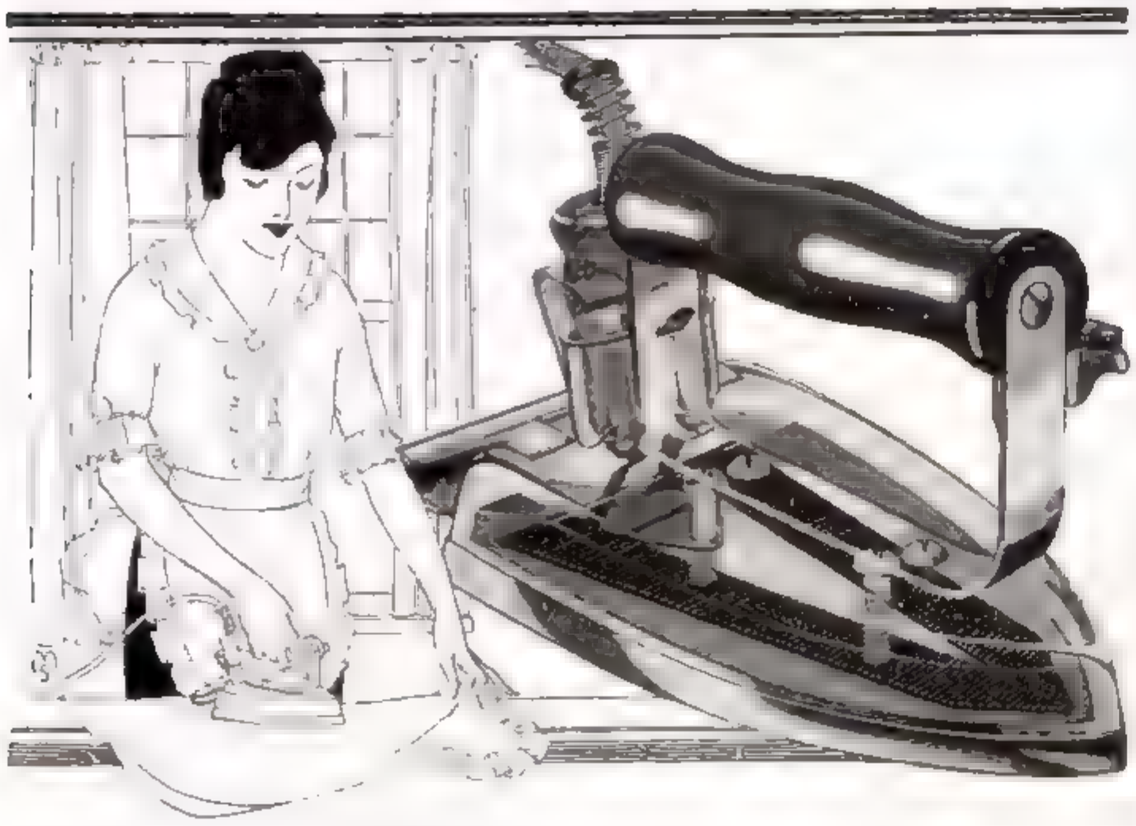
THE HEAT-RESISTANT METAL



Made Ironing Comfortable

Yesterday you heated your irons on the gas or coal range. The kitchen was hot, the work tedious and tiring.

Today you snap the switch, your electric iron becomes hot, the kitchen stays cool, and you work with speed and comfort.

Chromel, the original nickel-chromium alloy, made the electric iron possible. Until Hoskins, Detroit, discovered Chromel, a heating element that would not quickly burn out was unavailable and electric irons, toasters, etc., were not practical. Thus Chromel created the great electric heating industry.

Since this long-lived alloy oxidizes slowly and evenly, gives long, dependable, and satisfactory service, it is the vital part of practically every standard American appliance heated by electricity.

Industrial Uses for Chromel

Chromel's remarkable heat-resistant properties, at temperatures up to 2000 F., suggests its use in many places where high temperatures quickly break down iron and steel.

Its use is particularly recommended where making renewals entails tearing down the apparatus.

Chromel is used in Hoskins Electric Furnaces and is the alloy most widely used for pyrometer thermocouples. Metallurgists, chemists, and production managers confronted with heat problems are invited to write the Research Dept., Hoskins Mfg. Co., Detroit. Note: Chromel as resistance wire is sold only to licensees, except for experimental purposes.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT

kept as low as possible, and the other appointments were filled by the more honest of the ex-officials of the country, most of them Moslems. The language of records and receipts was gradually changed to Arabic, and measures were studied to correct the injustices of taxation.

It must have taken front-line courage to attack this world of civil and judicial chaos. Physically and in all other ways there was confusion. The Turks had thrown into disorder the agricultural and financial records. They had taken away with them all their latest records. The remainder, mostly out of date, had been tossed into inextricable, hopeless piles on the floors of offices. The only papers in any sort of order were the registers of title deeds to land and registered documents.

The population was short of cash and credit because of the stoppage of commerce, and because of an unusually bad date season. The administration of civil justice was suspended, so that the recovery of rents and debts except by consent was impossible. People in the towns were hungry and restless, for the war was still going on and it was uncertain which side would win. The tribes outside the occupied towns were hostile or suspicious or friendly, as the case might be, but they were constantly reached by German or Turkish money and influence.

The British set to work to conquer the enemy and at the same time reconstruct Mesopotamia. This they have done. They began with several things at once, but the thing that appealed to the majority of the Arabs was the help in irrigation, for it saved many from starvation in 1917–18.

In ancient times Mesopotamia was the wonder of the world, because of the great crops induced by her canal system of irrigation. Of late ages a great majority of the canals have gone out of use. When the British first occupied the country most of the canals still working were unprovided with the means of regulating or controlling the flow of water entering the channel, and thus were at the mercy of river floods. Not all the water abstracted was put to useful purposes, but much of it filled vast marshes, making a reed product far greater than could be required for building. The result of unwise abstraction of water was that there was a great deterioration and shrinkage in size and volume of the rivers as they went seaward, hindering navigation.

Irrigation and Agriculture

British engineers, making use of the report of Sir William Willcocks on the possibilities of irrigation in Mesopotamia, began even in 1916 to make some progress in reclaiming the waste of land and water. The efforts to extend and safeguard the cultivation of crops in the country have been hampered by lack of labor, lack of local craftsmen up to the standard required for hydraulic work, the lack of material in the country, such as good building stone, and scarcity of good brick clay and wood fuel—and lack of transport. They have also been hampered by floods and breaches and political necessities.

In spite of difficulties they have put under irrigation thousands of acres that were not irrigated when the Turks withdrew. The total cost has been so far ten million rupees. Improvements will go forward progressively. Experts differ somewhat as to the amount of land that can successfully be irrigated. Conservatives say from five to eight millions of acres, if storage reservoirs were used, but two millions would quite support the present population. If more than that were irrigated labor from outside would have to be imported.

Along with irrigation have gone the improvements in agriculture. Here there are not only labor difficulties and a lack of huge tractors and other mechanical substitutes for the older instruments of tillage; there is also the fact that the Arab, though he is a good irrigator, is a poor farmer. The climate and the Turk have made him a gambler. If the rains come in time he will have a good crop; if they fail he will have a poor crop, so he sows and trusts to luck. He does not go in for intensive cultivation, and he lets a field lie fallow every other year.

The British are trying to teach the native cultivators to make the most of their rich alluvial soil, which is so well adapted for cereals. The quality of their cereals needs improvement. A sample of wheat sometimes contains a large proportion of barley, as well as being contaminated with wild oats and other weeds. A cultivator will sow his wheat on land that grew barley the previous season, and plow it after irrigation with much of the old barley still in the ground.

Much educational work is being done to bring to the farmers the results of experimental work in improved methods of agriculture. Leading farmers are taken to visit the government experiment station. Different varieties of wheat are being tried with reference to rust resistance and heavy yields. Particular attention is being given to the growing of cotton, several varieties of American seed having been tried with excellent results.

Three varieties of American seed have been taken from cotton acclimated in India. This year six varieties are being tried in different parts of the country, reduplicating what was tried last year. There have been improvements made in the ginning. Those who have the cotton in charge do not want to make too many claims for what they can do, but they believe that Mesopotamian cotton will show as good results as Egyptian cotton. Along with the experiments in the growing of wheat and cotton are going experiments in the growing of pulse and hemp and peanuts, in cattle breeding, dairying and forestry, and in all that has to do with making the most of the land of Mesopotamia.

British Judicial Machinery

There are two achievements of the British which have especially pleased the Arabs: The administration of waqf, or the religious endowments, and their consolidation of the law relating to tenure of land. As to waqf, many of the revenue-producing properties had been allowed by Ottoman neglect to fall into disrepair. Pious objects have been neglected. Waqf money has been diverted to wrong objects. Shiah and Sunni disputes have risen out of waqf matters. Doubtless the British have not been able to adjust all the matters and remove all the injustices. But by the repairs they have made and the money they have spent they have increased the Eastern belief that the British are the friends of Islam.

The matter of land settlements was complicated by the fact that the Turks had destroyed many of the records. Under the Turkish land, or tapu, system all land was presumed to be the property of the government unless it was admitted by the government itself by means of a tapu sunnad to have been transferred to private hands. While the laws governing land transfer were inadequate and primitive, the Turkish Government was not very vigilant in carrying them out, and government land was often encroached upon by private persons without discovery. On the other hand, private owners of land often failed to get their title deeds. Each region had its own difficulties to present. Agrarian problems, with tribal, fiscal and legal troubles, made the tapu question a very delicate one. It is being handled with a justice and tact that are impressing the natives.

As to the administration of justice, the British dislocated very little the legal machinery that was working when the Turks withdrew. It would of course no longer refer to Constantinople. Cases related to the family law of the Shiahs were transferred from the Sunni courts, and were instituted before the civil court, being referred to an especially selected Shiah jurist. In civil administration as little change as possible was made. Arabic was substituted for the Turkish language. Courts of appeal of first instance have been established under the presidency of a senior judicial officer and two native members. The present court of appeal consists of a senior judicial officer and two natives who have not heard the original suit.

In districts where no court of appeal exists the political officers exercise limited judicial power. The procedure in their court is regulated by the Bagdad vilayet peace-court rules, which are based on the old Turkish peace-judge laws, and an appeal against a decision may be made to the court of appeal. A small court, dealing with suits up to a value of five hundred rupees, is appointed to relieve political officers of judicial work whenever there is sufficient of it to justify the employment of a whole-time judge. Not many changes have been instituted, but the interminable delays have been avoided, and the corrupt practices which vitiated the former administration.

(Concluded on Page 100)

If he should step off—

Yet the total impact of your 8,000 steps a day is even greater

IF a man stepped off the top of a 16-story building, he would hit the pavement below with an impact of 600 tons.

Yet the impact would not be as great as the total impact of the 8,000 steps *you* take on the average every day.

This startling comparison reveals one of the greatest sources of fatigue in modern life. Only a few years ago we walked on soft dirt paths and elastic turf which cushioned every step.

But conditions have changed. Hard, unyielding pavements, sidewalks and floors have replaced the natural ground in our cities and towns. Today every step with leather heels or "dead" rubber heels on these modern pavements acts as a hammer blow to your nervous system. The repeated shocks of your 8,000 steps a day take their toll of nervous energy—tend to produce that state of fatigue you so often experience.

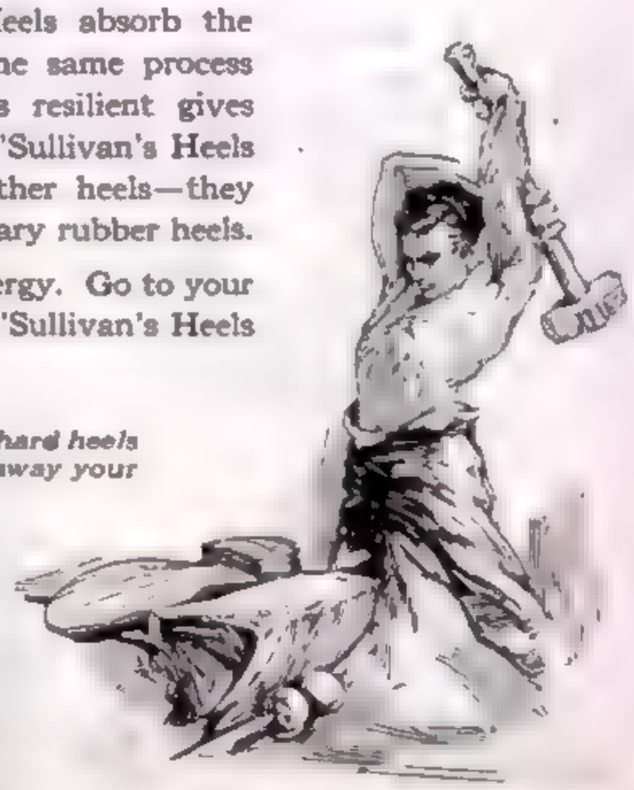
You cannot change the pavements, but you can change your heels. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars of walking.

Changing hard pavements to cushioned paths

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by a special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

This is why O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars of walking. The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels will outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy.

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

What Official Bearings Service Means to the Garageman and the Motorist

The Bearings Service Company acts as the service department of the Timken Roller Bearing Company, the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company, and the New Departure Manufacturing Company.

With a nation-wide organization of 33 direct Branches and over 1000 Authorized Distributors, each equipped with complete official factory records and stocks of new **TIMKEN, HYATT and NEW DEPARTURE BEARINGS,** the Bearings Service Company supplies bearings for replacement to the motorist through garages in practically every city and town throughout the United States and Canada.

Branches

Atlanta	Fresno	Omaha
Baltimore	Indianapolis	Philadelphia
Birmingham	Kansas City	Pittsburgh
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland, Ore.
Brooklyn	Milwaukee	Richmond
Buffalo	Minneapolis	Rochester
Chicago	Newark	Salt Lake City
Cleveland	New Orleans	San Francisco
Dallas	New York	Seattle
Denver	Oakland, Cal.	St. Louis
Detroit	Oklahoma City	Toronto

Over 1000 Authorized Distributors in Other Main Centers

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

General Offices: Detroit, Michigan

(Concluded from Page 98)

A Westerner is naturally anxious to see what is being done here in education. Upon paper the Turkish system of education in Turkey was good enough, but its result was that the youth of the country were without education in the real sense of the term. They could speak and write Turkish and knew something of the elements of history, geography and arithmetic, and that is all. The Committee of Union and Progress appears to have made something like a serious attempt at improving education in Mesopotamia, but without much effect. The only ones here with anything like an advanced education got their training in the American schools in Constantinople and Beirut. Feminine education was scarcely attempted except by denominational bodies.

Already, in spite of difficulties through lack of buildings, books and other materials, the British have seventy-five governmental, primary and elementary schools, where the elementary subjects are taught in Arabic. There is instruction in religion for the Moslems, and physical training for everybody. Twenty schools of the seventy-five teach English; three are girls' schools, and more are to be added in time.

Civilizing Influences

This teaching in Arabic is a great innovation, since the Turks used their own language in spite of the fact that ninety per cent of the people were Arabic speaking. There is also a training college for teachers, which has been running for three years, and a business commercial school in which three sorts of young men are trained—clerks for government offices, men for business and previous Turkish officials, of whom there are about three hundred, many of them receiving pensions from the present administration to make up for the loss of employment.

There is also a school which is giving at least a foundation of the technical education of which the students of this country are so badly in need. There is a further civil-service branch. Any intending clerk is examined as to his fitness for the position for which he has applied, and is graded from the point of view of fitness and appropriate salary. Employers are not bound to take such clerks, but they practically always do. The educational work is in charge of Major H. E. Bowman, who has had a wide experience in Egypt, but who has managed to get a much larger appropriation than was given in Egypt. Something like five per cent of the revenue, I am told, has gone for education this last year.

The prosperity of the people of Mesopotamia has undoubtedly been added to by the railroad. It is still in its infancy, the authorities hope, but its development has been very considerable. The Turks had done practically nothing in railroad development. A part of the Bagdad railroad had been completed between Bagdad and Samarra, something like seventy-five miles; the only other was a railroad from Bagdad to a point below Fallujah. Soon after the British landed at Basra they built light lines to facilitate the disembarkation. As the war went on they continued laying light military tracks.

Mesopotamia was lacking in material for railroad construction. The timber for sleepers had to come from India and East Africa, and from India the rolling stock, rails and girders. Yet there are now nine hundred miles of railroad in the country, still under the military, waiting to pass to civil administration, once the mandate is formally announced. This railroad goes from Basra as far as Shargaat, passing by both the Tigris and the Euphrates. There is also a line going up to the borders of Persia.

Since it costs ten times as much to transport by camel as by the railroad, it is clear that the line will be of immense advantage to the natives. The natives will also be of immense value to the railroad. It is expected that a million pilgrims a year will travel to the holy places by train. Already the railroad employees—clerks and coolies both—amount to something like forty thousand, the number of Indians being reduced as fast as possible.

There is a very definite organization controlling the country. As already stated, it is still under military law, and yet a strong civil government is established. In Bagdad are the offices of numerous departments—revenue, customs, judicial, education, finance, irrigation, railways, transport, postal and telegraph, civil works, stores, health, police, land titles, waqf. This last, waqf—plural auqaf—has great political import. The word signifies a pious and charitable bequest or endowment, but it is also used for the property bestowed by it.

In all these departments Arabs are employed, and also Indians. The policy is to train Arabs as quickly as possible for the work of their own country, and as soon as they are anything like efficient to put them into places now held by the Indians and the British.

Further, the country has been parceled into some eighteen divisions under the general control of a civil commissioner. Each division is subdivided into districts. The division is presided over by a political officer and the districts by assistant political officers answerable to the division officer. Their duty is to see to the maintenance of law and order in their division, to assess and collect the taxes, to hold civil courts, to spend under certain control from Bagdad the finances for the division. They are assisted by native officers—a mudir in each district and a mamur in each subdistrict. The revenue inspector and all his staff are natives. The waqf or pious endowment or bequest administration in each district is managed by a native; land registration also. The judicial officer has his native judges, while the religious court is presided over by a native kadi. There is a native judge over a peace court which settles the smaller civil cases. No doubt the general legislative assembly and the high commissioner are coming.

Meantime there are municipal and divisional assemblies where the native representatives can develop and exercise their power to govern.

A long screed could be written about the work of these political officers, especially those out in the blue; what they achieve in building a new Mesopotamia, and at the same time in building a good deal of romance, drama and comedy into their own lives. There are two in particular who should go down in history for what they have done for peace and order. One is Colonel Leachman, whom I did not meet, because he was either on leave or, perhaps, wandering in disguise among border Arabs. He knows the Arab people and language as well as does Colonel Lawrence of the Hadjan people, and during the war he was invaluable because of the information he gave the army about the Turkish forces. He is a born ruler, and it is said that where he rules there is always stability.

A Modest Empire Builder

The other political officer is a woman who refuses to allow her name to be mentioned. Like Colonel Leachman, she has known this country and all the countries of the Arabs for years. She visits sheiks in the deserts and women in the harem, and she is so beloved that the people have given her an especial name, which again I am not able to quote. Never was there such a modest woman.

When I said to her "Did you really do this or that?" she would say "No, Colonel Leachman got all ready for that," or "Any political officer who knew Arabic could have done that."

Her influence among the Arabs is so great and wide-reaching that she feels she must stay on here and do her work in this man's world. And—weep, feminists!—with it all, she doesn't believe very much in woman suffrage. Long may she reign, good warrior and charming gentlewoman that she is.

So Mesopotamia may be said to be in mufti now that the signatures have been set to the treaty. Outside of the town is the grave and rose-stone cross of the man who helped make it all possible—General Maude. He is not forgotten—a hospital, a garden, a bridge, a street are named after him. About his grave are hundreds of humbler graves that are remembered only in little homes in Great Britain. Mesopotamia is the graveyard for hundreds of Tommies and Indians who have died to make it what it is to-day. Five hundred nurses came to the hospitals to try to ease them to their death. Just stepping-stones, all these unknown; stepping-stones, one prays, that will never be covered by the desert sands—foundation stones of a rich and solid future.

Not all the veterans are wearing service stripes

Did you ever hear of a man actually learning to love such a cold and inanimate thing as a shovel? Did you ever hear of a man taking a shovel home with him so that the other fellows couldn't steal it?

There are lots of men who do, though—and they aren't crazy. They are just hard-working, sensible men who make a business of shoveling. When one makes a business of anything one soon becomes critical and demands the best tools. The men listed below are all firemen on great railroad systems. Their work is hard and exacting. That is why firemen who know ask for Red Edge shovels—that is why they are so loath to part with the veteran shovels that have done their work faithfully and well.

When you consider that the life of the ordinary coal scoop on a railroad is not more than six months, you will appreciate the following Red Edge performances:

LACKAWANNA
Fireman, Geo. Jenkins. Service—Heavy freight. Length of service—29½ months. Mileage—76,700.

GREAT NORTHERN
Fireman, Wm. Rogers. Service—Mail train. Length of service—18½ months. Mileage—80,200.

UNION PACIFIC
Fireman, Lawrence Enzinger. Service—Passenger. Mileage—60,500. (Used in a coal chute for a long time before the fireman got it.)

LONG ISLAND
Fireman, D. Smith. Service—Pass. and Freight. Length of service—11 months. Mileage—18,750.

These four Red Edge scoops have fed locomotive furnaces the fuel that has carried them a total of 236,150 miles—an average of 59,037 miles per scoop. Their combined length of service amounted to over 59 months, or about 1¼ years apiece.

Railroad men are interested not so much in the number of hours a coal scoop can be used before wearing out as in the actual mileage obtained. Red Edge coal scoops not only last the longest, but insure real fuel economy.

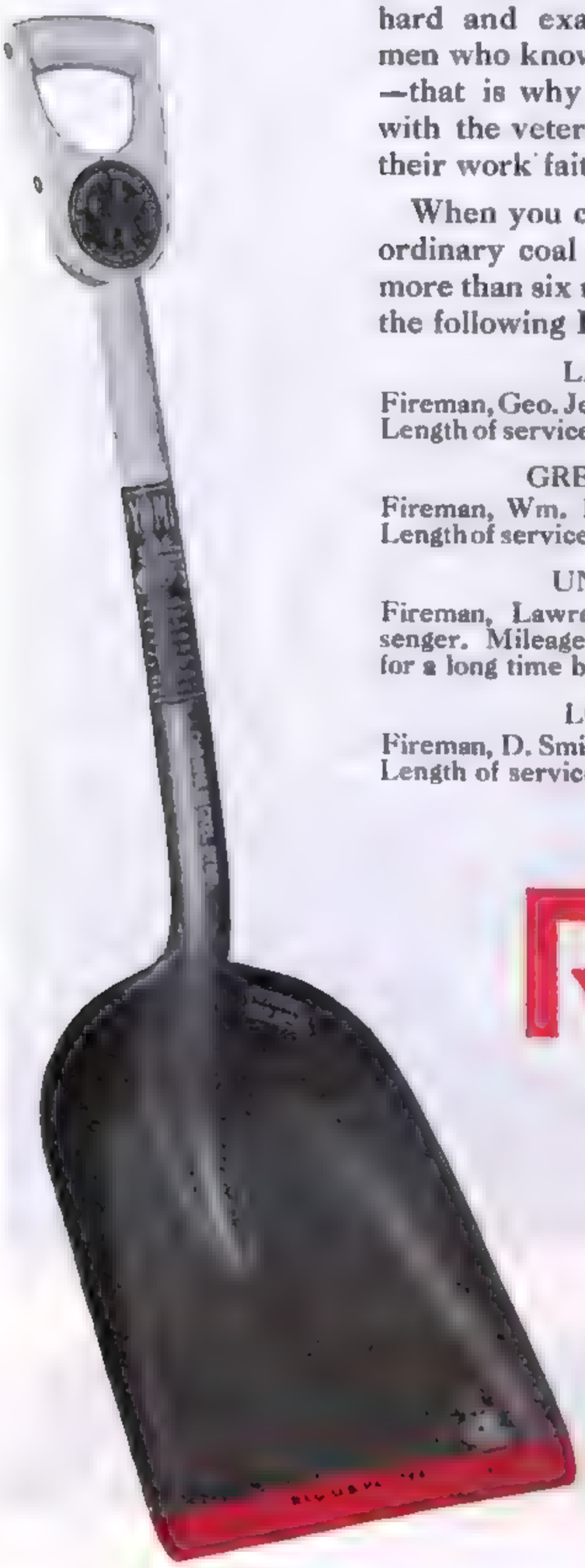
Why is it that Wyoming scoops outwear two or more ordinary scoops? Because the entire blade is made of Chrome-Nickel steel, which gives a hardness and toughness that are not found in carbon steel.

Every shovel that goes out of our factory must pass severe strain tests. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test.)

Perhaps you use shovels by the dozen—perhaps the only shovel you ever think of is the one in your coal bin. In either case you want your money's worth. A Red Edge gives you that—and then some.

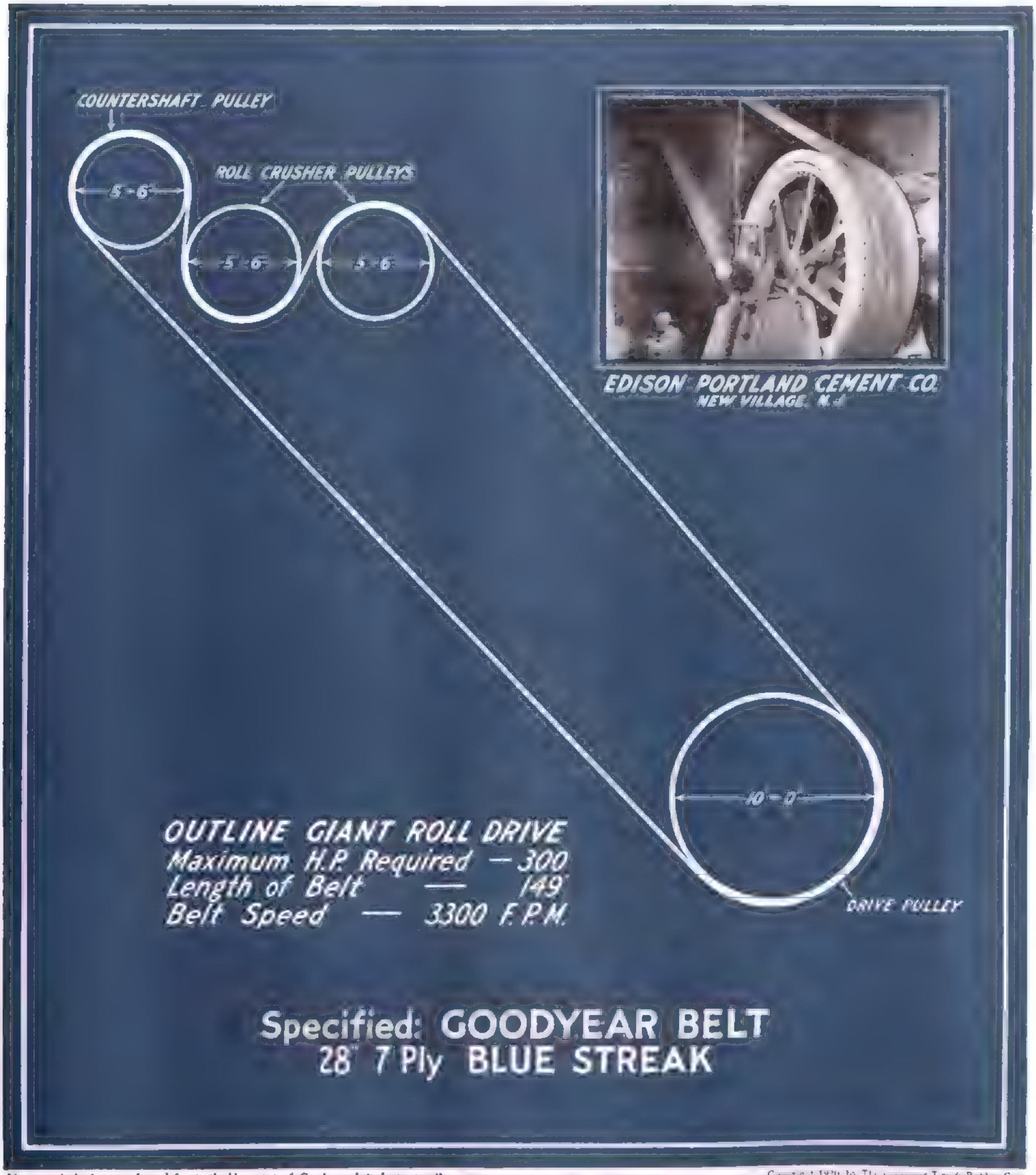
How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic—story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania



WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES

WYOMING SHOVELS



Un-retouched photograph and facsimile blueprint of Goodyear belted giant roll drive in the plant of the Edison Portland Cement Company, New Village, N. J.

Copyright 1920 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Six Times the Belt Life— And the G. T. M.

Three months was the average life of a belt in the hard, intermittent service of the giant roll drive on the stone crusher in the Edison Portland Cement Company's plant at New Village, N. J.

The power demanded for crunching the limestone, the constant rain of stone dust and bits of rock falling on the belt, and the crusher design that required the use of both sides of the belt, all proved too severe for even the better grades of belting which the Company was using. Some of the poorer ones lasted only two weeks.

The prospect of better service from a belt scientifically specified to that gruelling duty was held out by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man. The Company authorized him to make an expert analysis of the drive, and co-operated in his work by supplying full information on service conditions peculiar to the plant.

Among other facts, the following salient features of the giant roll drive were noted by the G. T. M. in his study: The belt drives over the pulley on the first roll, under on the second, and over the driven pulley on the countershaft; all these pulleys are 66″ in diameter; the drive shaft pulley is 10′ in diameter; the drive inclines at a 45° angle; speed maintained, 3300 F.P.M.; the power required is 300 horse.

He recommended a Goodyear Blue Streak Belt, 28-inch, 7-ply—a great, strong belt, proof against slippage, liable to little stretch, and full of life. It has transmitted full power to the heavy rolls with unfailing certainty. It has ended the troubles of cutting and splicing that other belts developed by their tendency to stretch.

It lasted seventeen months before being replaced by another Goodyear Blue Streak Belt of the same quality and dimensions. Throughout its term of service it gave full measure of dependable, trouble-free, powerful transmission. It registered economy in its extra life, in freedom from repair costs, and in demonstrable value as a factor for increased production and general plant efficiency.

These profitable results of Goodyear Belt Service on the giant roll have made the Edison operating officials firm believers in the Goodyear plan of specifying a belt to its work. They have had the G. T. M. make other analyses, and ordered Goodyear transmission, elevator and conveyor belts in accord with his recommendations.

The same service, in G. T. M. knowledge and in these Goodyear Belts that we make to protect our good name, is at your command for a single drive or an entire plant. Write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Cal., for further information about it.

BLUE STREAK BELTS

THE EASIEST PLAYING INSTRUMENTS MANUFACTURED

Better instruments are not made. Thousands of letters of praise from leading artists all over the world testify to this. Awarded highest honors at World's Expositions.

Conn valve action is unusually quick and light. Tone quality is matchless. Design and finish are works of art. Perfection of tubing, hydraulically expanded (an exclusive feature) makes intonation perfect and assures greatest ease of playing.

Cultivate Your Musical Bump

CONN Instruments make this easy. They are highly responsive—produce and sustain a tone with practically no effort; they encourage you to play. There is no end to the pleasure and extra profit a Conn Instrument affords. Write for particulars.

C. G. CONN Ltd
Agencies in all large cities
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

FREE BOOK

Valuable information concerning musical instruments and their band and orchestra possibilities. Just mention the instrument in which you are interested.

John Dolan

The celebrated Cornet Soloist of Sousa's Band this season and for many years soloist with Pat Conway's Band, says:

"What could I say more than to state that your latest model, The Victor, has proven quite beyond my expectations? I consider it by far the greatest triumph you have won in the art of instrument building."

Simon Mantia

For many years Soloist with Sousa's and Pryor's Bands and at present Assistant Director and Soloist of Pryor's Band. Note his opinion.

"I do not believe it is possible to equal your instruments in any particular. They are simply the last word in perfection."

Joe Green

The world-renowned drummer and Xylophone Soloist of Sousa's Band who has delighted thousands by his remarkable playing, says:

"I am sure no Conn Victor has ever been equaled by any other. I have never heard anything to compare with it. The best all-around drum I have ever used."

"A Guarantee Bond with Every Conn"

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

elderly author to move about after documents, maps and books, while dictating was fatiguing his voice and throat. The latter, if anything, pained him more than ever. Therefore now my father, who had lived through those war experiences with the general, was going to take off the latter's hands all the necessary research work and give his entire time to this congenial task of helping the book forward, thus saving his father fatigue and strain whether in explaining what the latter wanted to a stranger, who knew nothing of the necessary references, or in hunting up each date and map himself.

Early that autumn we all moved up to my grandparents' New York house. My grandfather seemed to be feeling quite unwell, whether his hip or throat or headaches were to blame; and because of this a new arrangement of the second-floor rooms occurred, and an office was installed up there on the lines of the one at Elberon, except that a second big desk had its place, where father was permanently established. The office was in the smaller of the two front rooms. The larger front room was made my grandfather's bedroom now instead of grandmamma's, as it had been; and she moved into the back room, with folding doors open between. The small room off her bedroom was arranged as a sitting room.

Distinguished Visitors

I remember no parties that winter. At first, every morning early, my grandfather went downtown to have his throat treated; then he returned and went to work on the book, dictating and writing. Late afternoon found him always for two or three hours in grandmamma's sitting room, listening to her and those who surrounded her all talking gayly. My mother was looking very pretty, feeling well and was always well surrounded. Later in the winter my Aunt Nelly came from England and stayed in the house. Many great men passed hours in that upstairs sitting room, came in the afternoon and were kept over for the family dinner, with old-fashioned informal hospitality. Sometimes several would break away from the group round the fire and go off to the office to discuss some point on which they differed, perhaps as to the hour of a troop movement involved in some chapter of the book.

General Sherman was a constant guest. He talked a lot, was tall and vital, with a distinguished face, his head well poised and with a charming confiding manner. He never forgot he had given my mother her diploma when she graduated at Georgetown Convent, or that she had been head of her class there. His special allegiance went to her always in a pretty compliment, but he was charming to all, a great resource to grandmamma, with whom he chummed admirably, whether in serious or light mood. Probably he read what anxiety was beginning to pierce the calm surface of the family circle, and he came and came again. So did others, with the same feeling of bringing a distraction or a comfort to a vague trouble. Seeing grandmamma's keen anxiety over my grandfather's silence, which she attributed to pain, I remember that one day when, her husband having left the room, she mentioned this General Sherman, walking up and down, said to her: "But the general was always silent, Mrs. Grant. Even during the worst times of strain, during the war, I used to go to see the general at his headquarters, and he would sit perfectly still, like he did here to-day. I just walked up and down and swore then; and I'm sure it did your husband lots of good, ma'am, and relieved his mind to have me do it for him." Grandmamma laughed and was consoled. General Black Jack Logan came to sit too; silent at first sometimes, then to break into hot eloquence over some army memory of an occasion where my grandfather's genius had shone.

As the winter advanced General Buckner, from whom my grandfather had captured Fort Donelson in 1862, and several other opponents of old war days took the trouble to show their sympathy by joining the group in grandmamma's sitting room on one occasion or another, for a talk with their conqueror.

My babyhood acquaintance, General Sheridan, also reappeared on the scene, stouter and ruddier than I recalled him in the old days, and with rather whiter hair. He had kept his charm of voice and smile, and was intense always in his attitude of devotion. There were others with army titles, but my memory does not retain their names, and there were many civilians too. Handsomest of these was Senator Roscoe Conkling tall, imposing, with fine gray curls, grizzled beard and his head thrown well back. He was so distinguished looking as to hold his companions somewhat in awe. I do not remember what he said—did not understand it very well—but when he talked everyone listened, and seemed greatly to enjoy it, and he often talked.

One frequent visitor frightened me dreadfully—Mark Twain, with his shaggy mane of long white hair, waving or carelessly tossed about his low brow; protruding eyebrows, which almost hid the deep-set eyes shining beneath them. He seemed long and rather lanky, perhaps because I was still quite small, and he had a vague way of strolling into the room and moving about without seeming to aim for any special spot. Seated he leaned way back, with crossed legs and his chin thrown up a little; so he looked at one as from a height, his lids half lowered. He shook hands, always rather crushing my small pudgy paw, and he would eye me with his whimsical expression, probably not even thinking of me as he did so. Then he would slowly drawl out some remark, in a curious, rather bored, monotone voice. Somehow, though I didn't dare say it, I got the idea he was a crazy man; and I would draw close to one or another of the grown-ups when he was round. I think I never would have had the courage to be in the same room with Mark Twain alone. I remember once the following summer at Mount McGregor he came upon me in the garden where I was playing; and as he spoke to me I turned, saw him, and fled screaming to the cottage door, without replying. Since then I have frequently regretted in reading his great contributions to American literature that I had behaved so stupidly; for it was a wonderful chance I lost of hearing the best story teller of our generation tell me a tale, to be repeated with pride to one's own child or grandchild later.

Changes for the Worse

A quaint figure was that of Señor Romero, the Mexican Minister to the United States—a tiny thin body with a rather large bald head, a long nose, Spanish black eyes and very small hands and feet. He suffered from dyspepsia, and was very sallow-skinned. The deep gray shadows in his face interested me, and he generally said almost nothing, but would draw up a small chair into a modest corner and sit watching my grandfather for hours with a face full of sad devotion. Senator Leland Stanford came and talked of things in California, opening up vistas like fairy tales for their brilliant glimpses of the Far Western life, where sun, mountains, great trees, flowers, fruit and gold disputed first place in the ideas he gave me.

There were many others who came to my grandparents' house in those days, but somehow these are the only figures which stand out marked in my child's memory as I look back over thirty-five years. But one name, that of Jefferson Davis, I remember hearing of as having given my grandfather great pleasure by coming, or by a message sent.

Of the family I remember that my mother was excessively slender and pretty, and my father had grown a beard and seemed older; also he seemed always very busy. Even when my grandfather was free to come and sit a while, my father generally came in with him, stayed a little and then went quietly back to the office, where the secretary, with General Badeau, was deep in papers.

On our return from the seashore my grandfather had for some time acted and looked about as usual, and though there was family talk of his not being quite well it was just sore throat, his hip or a headache which figured in the conversations; and, as I said above, he went down to his doctor each day to be treated.

Somehow—without my child's memory establishing a date, however—there was soon a change in my grandfather and in the family life round him. He was no longer going downtown, or going out at all, in fact; and a good deal of the time he was in a dressing gown and wore a scarf round his neck, thrown back loosely. Also he came less and less to the sitting room, and never sat at his desk in the office any more. A big soft leather armchair appeared in his bedroom, with a pillow in it, and it was said before me that he could not sleep lying down, so that he spent his nights in that great chair sitting upright. He often wore a soft knitted cap when his head ached; and he had, on a small table by him, a bottle or two, a cup of water and a little empty dish, together with a small pad and a well-sharpened pencil.

He did not at all stop work, but always wrote for the usual number of hours each day. Sometimes he would walk about the room and even through the corridor to the sitting room, generally with his hand on my father's arm. He was quite silent usually, and wrote on the small pad anything he wanted to say. Now and then, when in the other room and without this means of conveying his thought, in a strained voice he would with effort say a word or two; but he still enjoyed the family group and would listen, with vivid eyes, as for his benefit added color was infused into the conversation.

The General's Courage

I still enjoyed my privileges. If I was in the sitting room my little chair was drawn close to his and he would stroke my hair or cheek or hold my hand a little while. I remember how beautiful his hands were—large, classic, with long capable fingers and perfect nails, to which Nature had left nothing for the manicure to do. The hands looked strong, and so did the wonderful face with its quiet, firm expression of mouth and deep eyes calm in spite of constant pain in them. When he would go off from the sitting room some one of the remaining circle always asked how he was; and another would reply sadly, "No better."

Once a stranger, whom I do not recall by name, said something about morphine. "He would not take it," came the reply. "The only thing he is willing to try is now and again to have a light exterior application of cocaine painted over the sore itself. It is hard, because he is forced to write every scrap of his memoirs now in person; no voice—he cannot dictate."

Then my mother told of the life in the two front rooms. It seems my father spent twenty-three out of twenty-four hours there, sleeping on a sofa in the office, dressed, and ready to spring to his father's side if the latter woke and wanted to write. My grandfather evidently had to work during what hours he could, as the pain subsided by chance; and whenever such a period came my father was there, gentle and smiling, to help look up a date or to verify a statement. Any care, to hand a pillow or do anything else to aid, and to sympathize with his father was the son's one desire, and my mother said it was unhealthy for my father to be awake and working thus day after day, keeping himself alive with black coffee; but she could do nothing with him, and he only answered her protests by absolutely declaring he meant to go on helping his father to the end, all that he could.

I was allowed to go into the sick room and stand about at times. Once I wandered in and stood in a corner watching, and it appeared to me that my father was as strong and as gentle as any professional nurse, and that my grandfather seemed to feel confidence and depend on his big son.

The doctors came to the patient now, and I stood by once and saw how they examined his throat and painted it.

The winter wore on and my grandfather grew worse steadily. He remained constantly in his room. With strict orders given me to make no noise, not even to talk, and to come right out again, occasionally I was allowed in. One noticed a great change; the face was pale and drawn and the fine hands were very thin. When he was not writing they lay open on the arms of his chair, very still; or else with a slow quiet movement he would open and close his hands, rubbing the thumb over the closed fingers backward and forward. It was never a jerky motion, but as if he were thinking; much as a well man walks quietly up and down while he thinks. Never did anyone mention an impatient

(Continued on Page 107)

What else do you do while you shave?

A CERTAIN successful man says he made $35,000 last year while shaving himself.

The secret is, he drives an Ever-Ready, which lets him shave in peace. While the Ever-Ready shaves him, he thinks.

To many men, shaving time is the keenest thinking time of the day. Early morning, a fresh mind, hands busy, an Ever-Ready wafting the whiskers away with gentle magic, the face feeling better and cleaner with every stroke. Why man, it's the time to make millions.

Of course, if you have a razor that brings tears to the eyes, if shaving is an ordeal which calls for Spartan courage, if you have to lather and lop and strop and fuss and tinker and USE STRATEGY—if shaving is a battle—well, that's about all you can expect of one human brain at a time. Ever-Ready shaves are subconscious. You don't know you are getting 'em 'til you've got 'em.

The reason is largely in the blades. They're the finest steel that money can buy and fire can refine. They're treated by a special war-born Ever-Ready Radio process. Ever-Ready Radio blades are really little short of miraculous, and some day we'll succeed making you realize this.

Then there's the frame, scientifically swung and balanced; it simply makes you hold it true. Self-steering, as it were.

If Ever-Ready razor outfits were $20 instead of only $1, a lot of men who have been holding back would rush up with $20 bills. A dollar on Ever-Ready! It's a good tip.

Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades—all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today—at all stores.

Extra Blades, 6 for 40c
Sold the World Over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

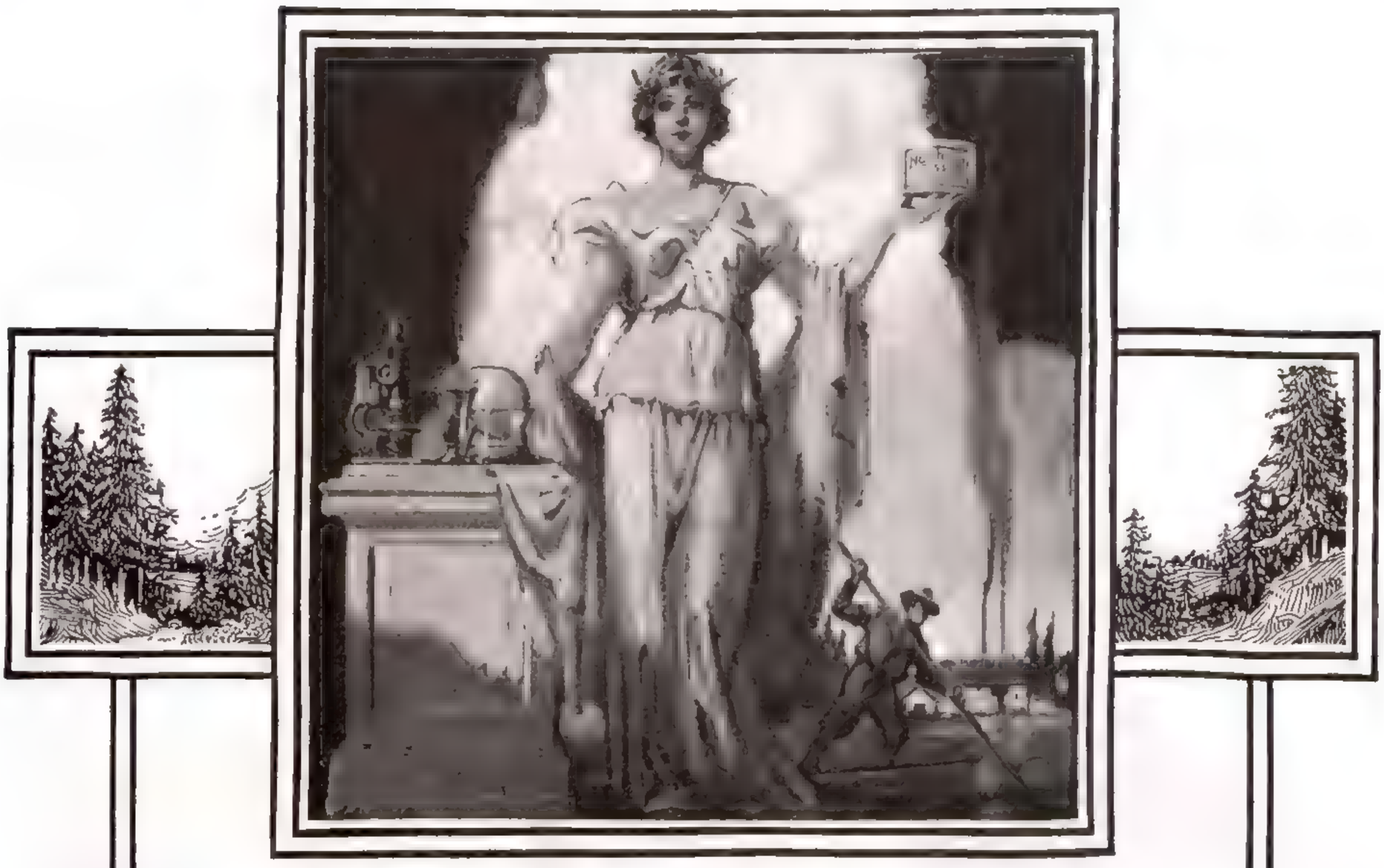
Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York Brooklyn Toronto
London Paris

"The Little Barber in a Box"

$1.00 Complete

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor



¶ A texture that is a real achievement in the science of modern paper making commends Northern Tissue to you. The utmost skill of the industry has been taxed that you may have this finer bathroom necessity.

¶ Call it by any other name and it's not Northern Tissue—a more sanitary and economical toilet paper. At your dealer's now. Made in Green Bay, Wisconsin, by the Northern Paper Mills—also manufacturers of fine paper towels, for shops, offices and kitchens.

(Continued from Page 104)

word or gesture on his part, and his two doctors—one of whom, Doctor Shrady, I liked very much—were always saying it was wonderful how he stood the days of agony and the sleepless nights; and he never would take anything to give him respite, as they had often begged him to do. Also everyone spoke of the wonderful work he was still doing, and of his chapters, which were piling up; and how his strength held out.

Two or three times there were sinking spells, and a frightened family gathered about him, fearing the end; but he rallied, and even at times seemed for a few days to show an appreciable improvement. I remember on the twenty-seventh of April there was a birthday dinner for him, all the family and a few friends; and I was allowed to sit up for the grown-ups' meal, and to have some of their ice cream—a rare treat which impressed me more than the few guests, among whom I seem to recall the faces of General Sherman and Mark Twain again, with my grandmother's delight that some unexpected remark of the latter had created a general laugh in which my grandfather had joined. I may be confusing this with another dinner earlier that season.

Again, an incident which stands out in my memory is that one evening before dinner a frightful series of howls was heard in the hall outside grandmamma's door. She, who always asserted we children were much too suppressed by our parents and nurses, rushed out in a dressing gown, my mother appearing in the same array on the staircase above; while my grandfather, cane in hand, opened his own door, and my father came from the office, having dropped his work in haste at the agony of his small son's voice. I sat on the steps, since, when the racket began, we were following our nurse up to our rooms from our early dinner. With the crowd assembled and with grandmamma imploringly begging the three-year-old to dry his tears and confide his trouble to her, young Ulysses straightened out his wrinkled face, opened his eyes and, looking straight at her, answered: "Want an appul!"

Grandmamma had secretly instructed him to shout and make a noise when he wanted anything, so she proceeded to make good by sending for the apple; but my mother's indignation and humiliation were very great! My grandfather had watched the scene with delight, and recurred to it several times, saying, "That boy knows how to manage women"; and finally, "I'm afraid Ida will have to spank that youngster of hers"; but he liked both the vigor and the wit of the sturdy little grandson who bore his name, and my father wasn't displeased with anything which brought a ray of light to the invalid's tired eyes.

Getting Into the Papers

Toward spring all sorts of things which interested us children began to happen outside the house. An army of reporters camped on our sidewalk, watching the windows of the second floor front. Incidentally they questioned everyone who came out of the front door, and we children came in for a large share of attention whenever we appeared bound for our daily walks. We were mentioned in the papers, and my mother disliked this and gave us strict instructions not to talk to the reporters as we went by them. One day when she had been out for luncheon and during the afternoon, and had missed a play-room riot of which Nurse Louise had told her, she sent for us, and looking at my brother she said with sorrow in her voice, "I hear you have been dreadfully naughty to-day. Now isn't that terrible?" Ignoring the latter question the culprit replied with gay interest, "Now how did you hear that, mamma? In the newspapers?"—and brought down the house.

There was a great procession that spring, too, I remember; a beautiful parade, which marched up past our house to salute the old commander. He stood in the bay window of his sick room looking down on the veterans he had commanded long ago, with their following of younger men and boys; and as they went by, in spite of military discipline every face turned upward, and they gazed at the fine strength of that face still fighting and unconquered. At two windows over his we children enjoyed the sight, feeling the parade was all for our benefit and pleasure, understanding nothing of the tragedy of this last review.

Partly unconscious of the full significance of the drama in the home we spent a happy winter, with our lessons, walks and games following one another in monotonous succession. Toward the end of spring we were scarcely ever allowed in the sick room, and if at all my father would carry little Ulysses in his arms, saying "Sh!" then would take me in for a moment, leading me by the hand gently, and would stand with me a few seconds by the side of the great chair. My grandfather's head was bent and he appeared very ill, but always there was a look and a smile at me; and then "Come, sweetheart!" my father would whisper. "Dear grandpapa is tired now." And he would lead me back to the lighted hall. But I heard them all talk of how the book was still progressing—how each day at the hours of least suffering some pages were added to it; and one would say, "The book is killing him"; and another would reply, "No, the book is keeping him alive; without it he would already be dead."

There came talk of summer plans. The doctors thought Elberon too damp and too low, and real mountains too far, with air too rarefied. Someone suggested Mount McGregor, in the foothills of the Adirondacks; accessible, dry, invigorating, cool, all that was wanted—a small hotel where one took one's meals, and a wee cottage just large enough to hold the family; woods of oak and pine; a great sweeping view out over the valley far away; and the question was decided. The move frightened everyone, but came off all right.

At Mount McGregor

My grandfather, with doctors and nurse and with my father invariably at his side and in charge, always able to understand his gesture or see what was needed quicker or better than others, made one group. Grandmamma with my Aunt Nelly and my mother formed another group under the leadership of my uncle U. S. Grant; then we children and our French Louise; finally various servants following us with baggage and wraps, which made a cavalcade that crowded the special car offered our party by the railroad. An all-day trip it was. I think we arrived in time for a light supper, and were put at once to bed; and we slept with light hearts, for in telling us good night someone had said, "Isn't it nice, dear grandpapa has stood the trip so well? And the doctor says he will soon be all right in this fine air."

It seemed true. The air was cool and clear and sunny, and the tiny cottage was most conveniently arranged for the invalid's comfort. On the ground floor there was a little room—supposedly a dining room—with a smaller parlor off it; then a larger room called the office, and a pleasant sunny, quiet, corner sick room, with a cot for the attendant and chairs like those in New York; or perhaps the same ones transported. His two rooms opened one into the other and had their own door out to the broad pleasant porch, where the invalid could sit or be wheeled or walk a little, sure of an even surface.

For a time the effect of the change and air was wonderful, though the pain and difficulty in swallowing were as before. An augmentation of strength came within a day or two, and my grandfather was able to be out a great deal, to wear his clothes, and stand the fatigue of dressing and undressing; he even again took a large part in the family's life, which was arranged round him so he should have as much company and talk as would amuse and distract him. He was wheeled down to the summerhouse on the cliff frequently, and looked contentedly out over the great valley spread beyond. If I was playing in the garden when he started I was called, and delighted to be with him, feeling very maternal and important; I trotted alongside the moving chair, chattering incessantly, and now and then tucking in the corner of his scarf or lap robe. I loved that view myself, and always felt the silent man was in sympathy, for when I would exclaim my pleasure at its splendor, and turn to him with a "Don't you like it too grandpapa?" he would nod and smile with his eyes, quite in the old way; and I forgot, childlike, how ill he really was.

Through June and part of July we lived like this, and crowds came and looked and went away. On Sunday vast concourses of people, respectful and quiet, arrived by train on the mountain top, gazed at the

(Concluded on Page 110)

Standard model $10 00
In Canada 15 00

BOYCE
MOTOMETER

AN automobile is as good as its engine. But no matter how fine the engine may be, it can only give maximum power and service at lowest cost when operated at its *safe, normal temperature!*

Modern high-speed motors can't stand high temperatures. Excessive heat and friction ruin them. And there are so many things that can happen to cause damage in the best designed and regulated automobile engine, that automotive engineers, designers, mechanical experts and professional racing drivers alike say "*Heat* motors demand a *heat* gauge."

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THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U. S. A.

This an Ideal Hudson

~ HUDSON SUPER SIX COUPE ~

for the Owner-Driver

Unfailing Reliability With Comfort and Economy Accounts for Its Popularity With Automobile Commuters

THE partiality to Hudson of men who regard their cars primarily for their utility, is readily understood in the light of abilities for which the Super-Six stands supreme among all the world's cars.

Those who must depend on motor transit are uncompromising realists where cars are concerned.

They are seldom novice owners. And their experience has taught them knowledge of the substantial values that endure unchanged by time. It is such men, in the main, who for five years have made Hudson the largest selling fine car in the world.

It Is Why Hudson Outsells All Other Fine Cars

AND from all its 100,000 owners comes no endorsement so convincing as its dominant favor among motor-commuters, who have homes in the country or suburbs and must have absolutely trustworthy conveyance to their daily affairs in the city.

With them reliability is the first consideration. That answered, the governing factors are safe and rapid transit, with economy, comfort, and freedom from any mechanical concern.

A car in city service may occasionally drop out of commission, temporarily, without completely losing the regard of the owner. It may lack true economy and the finer luxuries of riding ease, and yet not afflict the owner with too keen a sense of its shortcomings.

Only the Fittest Survive this Service

BUT failure is not forgiven of a car that men rely on to get them to and fro, between business and homes distant in the country.

It must be as dependable as train service. Its economy must justify on the basis of utility, where men judge costs most shrewdly.

And comfort also is a big factor, with men who must travel 30 or 60 miles daily, and be fit and fresh for their affairs.

Obviously, unless it answered these requirements with distinctive satisfaction, Hudson could not continue to enjoy its overwhelming preference among this class of motor users. For here, the survival of the fittest rules by a law that needs no writing.

The Coupé a Favorite— Seats Four

THE Hudson coupé is a favorite model with all owner-drivers, and especially with the growing thousands who commute by motor. Considerations of utility again determine the choice. The coupe seats four. It furnishes Pullman-like comfort, that takes no account of weather or road conditions and brings no concern of its sure destination.

The driver of the Hudson travels faster within the speed limit because he can disregard hills and road conditions that check less capable cars. And his pick-up in city traffic makes fast time safely, where cars lacking this capacity are chained in column, and held back by every delay throughout its length.

It is not only its speed, its quickness at the getaway, or its easy mastery of the hills. Its charm is the combination of these qualities with a flying smoothness in action and a responsiveness that heeds the lightest touch.

And These Abilities Mark All the Hudsons

ON fashionable boulevards and drives, and on roads leading to the suburban homes of people of consequence, note the dominant number of Hudson closed and chauffeur-driven cars.

Yet leadership of style, alone, was not enough to win such recognition.

Hudson's chief advantage has always been in performance. By every way open to proof it has shown its supremacy.

Until the present, the production of Hudson enclosed models has been months in arrears of demand. Now, increased production will enable reasonably early deliveries for a limited number of orders, if placed promptly.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(3094)

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view and wandered round the cottage, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the general. Children were brought, to be held up to look, and shrubs were broken and carried off, with any other odds and ends for souvenirs.

So many came and stood about that one day a group of soldiers appeared on the scene and set up a tent or two, proceeding to establish sentinels, who marched up and down a few feet beyond the balcony and permitted no one without a pass or a mission to come beyond their chosen line. We children grew very intimate with vague friendly people in the multitude, and had a great many compliments and questions put to us. No doubt we were very indiscreet, though I do not remember any trouble coming from it.

We led an outdoor life, and as we took our meals with Nurse Louise over at the little hotel we saw very little of the grown-ups in the family circle, who spent their time sitting round my grandfather or with the doctors in consultation. We enjoyed ourselves immensely. There were rocks and big trees, a small, still, shimmering lake behind the cottage; and out in front a tiny garden, with beyond it an open space and the few trees which were grouped about the summerhouse, whence the lookout. Enough for a children's paradise this was, and I loved it all, having been used only to the open sea and sky and sand and lawn at Elberon. These surroundings now seemed mysterious, with something of fairy or of goblin charm about them. I loved the sunlight through the high oaks with their moving leaves; and I spent much time looking up into them as they whispered among themselves. It is the first time I remember feeling any appreciation of Nature.

One day there was a thunderstorm, so sudden and violent that it frightened us children very much as we undressed in our nursery. The cottage was struck by lightning, which ran down a defective lightning rod and branched off from it through the window of our nursery. Nurse Louise sat at the window, and was for a moment transfixed by the shock, though, as it passed, the only real harm done was to her apron, which bore traces of burning. I saw a line or ball of flame pass and go to an upper corner of the room, and there disappear. It went by my little brother, who was standing in his crib and who fell over backward with a squeal, saying someone had hurt his face. We were easily consoled though for our small troubles, and liked being the center of attention and telling our story as often as chance offered; but the distressing thing was that though the damage in our room consisted of a scorched apron and a small hole in the wall, outside the house one of the sentinels had been thrown down and killed. His dramatic end was for a long time a deep sorrow to us children, for we had known him well and were fond of him.

The General's Last Days

I became conscious one day that the grown-ups on the balcony near which I was playing were worried. Grandmamma was saying something in an anxious voice, Aunt Nelly was silent, looking far away, and my mother was arguing against grandmamma in her most contagiously cheerful tone—the tone a child recognizes as the one used to persuade one that having a tooth pulled or an arm vaccinated is going to be a pleasant experience. "Now, Mrs. Grant, you mustn't talk that way; General Grant has been so much better you are used to it and the setback makes you nervous. You will see it is just the fatigue of writing, and he is free at last and can rest. You'll see"; and so on, or words to this effect. I did not understand and cannot recall the whole conversation; but care was there, and about my grandfather; he had finished his book and was not so well as before. It was true he had not come out that day, nor dressed as usual. I felt queer. As the French say, "my heart tightened itself," and I wondered what was happening or impending. I realized I was small and left out. I waited for a little. Perhaps two or three days my grandfather stayed in his room and I was not allowed in. The only news I had was when I asked my mother or Aunt Nelly. They would say in passing, "No, grandpapa isn't quite so well, dear," and then hurry on. Grandmamma and my father scarcely came out of the sick room, and the nurse or the old butler Harrison -who had been helping the nurse as my grandfather's bodyservant—would give us no satisfaction either if we met them. Once old Harrison shook his head and said, "I'm afraid the general is very bad."

Also once I heard the doctor and my father, who had come into the little dining room, talking, something about other doctors to come for a consultation. And then the house doctor said, "Isn't there something we can give the general to write, Colonel Grant? It might rally his interest and spirits and make him want to live."

And my father replied, "We can certainly invent something to propose to father, if you think writing will help him to rally again"; and they went away.

Soon—it may have been a day later, or two, or three—my mother came out on the balcony and called us children. "Quick, papa wants you to come and see dear grandpapa," she said.

We joined her and she took us into the room where my grandfather was more or less reclining in his great chair. Grandmamma was crying quietly, and was seated by his side. She had in her hands a handkerchief and a small bottle, perhaps of cologne, and was dampening my grandfather's brow. His hair was longer than usual, and seemed to me more curled, while his eyes were closed and the face more drawn and white; beads of perspiration were on the broad forehead; and as I came forward old Harrison gently wiped similar drops from the back of the hand which was lying quietly on the chair arm. My father sat at the opposite side from grandmamma, and the doctor and nurse stood at the head behind the invalid. Old Harrison had been kneeling near my father, but rose, and I took his place. My mother came behind me. "Kiss grandpa," she said, but I could not reach over and up to the cheek. I saw the hand, and noticed once more how beautiful it was, and looked at my father, who nodded, and who put his arm about me. I stood for a moment or two, steadied by him, when my mother whispered, "We must go now." Then with a lump in my throat I leaned down and kissed the beautiful hand and went out of the room.

How the End Came

When Nurse Louise waked us and dressed us in the early morning next day she told us about how "le général" had had a bad night; and that all the family had been down with him till two or three hours ago; so we must be very quiet and creep out of the house to our breakfast without any noise, as now "le général" was sleeping well, and so were the others.

As we opened our door and stepped into the hall Harrison rushed across it from my parents' to my grandmother's door and knocked there, having left the first door thrown wide open. As we reached the stairs I saw my father throw on his jacket—probably he had been asleep in shirt and trousers, ready for any emergency—and he rushed out of his bedroom and passed us without seeing us at all, taking the staircase faster than I could imagine his doing. My mother was moving about rapidly, putting on her things also, and across the hall from grandmamma came a sob, and "I'm coming," in reply to Harrison's quick knock.

What happened further I do not know, for Nurse Louise was very energetic and got us out rapidly; but as we were leaving we heard grandmamma's voice saying, with the sob again: "Ida, do you think it's true? I can't believe it! I can't!"

We children were taken over to the hotel. I was put in my chair and told as usual to eat all the things before me; but I couldn't. I was too frightened by what I had heard. Other nurses and children appeared and asked news of the cottage; and Louise would shake her head, shrug her shoulders and indicate she couldn't talk openly because of us children. Breakfast dragged; then one of those serving it suddenly said: "It is all finished over there at the cottage." And when Louise contradicted, the servant continued, "Yes, yes, a telegram has just been brought over to forward from the hotel office and the messenger said General Grant has just died."

I felt stunned, could not swallow another mouthful, and would have cried out then and there had it not been that Nurse Louise with good-hearted tact undid the small brother's bib and said, "Come." So we got out into the air, and I was better at once. We returned to the cottage much later only, for Louise's common sense had suggested a long walk as an excellent method of keeping us out of the way, and we had gone round the lake before reaching home.

It was a sad household. My father was with the undertaker downstairs. Mamma was busy in her room and couldn't see us. Grandmamma was wailing and sobbing behind her own closed doors. There wasn't anything we could do, and we wandered down to the garden again. Against all rules, when nurse and my brother settled down to rest, I went slowly off by myself a little way into the woods. I think this was the first time in my life I had felt heavy with sorrow. I did not go far—discipline forbade it—but once out of sight I sat down to digest the great trouble. It wasn't just a relative who had passed away out of my small world, but a friend and comrade from whom I had always had both understanding and sympathy, together with a strong gentle protective affection, which I was too young to analyze, but old enough to appreciate deeply. I had at times realized his suffering and patience, so admiration and pity mixed with the other sentiments which overcame me finally when I broke down. The storm passed. I dried my tears and thought; was there nothing I could do to help my father, who was in the cottage attending to everything, it had been said?

I seemed without resources for usefulness. Then I remembered, one made wreaths for dead people. Perhaps I could make a wreath. Often we had done so in play, with nurse's help.

Uncertain whether I could succeed alone, I looked for flowers; but there were none in sight there in the woods. Discouraged, and tired with sorrow, I gazed about me, when suddenly it occurred to me that the prettiest wreath I had ever made was flat, of oak leaves; and there were enough of them at hand. I was at once aflame with importance and effort and enthusiasm. I picked a quantity of leaves from the low sprouts of the fine trees, ran over them to see they were all perfect, and sat down to work. It went quickly, and in a half hour or so the wreath of broad shining leaves was finished, and looked well, as it lay spread on a flat rock table at hand.

A Little Girl's Tribute

The next thing was to get it to my grandfather. I knew my father was in those closed rooms; and thinking to find him I ran back to the house, approaching from the rear, so the garden and nurse should be avoided. Once on the balcony I went and looked in the window of the death chamber. My father was not there, but in the center of the room stood a coffin, a thing I had never seen before; and moving about, two men, strangers to me, were setting out a few chairs, all facing toward the coffin, probably for use at the prayer soon to be said. I was noticed at once by the elder man, who came to the door and inquired what I wanted.

"I've brought grandpapa a wreath; I thought my papa was here," I replied.

He said after a little hesitation: "Sure, miss, and your papa is just after going up to snatch a little sleep, and I wouldn't disturb him if I was you. Suppose ye give me the wreath to lay on the gineral. It's a mighty fine wreath; and I think there's no harm in your coming in to help me yourself."

In I went with the undertaker, and he laid the wreath carefully in a circle on the casket. Then he left me standing there, gazing down at the familiar face under the glass, and he went off about his business of tidying up. It seemed heartbreaking that my grandfather should be so still, and dead.

I couldn't struggle against the queer feeling assailing me, and I lost track of things for a time; till I remember being carried in someone's arms up to my mother's room, and laid on the big bed there; and she was scolding me for being disobedient and having run away from nurse.

However, later I was very proud, because with carloads of flowers coming by every train, and special florists bringing great set pieces which filled the house with their beauty and fragrance, my wreath was the only one on the casket. Finally it began to fade and the leaves to curl a little; but my father reassured me:

"Never mind, pet, my little girl's wreath is going to be varnished so it will keep, and then it shall be buried with grandpapa. I know he would have liked to keep it with him always."

And I was glad to have it so. Somehow my deepest sentiment had gone into the little silly contribution to the offerings brought him.

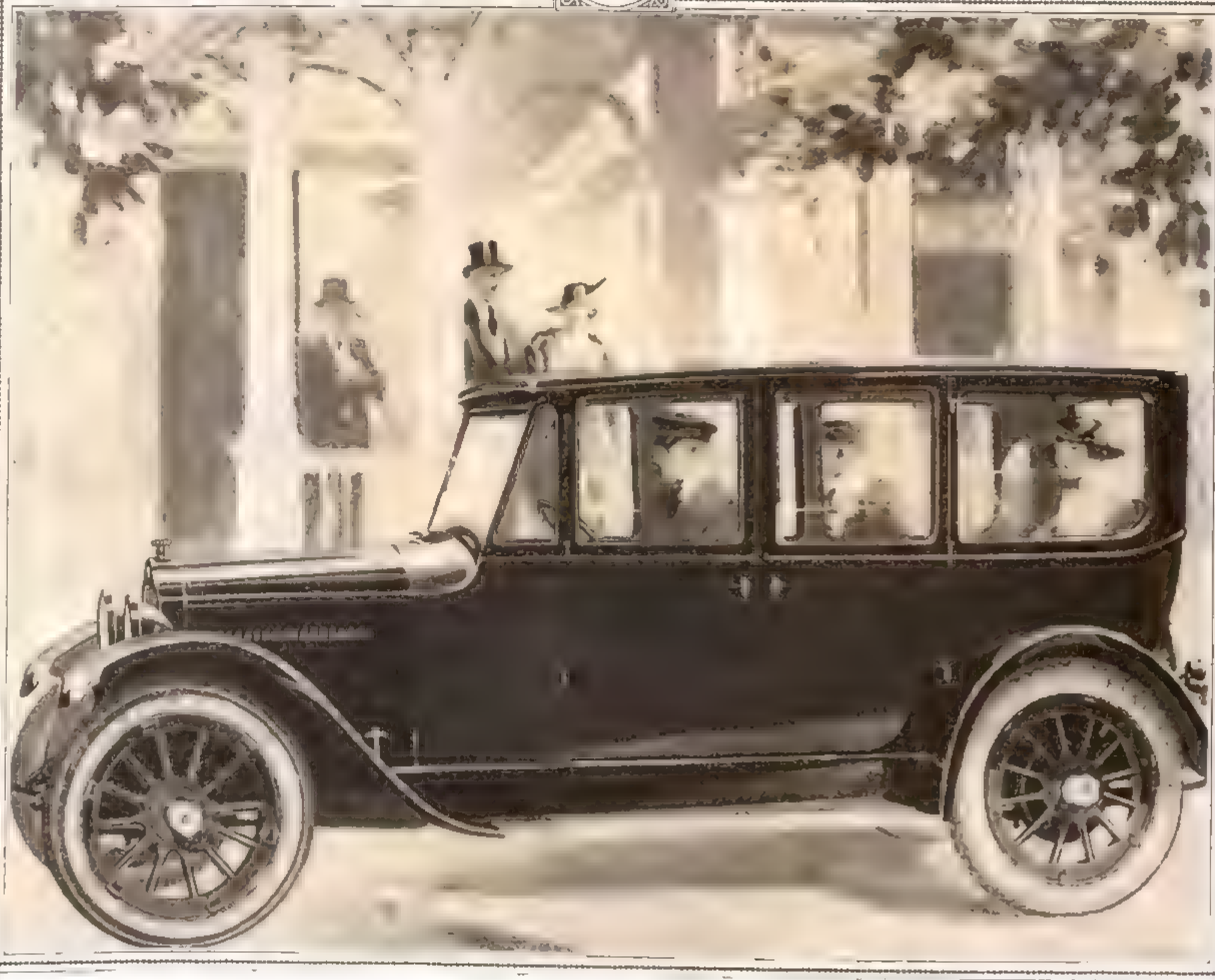
August Eighth

Impossible to describe in detail what our family life was from July twenty-third to August eighth. I remember vast crowds of men's hatless heads, and of women in black. The flowers piled up, and the resolutions of sympathy, engraved and framed, piled up. Letters were coming in by the basketload. Yet there was no confusion or talk; but the maximum result was obtained always by my father's power of organization, his patience and self-control. Devoted as he was to his wonderful parent, and consequently doubly hurt by his sad death, my father never let a complaint escape him, and he did without the privacy he must have longed for. He saw to every detail, answered questions from all over the country. He decided everything connected with the funeral trip, and attended with much care to details. This was not easy, with all the veiled rivalries among those who had united to honor Grant and mourn his loss.

My father went down with the body on the special train, draped with black, which carried the casket. One of my uncles came on to stay, and looked after the family, taking us down to New York in a special car. Once in town we were all lodged at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. Tremendous crowds circulated in the streets below, and I was deeply interested. Clothes, all black, were brought in, and each person bought something which was necessary to complete wardrobes in need of deep crape weeds. Flags everywhere hung at half-mast, and a long continuous procession passed through the doors of New York's City Hall to pay respect to my grandfather. Day by day his remains lay in state, and the crowds went by; men, women and children, slowly moving on weary feet, waiting, looking, straining for a last glimpse at the well-known face.

The morning of August eighth came, and early our family took up its stand in the funeral carriages, ready to swing into line as the great hearse should pass. Even my childish brain was awed by the immensity of the demonstration. From Twenty-third Street to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, five miles of intensely sympathetic people covered sidewalks and fences, windows and doors, and every face was sad; some were even weeping. Except the crowd I recall little of those hours spent in the funeral carriage, with both my parents and my Aunt Nelly shut into the intense heat and darkness. Some sandwiches, long silences, and now and then a question asked and answered; my weary body and my own wet eyes I felt occasionally, and then I remember my father's white set face and his strained hoarse voice. My young brother gave my mother some difficulty, for his movements and talk were not always easy to control. I think she must have had great trouble keeping both of us children in order.

At last we arrived at Riverside, and the afternoon sun shone brightly down on the tiny temporary brick tomb. The services, simple and beautiful, were carried out rapidly without a hitch and ended with taps. Then we drove back to our hotel with a feeling of unutterable weariness and loss.



Entrance to Swedish Embassy, Washington, D. C.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

IT IS only natural that motor car owners who seek freedom from mechanical worries are attracted to the Willys-Knight.

So smoothly continuous is its everyday performance that consciousness of the mighty motor under the hood steadily diminishes with years of use.

Through the great satisfaction of owners over its improvement in smoothness and power it is known as the motor that *improves with use*. The longer owners drive it the stronger is their praise.

The hushed velvety action of the motor has inspired the fine coach work of the Willys-Knight car.

Willys-Knight Booklet on Request

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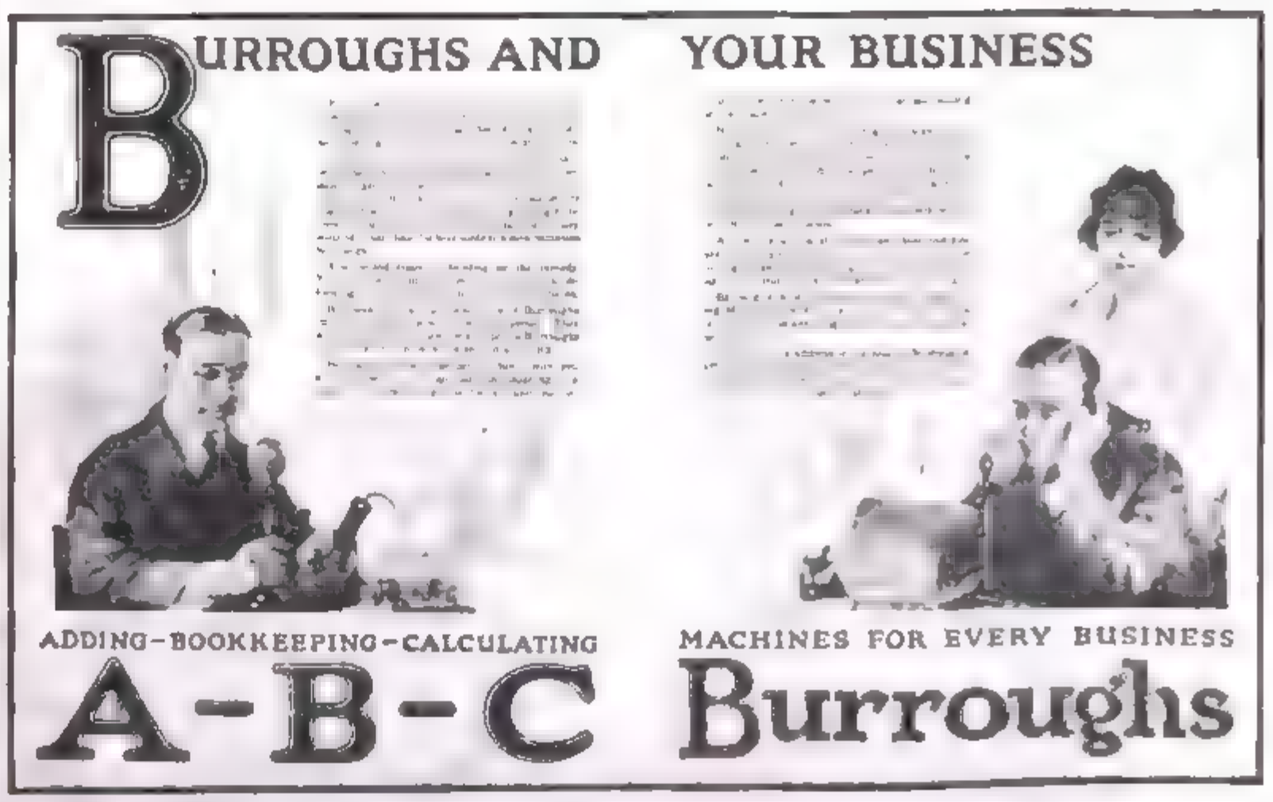

To the right is the reproduction of an advertisement published in this periodical July 31st, to which the following is a logical sequel.

THE Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine has only one limitation—*it can't talk*. It adds, subtracts, computes and prints balances—it seems actually to *think*, but it can't speak.

It gives you so much, it keeps so everlastingly on the job, it brings such relief into a hard-worked department, that you don't think of asking it for more.

But the Burroughs representative can speak and will. A very important part of this job is to show you how to get *still more* service from every machine. Little hints on current practice of others in your line of business, new applications of the machine to unsolved figure problems in your business, suggestions that increase operating efficiency—all are a part of his duty as our representative. He does not consider his responsibility as ended with the sale of a machine, but as just beginning.

He is well equipped for this service, because he has back of him the knowledge of a company whose experience includes practically every figure problem known to every kind of business and whose engineers have worked out the most efficient and speedy application of mechanical bookkeeping to that problem.

Don't overlook the value of that service and that experience when you are looking for improvement in your bookkeeping, whether your need is greater accuracy, promptness, labor saving, doing away with overtime work, or is some special problem such as income tax accounting, stock-keeping, retail store accounting, cost-keeping, etc.

Take a little time to talk it over with a Burroughs representative before making experiments. It will pay in greater satisfaction, and in greater return on the investment.

There is a machine for every figure job in any business, in the long line of Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating Machines.

There are Burroughs Offices in over 200 cities in the United States and Canada. You can get in touch with the one nearest you by looking in your telephone book, asking your banker, or by writing direct to the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Michigan.

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

BOOKKEEPING *and* BURROUGHS

The Burroughs representative shows you what the machine will do for you and shows your own employee how to operate it, and keeps in touch with you afterward to help you get more and more service from it.

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 27)

race; and stately herons flipped up on tilted wings, gathering their legs under them; and the cries of beach birds scattered like leaves. But the greater part of the time they walked their horses side by side in a sociable silence. And the feeling persisted in Kenneth's mind that they were sharing these things completely. He did not even know her name, but it seemed that he had known her a long time.

The afternoon drew to a close. Westward the sea had thrown aside its gray and was shining in gold. The trade was wearing fast. Ahead of them in the distance of a broad curve the cliffs were proud in saffron, or tender in mauve and lilac. Alongside the dogs pattered busily, their ears flat back, their tongues out, fairly laughing up at their humans. The horses, still fresh, were dancing forward with a proud, half-hesitating step, begging for another run. Kenneth came to with a start.

"We must have come an awful way!" he exclaimed. "And look how the tide is coming in!" He reined in his horse with a sudden dismay. "We'll never get back in time to get round that point!" he cried.

She looked at him with tolerant amusement.

"Have you just thought of that?" she rallied him. "You must get into terrible scrapes when you have nobody to take care of you. See where those trees show on top? There's a trail up a little *barranca* there. We'll take that up to the mesa. It's not far from town, then, cross country. You see, we've been going on a big curve, and now we can cut straight across."

The *barranca* trail proved to be sketchy and scrambly. It led them through stiff chaparral to an oak-dotted mesa like a park. When they topped the rise they seemed to leave the fresh, damp, cool sea world and to return to the California summer. Tepid air and warm, faint odors enveloped them. A still peace replaced the tingling life of the beach. Across the rich, brown meadow came liquid and sleepy the note of a belated lark. Across the distance the great ramparts of the Sur slumbered, wrapped in tinted veils.

They talked volubly from this time on. The girl seemed to possess an astonishing local knowledge of things that grew or moved out-of-doors. Finding that Kenneth was genuinely interested, she took the delight of a child in pointing out to him common or curious things. Kenneth, in the large way of the foreign and uninformed, had concluded that with the passing of the brilliant scarfs laid in acres over the hills California's flower season had passed completely. This girl showed him the indigo larkspur that had taken the place of the golden primroses; the pentstemon and blue phacelias that stood where of late had bloomed the shooting stars; the mimulus, scarlet among the rocks, and the silene, crimson on the slopes.

"There's no dead season here, like your winters back East," she told him; "just a ripe season, and a little season of sleep."

"That's all winter is," he told her; "a little season of sleep."

"Dead, cold sleep—dead," she replied. "Here we just rest lightly for a little, and we dream in flowers."

"Why, that is a beautiful thought!" cried Kenneth. "It would make a good idea for a poem."

She paid no attention to his compliment.

"Do you write poems?" she asked him.

"No, of course not. I couldn't," disclaimed Kenneth with all the confusion of a healthy boy avoiding even the appearance of shame. "But I like to read good stuff. Did you ever read any of Carlson's?"

"Of course! What a silly question!"

"Don't you think he's bully?"

"He's California"

"Why, that's just what he is!" cried Kenneth. "You certainly put things well! You don't know what a relief it is to talk to an intelligent woman after a lot of these silly girls you meet round."

"Is it?" she smiled enigmatically.

They had crossed the mesa and now struck unexpectedly into the Camino Real. It was pastern deep in light dust at this time of the year, so they rode slowly on the brown grass alongside. To Kenneth's surprise they were only a few miles from town; in fact, almost opposite the Corona del Monte Ranch. They had ridden on the beach round a wide arc of a bow, and were now cutting across the chord

"Well, good-by," suddenly announced the girl as they reached a willow-shaded, little-used crossroads. "I'm going to leave you here."

"Hold on!" cried Kenneth. "When do I see you again?"

But she had clapped heels to her horse and was off in a cloud of dust, followed by the dogs. Kenneth wheeled with a half intention of following, but she disappeared on the keen run, and he knew from his late experience on the beach that Pronto was outclassed when it came to a race. While he hovered irresolute his decision was made for him by the appearance of Dora Stanley and Myra Welch. The two girls had been horseback to call on Pilar Cazadero.

"You're a fine one!" cried Dora. "Why didn't you go with us this morning? And to go sneaking off like this in the afternoon! I declare!"

Privately Kenneth considered this harmless speech as immature and in bad taste—an opinion he would not have held two hours before. However, he might get some desired information.

"Did you see who I was riding with just now?" he asked

"I should think you would be ashamed, cradle robber!" teased Dora.

"Who was it?" went on Kenneth, a little bewildered.

"You don't mean to say you don't remember her! What a blow!"

"Where did I ever see her before?"

"At the Peyton barbecue for one place. That's the Brainerd kid."

"The Brainerd kid?" repeated Kenneth, still puzzled. "What do you mean?"

But Myra Welch broke in. She had been watching Kenneth from beneath her sleepy lashes.

"I truly believe he doesn't know, Dora," she drawled. "Do you think you have made another mash, Ken? You know, Dora, with her hair up under her hat that way ——"

Dora went off into what Kenneth indignantly described to himself as shrieks of hyena laughter.

"You're right, Myra, you're right!" she cried. "Ken, listen! Remember that kid you watched the roughriding with down on the corral fence?"

A great light burst on the mortified Kenneth.

"That kid!" he cried; "that gangle-legged kid with her hair hanging down her back!"

"Shouldn't speak of a young lady's legs," drawled Myra, who was daring of speech twenty years ahead of her time.

Kenneth had an engagement with Pearl that evening. He hired one of the Spanish stable boys to take her a note of regret. He told himself that this was because all girls certainly made him sick.

"Oh, Dolman," She Breathed, "To-Night I am Spreading My Wings Just Like the Birds in Your Branches. Don't Let Me Fall, Dolman! Make Me Happy!"

XVII

LUCKILY for Ken these human tangles were all postponed, and by his own act. He did not know he was running away, but that was what it amounted to. Patrick Boyd had long contemplated a business trip to San Francisco, and Kenneth suddenly decided that it would be good for him to go along

Boyd, as is often the case with big men of business suddenly thrown into a quiet life, was deeply involved in small affairs. He was building a house and stable and planting a garden on the new lot next Mrs. Stanley, and he was giving all his time and ability to it. It was characteristic of the man that he let no contracts, but went ahead with a master carpenter on a day-labor basis. This required daily supervision and daily consultation with all sorts of artisans. Boyd gave as much ability to it as he would have bestowed on a whole traction line, and enjoyed himself hugely. He had also made the discovery that gardens grow fast in California, and had developed a tremendous interest in things of the soil. Often he donned heavy gloves and himself dug energetically for an hour or so. A great deal of the time he spent driving or pulling up stakes or squinting along curves In this charming occupation he was aided and abetted by Mrs. Stanley. That formidable lady strode here and there across his precious acres, delivering her opinions in the strident voice of command, bestowing much valuable information belligerently She managed by sheer weight of authority and positiveness to lift Boyd from the first to the second stage of California gardening

"People are all alike," she boomed. "When they first get here they are so pleased with the way things grow and the brightness of the colors that they slap in all the brilliant, hardy things indiscriminately."

"Well, I like bright, gay flowers," urged Boyd; "and I certainly like tough ones that can take care of themselves and don't need to have you hold their hands every cold night."

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Stanley. "But let me ask you something. Do you know anything about what blooms at various seasons? I thought not. Well, then, if you go ahead at your own sweet will, how do you know that you won't have everything

(Continued on Page 116)

Silverware — the Perfect Wedding Present

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"The Best at the Price"

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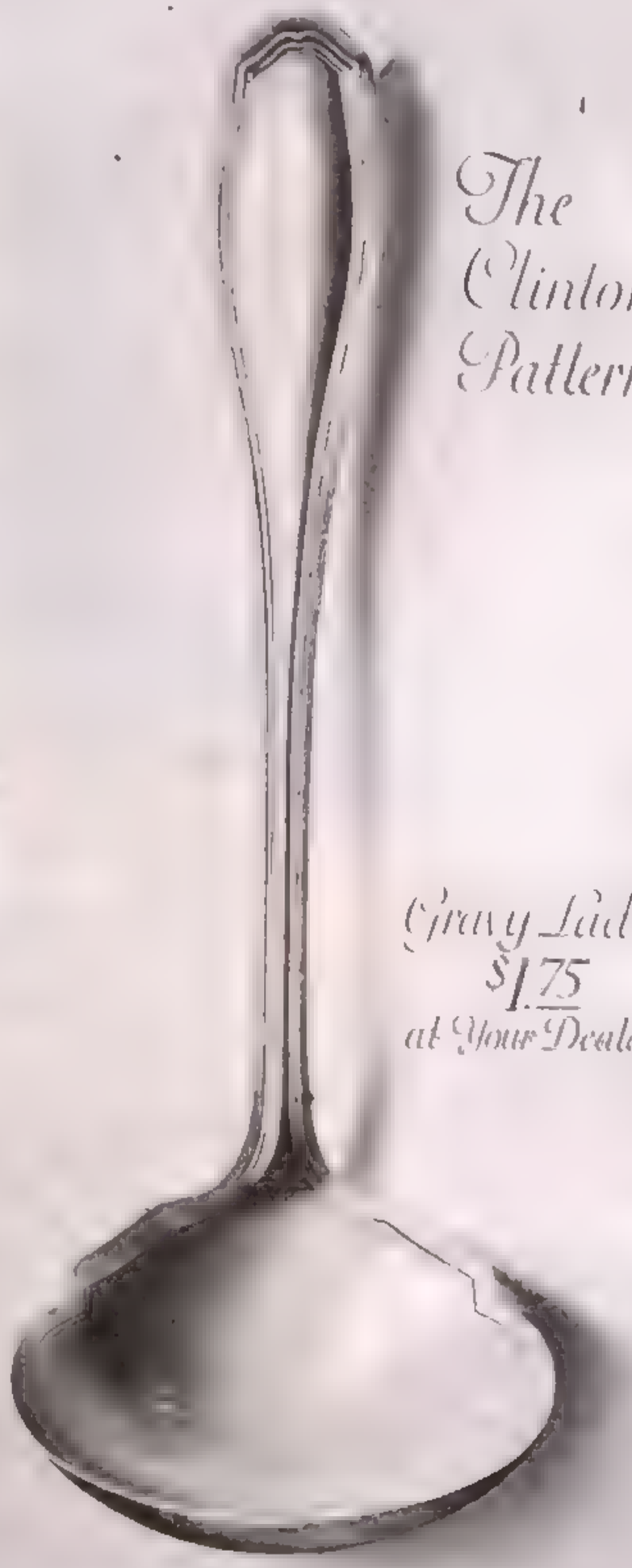

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Gravy Ladle
$1.75
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Berry Spoon $2.25
Cream Ladle $1.25
Cold Meat Fork $1.50
Teaspoons $4.00 the dozen

(Continued from Page 114)

blooming at one time and not a single thing any other?"

"I thought all flowers just naturally bloomed in the spring," confessed Boyd.

"I thought so! Well, you listen to me! Take that border, for example. What are you going to plant there?"

"Marigolds," said Boyd boldly.

"A very good flower. What's it going to look like when the marigolds are resting? Do you know what happens to marigolds when they aren't blooming? I thought not. Well, what you want is some small shrubbery—say, bush honeysuckle—behind them."

Thus was the mind of Patrick Boyd illumined and his garden laid out for him. He had his nasturtiums and red geraniums and plumbago and other bright and common things, but he had them where Mrs. Stanley told him to have them. The result would be good, he had to admit; but his free and independent masculine soul was a little irked. At times he joined battle with Mrs. Stanley, but was always badly worsted, for the reason that he knew very little about it. One cannot fight without ammunition. In his usual thoroughgoing manner he visited the keeper of the local greenhouses and nursery and from him carried back a number of choice bombshells.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Stanley. "You've been talking to old MacDonald. Do you know what your garden would look like if he could have his way? It would be full of spindling, miserable varieties that could just make out to live, because they would be out of their natural soil and climate. MacDonald is the worst kind of a snob."

"Snob!" echoed Boyd, recalling the surly, independent, corduroyed old Scotchman.

"Yes, plant snob. You don't believe it? Well, listen! One day we were talking about pepper trees. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is a beautiful tree. It's a pity it's so common.' Now what do you say to that? A pity it's so common indeed!"

They agreed amicably enough on the dividing fence between the two properties. At least, Mrs. Stanley thought a lattice affair you could grow things over would be about right, and Boyd thought so too. But when the fence was once up and it came time to plant the things they locked horns. Boyd was in favor of blue moonflowers. There were some over a back fence down at the Frémont and he liked them. Also the Frémont gardener told him they grew very fast. But Mrs. Stanley was opposed.

"You don't know what you are talking about," she stated in her positive manner. "They do grow fast, to be sure, but they eat the soil and they scatter all over the place and they'll rot out your lattice, and a dozen other things. What you want is a banksia or a Cecile Bruner or a Cherokee."

Boyd proved obstinate for once. There ensued a deadlock. The space along the fence apparently remained unplanted. Then one morning Mrs. Stanley, clumping along the boundary lines in her brogans, saw some tender shoots pushing their way out of the soil. She bent incredulously to examine them. Other similar shoots were spaced along the fence. They were moonflowers!

This was too serious for informal action. Mrs. Stanley at once clumped back to her house, where she indited a note. In it she called Mr. Boyd's attention to the fact that she had equal rights in a line fence and that she unalterably opposed moonflowers. This she sent to the Frémont by hand. Within a half hour she had the reply:

"*Dear Mrs. Stanley:* In answer to your note will state that you are in error. The fence is not a line fence, but belongs entirely to me and is situated six inches inside my property line. I had it moved one night two weeks ago. I am sorry you do not like moonflowers; but, of course, it is always possible to erect your own fence and grow what suits you better."

Mrs. Stanley was a staunch old warrior who could take blows as well as give them.

"Humph!" she sniffed when she read this. "Just like a man! Well, he'll have to learn."

The subject was never brought up again. But, to anticipate for a moment, within two years Boyd found that Mrs. Stanley had been right. He pulled up the moonflowers and planted banksias, Cecile Bruners and Cherokees in one-two-three order.

Mrs. Oliver Mills, herself much of a gardener, commented on this arrangement with wonder.

"Poor man, someone ought to tell him," she said. "Of course the Cherokees will smother the others."

"It isn't what it looks but what it stands for," replied Mrs. Stanley grimly; but she would not explain what she meant.

Now at the exact point to which our history has led us the new house had arrived at the slow-finishing stage. Men were scraping and planing and fitting interminably. Boyd resolved to seize the opportunity of a visit to San Francisco for the purpose of looking over the north, and incidentally to buy gas fixtures, finishing hardware and similar matters. At first Kenneth was inclined to stay in Arguello, but later events, as has been related, switched him so completely to a new mood that he changed his mind.

They sailed north on the Santa Rosa, arrived after a smooth voyage and proceeded at once to the Occidental Hotel. From this base they made excursions in all directions, taking in the sights. Our history lies with Arguello, so we will not follow them in detail. Kenneth saw Woodward's Gardens, with their record-sized grizzly bear; he slid down the slippery seats of the cable cars as they climbed flylike up the impossible grades of California Street and Telegraph Hill; he drove to the Cliff House and watched the seals; he wandered much in the devious ways of Chinatown; he frequented the Barbary Coast and gazed upon the tall ships. When Boyd had quite completed his business they ran down to Del Monte.

There they lingered for some time. The noble gardens were already well grown and the rambling wooden hotel—later to be burned to the ground—was most comfortable. It was then fashionable to play croquet, to try to reach the center of the ingenious maze of cedar hedges. There were bowling alleys and the four huge glassed-in swimming tanks with varying depths and temperatures, and drives to the celebrated cypresses and the rock-bound coast. Monterey village was still quaint and old-fashioned. People drove in basket phaetons with fringed, square tops.

The hotel society was very lively. It was the day of bonanza kings and the faces of many of them were well known in the Monterey hotels. It was a very dashing life, with a good deal of champagne, a good many diamonds, high-colored complexions, startlingly blond hair. One of the bonanza kings, a little gorilla-like Irishman, had bought him a tall, stately, glorious creature for wife. She had a regal carriage and a proud, unhappy look in her blue eyes. She never complained or appeared to abate her pride, but she had evidently been tamed by her master. The man was short and square and hairy, and terribly strong both in physique and in will power. He wore a massive watch chain of nuggets strung together, with which his thick, blunt fingers were always toying. The man's wife was willowy and fair and stately and cold. She was always magnificently dressed, and carried herself haughtily, like a queen. Hers was the marble type of beauty. She spoke rarely. Never by word or faintest indication did she show her annoyance or mortification at her husband's *gaucheries*. He was always calling for spittoons or cracking bad jokes in worse taste or eating with his knife or performing other shuddery atrocities. And from his wife his lightest word commanded an instant obedience. It seemed often as though he enjoyed testing his power; as though he commanded merely to be obeyed.

Once in the crowded ballroom he hailed her, passing: "Come here!"

She turned aside and swept to him, waiting impassively. He thrust his leg at her.

"Me fut hurts! Pull off me boot!" he commanded.

And in her silks and jewels, without a word, before her partner could forestall her, she dropped on her knees and pulled off this man's boot. Ben Sansome, the old beau, veteran of social changes since the days of Forty-nine, cynical, surprised at nothing, often caught himself wondering what mysteries of pride, venality, contempt, will, brutality, lay back of this astonishing, proud acquiescence.

The man had millions, as had his confreres. A few years before he had been a pick-and-shovel miner, as had many of them. But the time had struck for big, crude men, and these had answered the time. There was something elemental about them, and to their vigor can be traced the San Francisco of to-day.

With these men Boyd found himself congenial. They played a healthy game of poker. The projected week or so at Del Monte stretched to more than a month. September was well advanced before the Boyds returned to Arguello.

XVIII

KENNETH was by these circumstances and this excursion entirely cured of girls, but he was by no means released from uneasiness. His break with Pearl had been too abrupt to be graceful, provided Pearl knew it had taken place. That young lady was probably still living on the memory of his last kisses and expectations of his next. Some sort of explanation must be made. Kenneth fully appreciated that, and he frankly dreaded it.

Therefore it was to his great delight that he found Herbert Corbell possessed a long memory. Early in the spring he had expressed deep interest in Kenneth's sixteen-gauge shotgun, and now that the quail season was about to open he put it into practical form by an invitation. Boyd did not see how he could get away at that time—the house was requiring attention—but neither could he see any reason for Kenneth's refusing. So the latter laid in a canister of powder, a sack of number-eight chilled shot, some cardboard and felt wads and the requisite primers. On an agreed day he climbed into a buckboard beside a saturnine-looking cattleman, and so set forth to new adventures beyond the Sur.

After leaving the *Camino Real*, five or six miles out the road—narrow, winding and steep—climbed rapidly the sides of the great range, taking clever advantage of the hogbacks, diving into and out of shallow cañons on hairpin turns, wriggling in lacets where no other foothold offered. At the top they drove for half a mile in a bay-shaded, cool little cañon with a singing brook, climbed a tiny dividing ridge, and so found themselves on the down grade into the back country. Kenneth had often looked abroad over this back country from the ridge, but never had he descended into it. They rattled down with a continuous shrieking and scraping of brakes. On this side the range the various kinds of chaparral grew to a height and thickness that made of it almost a jungle. The trees, too, were larger—the live oaks, the white oaks and the enormous, contorted sycamores along the stream beds. It was a rolling land of shallow, wide valleys with streams in them flanked by mesas on which trees grew parklike; and all about were very lofty, dark mountains on which the lighter-colored, stratified rocks showed in patterns. The air had here a different quality—very hot but dry, with an exhilaration in it. Everywhere, but especially along the river down the general direction of which their course lay, was a teeming bird life. The bush was full of them, hopping, perching, chirping; the ground was alive with them, scurrying and scratching; the air was traced with the slow circlings of innumerable stately buzzards or larger hawks. Brush rabbits sitting in the soft dust of the road made two hops to vanish in the bushes; jack rabbits bounded loftily away across sage flats; in every grass opening the ground squirrels scurried to their holes or sat upright and chirked. Once Kenneth caught a glimpse of some large, gray animal as it flashed away.

"What was that?" he cried, excited.

The cowboy spat over the wheel.

"Bobcat, I reckon," said he.

This cowboy was a grave and silent individual, who answered questions politely but very briefly, and volunteered nothing whatever. Yes, there were plenty of quail. Yes, there were plenty of deer. Yes, there's ducks on Pico Lake. Yes, there's trout in the river—rainbows and steelhead.

At noon they drew aside in a little grass flat where a brook ran into the river. The cowboy unhitched the team and provided it with feed. Then he rolled a paper cigarette. To Kenneth's question he replied briefly that he didn't wish for no lunch. Kenneth took his sandwiches in his hand and went down to look at the river.

He found it a tiny shallow stream, with some deep pools, making its way through a bed of bowlders and small stones some hundreds of feet wide. On his return he ventured the comment that it did not seem to him much of a river. The cowman grunted.

"Low water," he vouchsafed. "You oughta see her after the rains. She picks up them bowlders and rolls 'em like marbles."

Throughout the afternoon they drove, until the sun was touching the rim of the hills, through what seemed to be a great natural park of alternate mesa and bottomland, with the wide oak trees spaced as though planted ornamentally. Cattle grazed or rested in large or small bands. On each of these the cowboy fixed his grave attention, staring them over deliberately as long as they remained in sight.

"That fork-ear Triangle cow has strayed over yere, I see," he remarked. "I been wonderin' where she was at."

"Do you mean to say that you can tell these animals apart at that distance?" said Kenneth incredulously.

"Sure!"

"I suppose that you know every cow in this country by sight," observed Kenneth with sarcastic intent.

"I know most of them," replied the cowboy with a final simplicity that closed the subject.

The Corbell ranch proved to be a series of long, one-storied white buildings situated on a flat below low sagebrush hills, next a deep *barranca* that contained a flowing streamlet, and beneath live-oak trees that, contrary to the usual habit of that species, grew tall and overarching. Circular corrals of greasewood stakes had been built on the flat beyond, and a commodious rough-board stable loomed large a short distance downstream. As the buckboard drew nearer Kenneth saw that the white buildings were adobe structures, plastered, set flat to the ground, with narrow verandas running their entire lengths.

At the sound of the wheels the door opened and Corbell appeared to greet him.

"I am glad you could come," said he, "and I'm sorry your father could not. However, we'll have a grand shoot to-morrow. I'm going to put you in this room here at the end. Just make yourself at home. When you've washed up come right down the veranda here to the middle door and come in. We are all there."

The room was small and square, with thick adobe walls and a floor made of square, irregular tiles. These must have been laid directly on the hard soil, for their surface was uneven. The furnishings were of the simplest. Two small windows looked out through deep embrasures across the oak-dotted flat to the low, even, sagebrush hills a quarter mile away, and from these hills Kenneth heard faintly through the gathering dusk the jaunty, staccato notes of quail.

His toilet did not take him long. He proceeded along the narrow veranda, also tile paved, past the entrance to two rooms similar to his own, and so to a long chamber occupying the whole center. It was lighted at this moment only by the flames of a fire leaping in a tremendous fireplace. Kenneth, standing in the doorway, made out a table at one end set for eating, a shelf of books, half a dozen deer heads, skins of animals tacked against the wall, pegs from which hung bridles, spurs, ropes; a rack in the corner for guns; another smaller round table cluttered with books, magazines, pipes, tobacco jars, loose cartridges and similar untidinesses. The floor, still of the big, square, uneven tiles, was partly covered by a bright rug of Indian or Mexican weave and a number of coyote skins. Overhead were heavy horizontal beams. A number of light portable chairs, unoccupied, were scattered about. A divan and three heavy easy-chairs were grouped before the fireplace, and the heads of their occupants were silhouetted against the flames. Tobacco smoke lay in strata or eddied violently when caught by the currents of air.

Corbell came forward at once to greet his guest. The others turned their heads and waved their hands.

"Come up to the fire," invited the ranchman. "The evenings are chilly over the mountains at this time of year. You know these men. We'll have some supper shortly."

Kenneth greeted Frank Moore and Bill Hunter. A welter of dogs raised languid heads or rapped languid tails, then sank back with sighs to toasting their brains, in almost immediate contact with the fire. Shortly a lean, carven-faced, brown man came in and lighted lamps, and so they moved over to the table and to a hearty supper. After that meal they moved back to the fireplace, where they smoked and talked until ten o'clock. After the first twenty minutes, in which the prospects of birds and the sixteen-gauge gun were the topics, Kenneth sat back and listened. It was tremendously interesting to him. These harum-scarum members of the Sociedad became serious men engaged in a serious

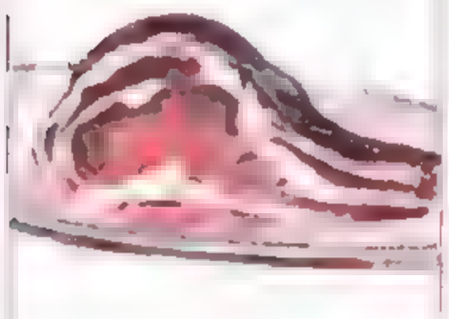
(Continued on Page 119)

Angel Food Cake

In the Red Star oven, Angel Food Cake is perfectly baked in 45 minutes, being evenly browned and of superb texture.

Biscuits

Baking Powder Biscuits are baked in 12 minutes; light, and evenly raised, daintily browned.



Roasts

A 5-pound rib roast is cooked to delicious tenderness in 1½ hours, allowing 18 minutes to the pound.

Steaks

Red Star gives the intense heat needed for quick searing of steaks, chops, fish, etc., and can be regulated to bring out toothsome savoriness

An Oil Stove That REALLY Cooks

THE "Red Star" Detroit Vapor Oil Stove is a real cook stove in every sense of the word. It will boil, bake, fry or roast—do anything that can be done on a gas range. It is clean—free from dirt, ashes or dust.

The illustrations on this page show a few of the things you can prepare on this improved oil stove. Please note that these are *extremes*—things that need heat in all its varying degrees.

Women everywhere are delighted that an oil stove will do these things. It means dishes heretofore enjoyed only in homes having gas ranges.

No Wicks or Wick Substitutes

Burns gas made from kerosene, gasoline or distillate by our wonderful scientific 8½-lb. grey iron burner which produces two rings of hot, blue, gas flame instead of one. Burner becomes red hot—adds this intense heat directly under cooking utensil. Regulated by merely turning the valve handle. Saves 25% of the fuel. One gallon lasts 19 hours.

Go see the wonderful Red Star—the advanced type, all-the-year-'round oil stove. Sold by leading furniture and hardware dealers. Complete line of sizes. *Look for the Red Star above the shelf.* Write for copy of our new Red Star Book of Tests

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO., DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A. 39

White Bread

Using single loaf tins, white bread requires 45 minutes of perfect Red Star baking.

Eggs

Eggs put in cold water in covered pan, which Red Star boils in 9 minutes, are soft-boiled.

Simmering

From 4 to 10 hours is the time required to properly simmer soup. Results are perfect on the Red Star.

Pie

Pies in average time

Using a moderate oven, custard pie is baked in the average time of 40 minutes.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

SEVENTH OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

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This means one of the greatest and one of the most remarkable revisions of motor-car values of recent years. Hitherto your money has bought only a new car. Or a second-hand car. It could buy no more.

But now a third choice—a third value—is available, thanks to the Marmon Method of Complete Renewal.

This makes it possible for additional thousands to possess Marmons!—people who might otherwise have to remain content with lesser cars.

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It looks like new. It responds like a new car. No one, either looking at it or riding in it, can tell it from a new car—except an expert.

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An authentic Renewed Marmon 34 bears a Certificate of Renewal. That is your surety that it has been genuinely renewed.

Before you decide

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Then if you agree that a Renewed Marmon 34 is the best investment in its price field, and that it offers infinitely more for your money, complete your arrangements for a delivery date.

The MARMON 34

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CHAMPION LIBERTY MOTOR BUILDERS

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY

Established 1851 :: INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 116)

business. They discussed cattle mostly, and feed and ranges, the breeding of stock, the provision that could be taken against a dry year, the relative advantages of markets. Frank Moore lost all his facetiousness as he declaimed against the tentative project of importing some Durham bulls to improve the native stock.

"I'm with you on improving the stock," said he. "There's more head than beef on these Mexican longhorns. But Durhams won't do it."

"They are a fine beefy critter," observed Bill Hunter, "and they are hardy."

"That's it. They're hardy, but only as long as things go right. When feed gets scarce they don't rustle the way they should. They'll hang round their ranges until they just naturally starve to death. Now a Hereford is a rustler. On a dry year you'll find them way up on top of the mountains. They'll climb like goats for it when they have to. That's the sort of stock you want to breed to on a wild range."

"And that's the sort of stock that wanders so far they get off your range completely and you never do see them again, unless with a blanketed brand," grumbled Bill, stretching his mighty limbs.

"What is a blanketed brand?" asked Kenneth.

They explained how cattle thieves, or rustlers, would change a brand by skillful addition of lines. But for a long time thereafter it would, of course, be easy to detect the difference between the new and the old burning. However, it had been discovered that branding through a wet blanket gave to fresh brands an appearance of age that could hardly be detected. From that point the conversation drifted to certain rustlers who lurked in the fastnesses of the high coast ranges back of the Sur, and what their activities were and what would eventually have to be done about it. Kenneth snuggled the bowl of his pipe, lost in a delighted sense of the romantic, with the firelight playing across the game heads and on the bright metal of the equipment, and a brace of coyotes shrieking like devils on the hill opposite.

For some time after he had turned in he lay listening to this weird ululation. A big contralto owl in the trees outside at intervals remarked: "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!" Every once in a while, as the night cold penetrated, the old timbers of the adobe cracked loudly.

He was awakened just at dawn by the lean, carven-faced, silent man, and dressed hastily, shivering. The water in which he splashed was icy, and the air when he emerged to the veranda stung the lining of his nose. The day was just breaking. Eastward the hills lay in hard outline against a brightening sky. There was a stirring and rustling among the oak leaves as though of things wakening, and from the very tops of them floated down softly as thistledown floats the infinitely remote, infinitely mournful, infinitely tender note of wild doves.

In the living room the fire was roaring and the lamps were lit. The three ranchmen, dressed in stout boots, flannel shirts and old, stained canvas coats with many pockets, were piling equipment together in the middle of the floor. They were joyfully hilarious, again the members of the Sociedad.

"Here we are!" cried Corbell at sight of Kenneth. "So that's the little popgun!" He threw it to his shoulder. "It certainly comes up nice. Here, Bill, feel this!"

The massive Hunter aimed the piece and grunted.

"Feel as though I were handling a toothpick. I like something I can hold steady."

"He's got it," said Frank Moore to Kenneth. "Did you ever see his cannon? Here's what he has the nerve to lug round after quail."

He handed Kenneth a huge ten-bore, with thirty-inch barrels, a tremendous and awe-inspiring piece of ordnance that weighed nine or ten pounds.

"It's a cylinder bore. Bill loads her with five drams and an ounce and a half. When he turns her loose he kills everything within an angle of thirty degrees, big and little—birds, animals, insects. It's like dynamiting a pool, I say."

"You go to hell!" was all Bill's comment.

Each several times tried the feel of Kenneth's little gun. They liked the way it handled, but they much doubted its shooting quality. It might be all right, of course, for very close range, but long shots now—or old birds.

Kenneth grew eloquent in defense of the sixteen. He had done considerable wing shooting in the East, both at the bob white and the ruffed grouse. They listened politely.

"You have to reload, don't you?" Corbell changed the subject. "How many shells have you?"

"Fifty."

"That is very few. I think I'll put in a little twelve I have for you."

"I ought to get all the birds I want with fifty shells," protested Kenneth. "I'm really not such a bad shot as all that."

Again they listened politely. They were all old hands at the sport, and had witnessed the downfall of much Eastern pride. Corbell, as host, did his duty by letting fall a hint.

"The Western Colinus, or quail," he stated with a burlesque on the didactic, "is as compared with the Eastern Colinus, or quail, a swift and elusive proposition that requires special study."

"Such being the case, suppose we go and study him," suggested Moore.

Breakfast over, they picked up their guns and started forth. Full daylight had come, and the first rays of the sun were gilding the sagebrush hills on the left side of the valley. Toward these the hunters proceeded on foot.

From that moment until lunch time Kenneth acquired much valuable experience. He learned that hunting the valley quail was indeed a specialist's job. Arrived at the sagebrush slope, Corbell strung his command out at such intervals as to sweep the hill. They began to move forward abreast. Soon in the openings Kenneth began to see the quail, running busily, their heads held low, their bodies trim, darting through the sagebrush.

"Here are some just ahead!" he shouted.

The line quickened its pace in order to flush the birds. Kenneth held his gun forward, ready at any instant for a shot. But the quail kept ahead. Occasionally he caught glimpses of them still running.

"Shake it up!" cried Corbell from near the top of the hill.

They broke into a dogtrot. Kenneth felt a vexed wonder as to how anyone could be expected to pick his footing, dodge sagebrush, cling to a side hill and shoot—at this pace. Then suddenly with a whir of wings half a dozen of the birds sprang into the air about a hundred yards away. Promptly Frank Moore flung his gun to his shoulder and let drive both barrels. Kenneth's disgusted astonishment at the foolishness of firing at such an absurd range was instantly swallowed up in wonder, for as though answering the reports came a roar like a cataract, as hundreds of quail flushed in a pack. The air was blue with them—literally hundreds, perhaps thousands; Kenneth could not begin to guess. They, too, were well over a hundred yards distant. Nevertheless, both Corbell and Hunter fired instantly, followed a second later by two more from Frank, who had reloaded.

"Come on! Come on!" yelled Corbell, and started after them on the run.

The quail buzzed for fifty yards, set their wings and sailed for fifty yards more, then pitched down sidewise in an open space and paced away like quarter horses. The little band of sweating, stumbling hunters caught up with them—if flushing them at another hundred-yards' range could be called catching up—only after a jog of nearly a quarter mile.

Then once more six barrels blazed away, without, of course, touching a feather at such a distance. And off they set again after the vanishing pack.

To Kenneth the whole performance seemed crazy. He was accustomed to some sort of orderly performance over dogs; he had some ideas of effective ranges and the wasting of ammunition. There was no fun in this. Twice stragglers from the main covey got out almost under his feet, but he could not even get organized for a shot. On other occasions his companions flushed individuals at good range, but apparently did not see them, or at least paid them no attention. At length after the third repetition of this silly performance Corbell called a halt and came down the hill wiping his brow.

"I reckon we've got enough laid away," he observed. "Enough for a good shoot anyway." He caught Kenneth's expression and laughed. "I forgot to ask you if you knew anything about this game," said he. "I see you don't. I suppose you think we're crazy."

"Well," replied Kenneth cautiously, "I don't believe I quite understand how you expect to kill anything at that range."

"We don't," laughed Corbell. "Bless you, we aren't shooting with the expectation of killing anything. We just shoot to make a noise, raise a row."

"I see," said Kenneth blankly, but still trying desperately to be polite.

"The California quail in these big packs would run a hundred miles if you gave them a chance," explained Corbell. "You could chase those fellows all day, and they'd always keep just about a hundred yards ahead of you. Try it and see. The only hope is to rattle them—scare them a little. Then a few at a time they'll scatter, and when they're scattered they'll lie close. The noise of the guns and, I suppose, the patter of spent shot does just that. Didn't you notice that the pack was much smaller on that last rise?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice much of anything," confessed Kenneth.

"Well, it was. There were close to seven or eight hundred birds on that first rise. I don't believe there were over three hundred the last time they got up. Where do you suppose the rest are? Why, scattered through the brush back of us, of course, where they pitched in and hid. They will lie, and that is where we are going to get our shooting. See?"

"I see."

"Well, listen!"

They held quiet, and from the long, brushy side hill back of him Kenneth heard near at hand subdued clucks, whispered calls; and from farther away, now here, now there, now half voiced, now full strength, came the jaunty, clear, gathering call over and over repeated:

You can't shoot! You can't shoot!

"Now we will go back over the same ground and get our shooting," instructed Corbell. "You will have to pick up your own birds, and to do that you will have to mark them very closely. This brush all looks pretty much alike. Until you get used to it I'd advise you not to kill a second bird until you have picked up the first. And another thing: If you fall behind the line looking for a down bird you don't shoot again until you have caught up, even if you do flush something. That's for safety. Everybody ready? All right, we're off!"

In the retracing of his steps Kenneth had many bitter truths borne in on him. The valley quail in his full growth and strength is one of the speediest of upland game. He is very strong in flight, and he launches himself from the advantage of iron-hard ground. He is like a blue bullet and is a hard bird to hit when flushed on level ground. But here Kenneth was midway up a steep hill. Rarely did a quail flush exactly on his level, and rarely did it fly on the same level. It darted, quartering up the hill from below; or swooped, curving down the hill from above; or deceived all calculations by rocketing up, over and back. He shot over, he shot behind; and at his first shattering report a bewildering, buzzing half dozen of these blue devils darted into the air on all sides of him to confuse his second barrel. Then he had to keep his footing and make his way through brush. Above and below him the guns were speaking regularly, and several times the remnants of his bewildered attention saw the quick puff of feathers and the long slanting fall that means a clean kill. But he became more and more flustered and angry until at a point where the low growth of sage came to an end he was thoroughly rattled.

"Nice shoot. They lay nicely," observed Corbell as they gathered together. He began to pull quail from the game pockets of his canvas coat. "How did you make out, Boyd?"

"Very badly."

"Well, that's to be expected at first. How many did you get?"

"I killed two," confessed Kenneth miserably, "but I couldn't find either of them. I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm not a crack shot by any means, but I used to be able to hit something."

"These quail are tough customers. Perhaps that gun ——" began Bill Hunter.

"I never saw an Eastern shot, no matter how good, who could hit a flock of balloons first day out," interrupted Corbell consolingly. "Never! It's a different game. Suppose we trade guns for a little while. I'd really like to try that little fellow."

Kenneth agreed. He found to his astonishment that of the fifty loaded brass shells only about twenty remained charged.

"I did not realize I had shot so many," he confessed. Then more boldly: "Would you mind, Mr. Corbell, if I just trailed you for a little while? I want to see how it's done and get some hints. I can pick up your birds for you."

"Certainly, come along. But there isn't much to learn. It's a matter of practice."

"What do we do now? Hunt up another covey?"

"No, go right back over the same ground. We didn't get up a quarter of them. We could go back and forth there all day and still get up birds, and the oftener we went the closer they'd lie."

On this second trip Kenneth added to his humility. Corbell was a beautiful shot. And he found that even with the preoccupation of shooting the older man was able to mark dead birds more accurately than could Kenneth, who was giving his whole attention to it.

"You'll find him about three feet farther to the left, under that brush with the dead stalk," he told Kenneth. The bird had been the first of three killed in a scattering rise from one spot, when Corbell had to turn square away for the second and third. "It's a matter of spotting some one individual bush, or even spear of grass," he told Kenneth.

When the shooters grouped again at the end of this drive Corbell was enthusiastic about the little Scott.

"It kills 'em," he said, "and it kills 'em just as far as that old cannon of yours, Bill. I wouldn't have believed it! And it kills them clean. It's either a clean kill or a clean miss, and you've got to hold close. I missed several birds just because I didn't get square on and center them. And Lord, she does handle prettily!"

"How many did you scratch down with the thing?" inquired Hunter.

"An even dozen, with twenty shots."

"Beginner's luck," asserted Bill. "Can't repeat it in a thousand years. Me, I like a gun you can depend on, not one you got to carry a rabbit's foot with."

Corbell's eyes were snapping.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he suggested suavely. "I'll take twenty shells to-morrow morning after the birds are scattered, and I'll get more birds with this little popgun than you can with that old blunderbuss of yours. Only it will cost you fifty dollars to see me do it. Are you on?"

"I promised my mother I wouldn't gamble," said Bill. "But this isn't gambling—it's a sure thing. Yes, I'll take your money."

They returned to the ranch house for lunch at noon, after which saddle horses were brought and they spent the rest of the day jogging in a leisurely fashion over the ranges. Kenneth trailed along. The more he saw and the longer he listened the more impressed was he by the great complication and uncertainty of the cattle business and the amount of specialized knowledge necessary to run it on anything but a hit-or-miss basis. As they went along Corbell told him something of what happened when two dry years come in succession—the failure, first of the feed, and then of the streams and springs; the weakening and the starvation of cattle and other stock.

"I drove a bunch of horses across country, way over into Inyo County, just to save them," he said. "You could have your pick of riding animals if you'd promise to feed them. We shot all but the very finest stock. Some of the Spanish people drove big herds of cattle off the sea cliffs so they would not die inland and contaminate the air. They estimate that a million cattle died that time. A million's a good many."

He shook his head as his thoughts strayed to those black years.

"Now we've got a new system. We raise hay and bale it and pile it up and roof it over. Every year a crop is piled up and not used until it is in danger of spoiling. After a few years you get to have quite a lot of hay. You've seen it standing about like big buildings in all the bottomlands. When another dry year comes we'll feed it out."

"I should think you could raise most anything here," said Kenneth. "The soil looks fine."

But at this Corbell drew into his shell.

"It's not an agricultural country," he said shortly.

And here, had he but known it, Kenneth was touching the obstinate conservatism of the cattleman, sensing dimly the quarter from which his doom was to come.

A week later Kenneth rode back alone across the mountains on a borrowed horse. He left his baggage to follow when the buckboard or the high trap next visited town, but he carried some fifty quail.

"You must come back in the pigeon season," was Corbell's parting remark.

(Continued on Page 123)

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THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

(Continued from Page 119)

"They come down from the north in clouds. Greatest wing shooting you ever did."

At Arguello Kenneth found himself once more in face of his problem, which had in no way diminished by being temporarily ignored. In fact, it had increased by the one fact that this plunge into wholesome, manly, out-of-door pursuits had given him a positive distaste for Pearl. Nevertheless, he had his code. It was his fault, not hers. He would be a dastard and a villain to go back on her now. It would be like slapping a child. He must go through with it—play his part. After balking shamefully for two days he revolted against himself and made an especial trip downtown for the sole purpose of stopping in at the Kandy Kitchen. Pearl was behind the counter, dressed in her usual clean, pink, starched things. She certainly looked neat and clean and refreshing, but somehow vapid. Kenneth had never noticed this before. He seemed to be looking at her from an outside, detached viewpoint.

"Hello, Pearl," he greeted, trying for ease of manner. "Haven't seen you for a dog's age. I've been away—up north—over the mountains, you know," he hastened to add.

"How do you do?" she returned primly. "Yes, I heard you had."

A wonder crossed Kenneth's panic-stricken mind as to why it had not occurred to him to write. Actually the idea had never until this moment crossed his mind. She must be wondering the same thing.

If so, she showed no signs of it. She answered his lame sallies in her usual prim, self-possessed manner. Customers were numerous, and Kenneth made them an excuse for leaving.

"Meet me this evening?" he forced himself to ask.

"Thank you, I can't this evening."

"Well, s'm'other time," said Kenneth, making a thankful escape.

But his conscience would not let him off. It dragged him, always with increasing distaste, to the Kandy Kitchen, where were reënacted varying repetitions of the same interview. Invariably Kenneth, as in duty bound, suggested a meeting; but invariably was put off by an excuse. The fourth visit discovered a black-haired young fellow leaning over the counter talking low-voiced to Pearl. Her manner was as precise as ever, but her star eyes were downcast and a faint pink flushed her cheeks.

"Seven o'clock near the band stand," Kenneth heard her say.

And a great burden fell from his shoulders. For in this black-haired young man he saw again himself.

He greeted Pearl jovially, cracked some jokes, met the young man cordially and breezed out again without suggesting further an evening or a Sunday meeting. Thereafter he liked to drop in at the Kandy Kitchen occasionally to chaff Pearl, to join the young people at the soda fountain. Pearl was a good soul, not bad looking in her way. But never again did he see her alone. Nor did he ever get back his jeweled fraternity pin.

XIX

THE dry season stretched on beyond its wont. People began anxiously to speculate about the rain, calling upon old precedents, old signs and portents, to support their views or hopes. The brown hills turned pale silver as the grasses bleached. In the cañons lay a tangle of dead old stalks and vines. Where had been a lush thicket of ferns now the earth lay naked and baked, displaying unexpected simplicities of contour that had before been mysteriously veiled. So hard and trodden looked this earth that it seemed incredible that any green thing had ever or could ever again pierce its steel-like shell. The land was stripped bare. In the trees the wind rustled dryly. In the sky the sun shone, glaring. The morning fogs were no more. No smallest wisp of mist relieved the steel-blue of the heavens. Animals and birds drowsed through the days, seeming to stir abroad only at night. Even the buzzards sat on the cross arms of the telegraph poles with their wings held half out from their bodies, as though panting. Along the roads for many yards on either side the earth and trees were powdered white with dust, and in the roadways lay a thick white carpet that rose to smother you at a touch. The land was as if in suspended animation, waiting. It was athirst.

All the old-timers watched these things with interest, hope or dismay, according to their temperaments. The Boyds had not been in California long enough to think of rain in terms of inches. Kenneth, if he gave it a thought, merely delighted in the unbroken sunshine, or noticed that at sunset the colored veils over the ramparts of the Sur had deepened in tint and tenderness.

The completion of the house roused in him a belated interest. They moved in about the first of December. Everything smelled new. It was an imposing house, two-storied, square like a box, but with its plainness relieved by a cupola. One mounted a tiny porch with pillars and passed into a narrow central hall in which rose the stairs and from which opened two doors on each side and one at the end. The two doors on the right led into the library and the dining room; the two doors on the left led into the parlor and a smaller affair known as the den; the one at the end gave access to the kitchen by way of the pantry. All the woodwork shone with varnish. The walls were calcimined and decorated with stenciled or hand-painted designs. The furniture of the parlor was the last degree of spindle-legged and brocaded discomfort; that of the dining room carved and massive; but the library and den, with their fireplaces and their leather-upholstered chairs and sofas, were, even when new, cozy and inviting. Boyd had expended considerable ingenuity on the den. It had a cellaret with spaces for all-shaped bottles and glasses; a humidor like a cabinet; a card table with devices for bestowing ashes, chips or drinks. Altogether the house was a very creditable setting for a gentleman of wealth and leisure of the early eighties. A woman might criticize it as too distinctly a man's house of expensive, solid comfort, but more like a furniture exhibit than an example of considered taste.

The grounds, too, were well advanced in the first stages. That is to say, they were all planted, but not yet grown. The modern practice of wealthy gentlemen of moving full-grown trees at fabulous cost and great risk was then unknown. You planted things out of earthenware pots or at most wooden tubs. An Easterner would have seen little in Boyd's new garden save a pattern and a lot of plants, all apparently alike. Not so a Californian. The latter has developed the seeing eye. Those fifty growths or so he does not see as they are, all the same size. Some to him stand as trees, some as shrubs, some as creepers or flowering plants. He sees that garden as it will be, not as it is; and so he is prepared for interested and intelligent discussion. Thus Mrs. Stanley and Boyd had an almost acrimonious argument as to whether a certain tree should be removed, the grounds of argument being whether it did or did not shut off the view of the mountains. The tree was six inches tall.

Having acquired a staff consisting of two indoor Chinamen, one garden Chinaman and a Spanish stable boy, Boyd suggested to his son that it would be a good idea to give a party by way of a housewarming.

"We've been treated pretty well by all these people," said he, "and the old winter crowd is beginning to come back. Let's give a real blowout."

The plans, as they talked them over, took shape in the direction of engraved invitations, an orchestra rather than the usual piano-mandolin-guitar combination, a caterer from San Francisco.

"Hold on!" cried Boyd, looking in dismay at the list of those to be invited. "We're getting swamped! This house will never hold that gang! The doors are too narrow for one thing. Where are you going to put the orchestra?"

But Dora Stanley had an idea. The Stanleys, as next door neighbors, had been taken into full consultation, and had responded with enthusiasm, down to the Chinamen. The Chinese love parties. Even Martin so far forsook his customary brotherly attitude of cynicism as to admit it was a good idea.

"Have the dance in the barn!" she cried. "There's plenty of space in the carriage room. You can put sofas and things in the stalls for them to sit on. You can put refreshments in the harness room. And that leaves the house entirely free for clothes and card tables and supper and all the rest."

So the horses continued to board at the Frémont stables, while the barn was decorated. They used hundreds of yards of bunting and dozens of American flags, until no sliver of the carriage room remained visible, and the place resembled a crazy-colored marquee. They stretched canvas on the floor, and then laid other canvas over that in order to keep it clean. They placed locomotive lanterns for lights. They installed carloads of furniture round the walls and in the stalls and haymow. They arranged scores of palms and other plants in tubs round the tête-à-tête corners. As an afterthought they constructed a covered way between the stable and the house. Boyd would never have thought of that, but Dora pointed out to him emphatically the perishable nature of chignons and chiffons when exposed to night breezes.

The invitations went out to every family of social pretension in the county. It was understood that a cotillion was to be danced—they called it a German. Most people knew in a general way how you did it, but nobody was quite certain as to the details. To conduct such a thing successfully, without confusion, took knowledge and practice. Possibly Kenneth Boyd was going to lead—he came from New York. Then someone learned that Ben Sansome was coming down especially from San Francisco. Ben Sansome had led San Francisco society and its dances since the pioneer days. That was all he ever did—that was his specialty. His approval made a débutante, nobody knew just why, and as a consequence he was made much of. His journeying to Arguello especially for the Boyd housewarming was quite wonderful. Boyd's stock went even higher. There was a great overhauling of feminine wardrobes. Even the men, concealing their interest under indifferent exteriors, secretly wondered whether they ought to have silk hats, and if so whether the old ones would do.

THIS party created considerable disturbance at the Corona del Monte. Of course Colonel and Mrs. Peyton were going. It would not have been a typical party without them. But the colonel had set his heart on taking Daphne with them, and after a little hesitation Allie backed him up. The proposal met with its opposition from Brainerd himself. The idea that Daphne was old enough for such an affair took him completely by surprise.

"She's nothing but a baby! Look at her!" he objected.

"I'm looking at her," rejoined Allie stoutly, "and all I see is that you don't know enough to dress her suitably for her age. She is sixteen next month, and you rig her out like a child. I was married at sixteen."

"But she is young," persisted Brainerd. "What does she know of dancing and ballroom conversation?"

"She's a very good dancer," stated Mrs. Peyton flatly; "and as for ballroom conversation, I don't know that it is any different from any other conversation, and I certainly would not call Daffy tongue-tied."

"Where has she ever learned to dance?" demanded Brainerd.

"At dancing school, where I myself have been taking her every Thursday afternoon," stated Allie.

Brainerd flushed.

"Why did I know nothing of that?"

"I told Daffy to keep it secret—as a surprise."

"You mean you were afraid I'd put a stop to it."

Allie only smiled at this.

"My dress suit is riddled with moths," grumbled Brainerd, "and heaven knows to what hours we'd be out!"

"Now we're getting down to the real reasons," said Mrs. Peyton briskly. "Let me relieve your mind. I'm not asking you to go. We shall take charge of Daffy, and she'll sleep at the ranch. Perhaps she is a little young, but you must take your chances as they come. It is not every day that such a grand ball is given in a new house."

"Fine! Fine!" cried the colonel when he heard of the capitulation. "She shall be the belle of the ball! And, Allie, I want you to get her the very grandest ball gown you can buy."

But Allie had accurately gauged Brainerd's complaisance.

"No," she vetoed. "He would not allow that. Believe me, Richard, I know!"

"But as a present from me—for her coming out!" pleaded the colonel.

"No! He has made the big concession, and will be obstinate as a mule on everything else."

"She would be a beauty in a proper dress—a beauty. I know! I am a judge. But you must see that she is fitted out some way!" cried the colonel, much disappointed.

The situation was saved by Doña Cazadero. That amiable lady, with Pilar, came in on the discussion.

"But we have estacks and estacks of clothes, so pretty, laid away for many years in our great chests," she drawled. "But, of course, among so many the *niña* will find that which will esuit her. Pilar will wear one of them, and I will wear one. They are not in the present estyle, no; but the present estyle is very ugly, no? And these are of the Espanish estyle, which is always good. Yes?"

Next day Mrs. Peyton and Daphne drove over to Las Flores behind the little ponies and spent the afternoon trying on the rich old dresses unpacked from cedar chests. They were beautiful, and they became Daphne's piquant type. With her hair gathered hastily and held by a huge comb, with her cheeks aglow with excitement, with her slim, lithe figure in the old-time long corsage and flounces, Daphne was a picture. She was much pleased and a little astonished at what the mirror showed her. She even put on the silk stockings and buskins with crossed straps, and secretly rubbed her legs together to feel the silk creak. She had a keen sense of the beautiful, but was still too much of a child to have acquired an equally keen sense of the fashionable.

"It is certainly very fetching. She is really beautiful in it," commented Mrs. Peyton doubtfully to Doña Cazedero, "but ——"

"But it is not estyle. True. But always has the *niña* been esso different from all the rest. Why do you want to make her like now?" said Doña Cazedero with unexpected insight.

"I believe you are right, but I am afraid Mr. Brainerd will never consent ——"

"I know," said Doña Cazadero. She was astonishing for so apparently idle a lady. "I will myself make the call on Meester Brainerd. Daffy, you will essay nothing of the dress. But you will essay to señor, your father, that Doña Vincente Cazadero will call on heem to-morrow."

At three the following afternoon the Cazadero state coach bumped its way over the half-made road to the bungalow. Brainerd—impressed, somewhat puzzled and a trifle suspicious over this unusual honor—helped the lady up the steps and into an armchair, where she unfolded a fan and looked about her.

"You have here the nice *ranchito*," she stated. "I have never been here."

Brainerd murmured an appropriate response. Small talk ensued. Then after a suitable interval Doña Cazadero raised her voice.

"Juan!" she called.

The Cazadero footman entered, bearing packages which at a sign he laid on the floor and began to unwrap. Brainerd watched the leisurely performance with a curiosity that changed to bewilderment as he saw what the packages contained.

"They are very pretty," observed Doña Cazadero calmly.

"They seem so," replied Brainerd. "But what ——"

"Daphne, she go to this ball of Señor Boyd? No? Eet is her first ball, no? Well, this gown is the present of the Cazadero for that *fiesta*."

Brainerd stiffened.

"It is a very kind thought, Doña Cazadero, but I cannot permit ——"

"Permit? What is that word?" Doña Cazadero interrupted. "But you do not understand We are *rancheros*, both, no? We are neighbors, no? It is the custom of the Espanish peoples to make the gift at thees first *fiesta* of a young girl. Always we do that. For that we keep many thing." She laughed, shaking her plump form all over. "You have no idea the many thing—in boxes, chests. It is bad luck to buy the gift. It must be of the family possession. Now thees dress," she prattled on, "eet is very old. In old time there ees a ship come in, name of the Pilgrim, and she bring very nice things—diamonds, dresses, combs, mantillas, all the thing Espanish people want. And the Espanish people send down the eskin of cow—very many—and they mak' the trade. There was no—what you call?—wharf. You go through the wave in a boat. I remember my mother tell me how the young Yankee sailorman squeeze her little bit when he carry her through the wave to the boat." She laughed in a jolly fashion. "So we get

(Continued on Page 126)

Spell it backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY

FRESH MILK —Powdered—

For Baby and the Whole Family

GOOD health depends more on a proper supply of pure, fresh milk of high quality than on any other article of diet.

Children who drink good milk and plenty of it are strong, healthy children. As a beverage, in cooked dishes or served with cereals, fruits or desserts, milk is indispensable.

Homes which use Klim Powdered Milk are assured an adequate supply of pure, fresh milk of high uniform standard.

Many persons postpone buying their first supply of Klim from day to day because milk in powdered form upsets the accepted and long-established practice of depending on a liquid milk supply.

Klim is the same high-grade, pure, fresh milk that is received at the best creameries. When reduced to powder form by taking out the water a few hours after it leaves the farm, it becomes the most economical and most convenient milk that the household can secure.

Klim is in no way a substitute for milk. It *is* milk. When restored to liquid form it is utilized for every purpose that liquid milk may be used for.

Klim contains all the food value of high-grade liquid milk. It is endorsed by leading food authorities. It solves the hundred and one milk-supply questions that the housewife faces.

Once Klim goes on the pantry shelf, milk worries disappear. Klim Powdered Milk is always at hand to meet every emergency.

How to get KLIM

SEND us the coupon and $1.25 for our special trial outfit of 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk—sent postpaid. We will also send you our free booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Hundreds of distributing agencies are established to supply you quickly and regularly with Klim Powdered Milk. After you have tried Klim and like it, our nearest agency will arrange to supply you regularly.

SPECIAL TRIAL OUTFIT

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

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CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

Klim is not sold in bulk. It comes only in 1-lb., 2½-lb., and 5-lb. sealed cans

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. (9)

Enclosed find One Dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25)—(checks money orders, or currency accepted)—for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of whole milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk

Send me Free booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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all the thing, and we put these away in the chest and the box."

"But this must be very valuable—priceless!" protested Brainerd.

"Oh, yes, very valuable," agreed Doña Cazadero calmly. "You cannot buy heem. They do not mak' heem now. That," she explained triumphantly, "ees why he mak' the good gift for the *fiesta*."

She rose and offered her hand in farewell.

"But I cannot accept ——" repeated Brainerd feebly.

"To riffuse the gift of the Espanish people for the first *fiesta* of the young girl, Señor Brainerd," stated the señora courteously but with a totally unexpected edge to her voice, "is the same thing as one who says 'I am not your frien'.' It is the custom of old time, and we are people of the old time."

"It is kind of you—most kind," said Brainerd after a slight pause. "Daphne will be delighted. I will see that she expresses her deep appreciation."

The equipage rolled and bumped its way down the hill. It did not return at once to Las Flores, but stopped for a call at La Corona del Monte.

"Did he accept?" asked Mrs. Peyton eagerly.

"Oh, he tak' heem," smiled Doña Cazadero indolently. Then after a pause, "All men the same—like childs."

Daphne spent a good deal of her time now at the Peytons'. There were important, mysterious things to be done to the gown. Somewhat to his own surprise Brainerd drove over a number of times and disposed his long, tweed-clad figure in an easy-chair where he could watch his daughter, flushed with a repressed excitement, moving to and fro. He was looking on her with new eyes, as he would look on a new specimen. Evidently he found her good, for the eyes glowed softly; evidently the thought that she had grown up disturbed him, for the weary lines of his face deepened and saddened.

"I did not know before that I was old," he told Allie. "I have been grubbing away up there, with always the hope of to-morrow to console me for the shortcomings of to-day. And now I see the to-morrows are few."

"Old! Nonsense, man!" chided Mrs. Peyton briskly. "You might be the colonel's son, and he's not old yet."

"Nor ever will be, bless him," returned Brainerd with unwonted feeling.

It was agreed that Daphne was to dine and dress at the Peytons' before the ball, and spend with them what remained of the night afterward. Dinner was the least important, and was hurried over at a scandalously early hour. Then Daphne retired with Mrs. Peyton and Rosita, Manuelo's daughter. The colonel dressed himself in his old claw-hammer with the long tails, that somehow on him gave the impression of brass buttons, though brass buttons there were none, and tried in vain to read or smoke. He was as excited as Daphne herself, and kept jumping up to see if Manuelo understood about the team and if they had got out the thick lap robes and if they had remembered to put on the side curtains. The time was very long. The women, indeed, were having trouble. The difficulty was not with the gown, which fitted to a marvel, but with Daphne's hair. It simply would not lie down and be tame, as the Spanish style demanded. Finally Allie abandoned the Spanish style entirely.

"This is not a masquerade. We don't have to be consistent," she mumbled through the hairpins in her mouth. "There," she pronounced after a few moments, "you'll do. Now run down and keep the colonel company while I slip on my dress."

"Oh, Aunt Allie," cried Daphne with compunction, "you've spent all the time on me! I'm so selfish!"

She would have flown at the little woman for a hug and a kiss, but Mrs. Peyton checked her.

"Hold on!" she cried sharply. "Don't you dare muss yourself after all my pains! I have plenty of time to dress. I've done it before a thousand times or so, and I don't have to experiment. Run along!"

Daphne crept along the dim hall to the study, trying hard to avoid the numerous creaking boards. The colonel was seated under the lamp with a book. He looked up at the bright young vision framed in the doorway.

"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed, and rose. "My dear," he said gravely after a pause of inspection, "you will be the belle of the ball. You are exquisite." He stepped forward and raised her hand to his lips. Her color heightened, her eyes bright, she dropped him a curtsy.

"I am glad you like it, godpapa. If you are pleased I am very happy."

"Frightened, Puss?" asked the old man.

"Not frightened exactly, but very excited. Oh, godpapa, do you suppose I will get any dances?"

"Well, if you don't," stated the colonel stoutly, "I'm going to have the eyesight of the young men of this town examined. Where are you going? Your aunt isn't ready yet."

"I just thought I'd go see Sing Toy," she said shyly.

Why she wanted to see Sing Toy she did not exactly know. It was no mere desire to show off her grandeur before another. But Sing Toy was one the family ——

The Chinaman sat under the lamp in the middle of a spotless kitchen that looked as though it must just have been finished and furnished by a very careful person who had not yet used it. Not the smallest item was out of place. Sing Toy was in a straight-backed chair. He wore loose garments of silk brocade, dark blue on the outside, with others showing edges of lilac and pink underneath. His socks were snowy white, his thick-soled shoes were stiff with embroidery. His long queue, which in daily work was coiled neatly round his head, now hung ceremonially down his back. He sat bolt upright, his hands tucked in his voluminous sleeves, staring straight ahead of him as though expecting distinguished company. This was his frequent habit, though most evenings he was with the gardeners in their quarters. Thus he sat rigid and silent the whole evening through, as though receiving visitors, engaged in mysterious thoughts of his own. Perhaps he did receive visitors—who knows?

As the door opened and Daphne slipped into the well-lighted kitchen Sing Toy turned his head and looked at her for some time without expression.

"I go to party, Sing Toy," said Daphne. "I think perhaps you like look at my new dress. Very fine silk."

"I think mebbe so you come," stated Sing Toy. "He China silk. Velly fine. Old silk. You young lady now—no litty girl. You no come want ginga'snaps any more," he added, and a faint smile appeared in the depth of his eyes.

"Oh, Sing Toy, I'll put on short dresses to-morrow if I'm to have no more of your good gingersnaps."

Sing Toy rose and waddled deliberately to a cupboard drawer, whence he produced a long, shallow box of the soft yet stiff, crapelike paper peculiar to the Chinese. It was edged with red and ornamented with the decorative Chinese words.

"Litty plesent," said Sing Toy, handing it to her.

She raised the cover and the crape-tissue paper beneath it to discover a silk scarf. It was a wonderful specimen of Chinese handicraft, stiff with exquisite embroidery.

"Oh, Sing Toy," she breathed, "it's wonderful!"

"Yes, he velly fine," said Sing Toy complacently. "You wear him on head."

She threw the scarf over her hair.

"It's just the thing!" she cried. "Oh, thank you so much! It's a wonderful present!"

"All light. You go. I velly busy," said Sing Toy.

"Give me the box to put it in. What does this writing say?"

"Good luck, long life 'n' happiness," replied Sing Toy, as though it were one word. "Now you go!"

Daphne did not return to the colonel. She slipped on the voluminous carriage boots, threw her wrap about her shoulders and stepped out into the night. The air was very still and warm and quiet. Hardly an insect chirped. She turned down the dim tree aisles, and shortly found herself under the spreading branches of that great oak she called Dolman's House.

"Oh, Dolman," she breathed, "I'm so excited! To-night I am spreading my wings just like the little birds in your branches. Don't let me fall, Dolman! Make me happy!"

She looked up through the branches interlaced against the night sky, and the stars twinkled at her. As she looked they alternately grew larger and smaller. Then slowly from either side a gray mist seemed to close in. The stars grew dim, were blotted out, the twisted limbs of Dolman's House disappeared. Only the gray mist filled her eyes. And then, as slowly as it had closed in, it appeared to draw aside again. Daphne seemed to herself to be galloping up the beach, and the wind was in her hair and the surf thundered and the beach birds' cries were scattered before her like leaves. Close behind her she heard a horse's hoofbeats against the hard sand. They were coming nearer.

A voice called her name. There was an instant's rushing of things as though coming into focus. Daphne was under the oaks, but so real had been the flash of her vision that almost she could taste the salt on her lips. The colonel was calling her.

"Coming!" she cried. Then as she turned away, "What did you mean, Dolman? Is happiness only in my old pursuits?"

But Dolman gave no further sign.

XXI

BALLS started early in those days. Soon after eight o'clock the first of the guests began to arrive. Arguello possessed two glass hacks, and these were so much in demand that their owners had arranged their would-be patrons in a schedule. The first lot was instructed to be ready at eight sharp. They knew if they were not on time they would lose their chance, for the glass hack could not wait—it had its other customers to call for. All the guests went first to the house, where they deposited their wraps; and then down the covered way to the stables, where they greeted their hosts and Mrs. Stanley. That competent and uncompromising lady had again donned her war harness and was assisting, all thought of boundary fences and such things forgotten. Ben Sansome, too, was in line—a jovial, plump, bald, elderly gentleman, suggesting a pug dog rather than a leader of society, dressed with the most exquisite correctness and properly though condescendingly genial.

The place seemed alive with silent, unobtrusive, deft, dress-suited strangers gliding about on various errands—the caterer's men from San Francisco. One of them stood behind a small table at the door and handed to each gentleman as he entered a folded dance card from which depended a tiny pencil on a silken string. The outside of these carried an embossed monogram, which indicated that they were no mere bought-from-stock commonplaces, together with the date. The inside contained dances up to fifteen, each numbered and named, with a blank line on which to write in names. There were the grand march and waltzes, polkas, schottisches, lancers and a Virginia reel entitled the supper dance. After supper was to come the german.

Were it not for a supplementary set of dances played between the regular numbers, and called extras, one's fate would thus have been cut and dried for the entire evening. Already youths were darting here and there inscribing names on their cards and those of their partners-to-be. The more enterprising were not in such hurry. They had days since bespoken certain dances. It only remained to stroll round and see that the fair one had properly entered them. As each girl with any claims to popularity appeared in the doorway she was the center of a rush from all directions.

Sooner or later the couples strolled down to look over the favors spread out on a big table at the end of the room. These were satisfactorily expensive and striking. There were also various mysterious properties that had to do with figures in the german.

Only Ben Sansome knew what they were for—Ben and two of the younger men whom he picked to assist him and with whom he had rehearsed solemnly the more complicated figures. The older people were finding places in the chairs set along the walls. The youngsters wandered into and out of the nooks and corners, spying the lay of the land, admiring the arrangements and the decorations. Behind some tubbed palms in one corner the orchestra was tuning, adding to the suspended thrill of anticipation. Then a ball was opened formally, and until it was opened there was no music, and no one shook a foot.

The entrance of the Peytons and Daphne Brainerd was honored by an instant's total silence, followed by a low buzz. The colonel was impressive at any time, with his erect, lean figure, his shaven, aristocratic hawk face and his mop of silver hair. But as he appeared in the doorway to-night his old-fashioned charm was only a foil to the equally old-fashioned charm of the girl on his arm. Mrs. Peyton, with a true eye for effect, had managed to drop a step back on excuse of greeting a friend, leaving the old man and the girl to go in alone. Doña Cazadero had been right—the Spanish gown was not in the mode, but was always in style. And Daphne's irregular features, dusky, rich color and mass of unruly hair added just the captivating touch of incongruity.

Heads were together all over the room. The little receiving line broke its routine of greetings. And Ben Sansome, who had been standing at the end, turned and approached the group of which Boyd was the center. They saw him bend a little stiffly from the hips, acknowledging the introduction, and reach his pudgy hand for the dance card that dangled from Daphne's wrist. She passed it to him instantly, blank as it had come from the engraver's. Ben Sansome smiled at it and looked up to meet her direct, grave eyes.

"I should have said you were like that," he murmured. "It shows in all you wear so exquisitely—the look of your eyes upon all these others."

Daphne did not at all understand the speech. But she was no fool, so she smiled enigmatically. She had never been to a formal ball before, and so did not know that young ladies were accustomed to scribble random initials opposite all vacant dances in order to avoid the appearance of unpopularity. Later, of course, those initials could be erased as partners proposed themselves.

"I will put myself down for the grand march, if I may," continued Ben Sansome.

That wily and experienced warrior had not yet chosen his partners, for he did not know the society of Arguello, and had no intention of contenting himself with anything second-rate. He well knew that any girl present would bolt any engagement she might have to give him any dance he requested. It must be repeated that no one could quite have told why this was so.

Ben Sansome was and had always been an idler. He had wasted every talent and opportunity he might have possessed. He looked like an obese pug dog. He drank too steadily, and though he never disgraced himself in public, he got beastly drunk among men at the clubs. His conversation was hardly enlivening. He sold champagne for a living—inferior champagne, which people bought because they were afraid he would be offended if they did not serve it when he dined with them—he always examined the labels. Other men looked upon him with good-natured contempt. Yet there is no doubt that he ruled San Francisco society.

During the season three big balls were given in the name of charity or what not. Ben Sansome attended to all the details of these balls, and of course made out the list of those who were to be invited. If you did not appear at these balls you had no social standing. The chances of a débutante had been seriously damaged, if not destroyed, because she received no invitation to either the Charity, the Midwinter or the Easter. Of course it was always a mistake, an omission, but the damage was never repaired.

It was not an edifying spectacle—the social life of a great city in the hands of an old roué like Ben Sansome, but so it was. There is a fearful lot of drudgery and arranging and running of errands and organization to a social season, and in those days of vigorous life Ben Sansome was actually the only gentleman of leisure. He did all the dirty work, and he took all the reward of power. It is only fair to state that he was a very amiable gentleman, and kindly, when his little ambitions were not interfered with, and thoroughly well-mannered and harmless with decent women.

But to his statement Daphne shook her head.

"Thank you, Mr. Sansome," she replied, "but I open the ball with Colonel Peyton."

This refusal was in itself enough to damn, but Ben Sansome had a very accurate eye for the advertising quality of the unusual. Once when returning from abroad he had during the whole voyage avoided a certain flashy, vulgar and boresome woman. In New York harbor, however, it was raining, and this woman donned a scarlet raincoat. When the ship docked Sansome was leaning against the rail close to her side engaging her in lively conversation. He knew the advertising value of that red raincoat. So to-night. There were a half dozen beautiful young girls in every way worthy of his favor, whose family and social standing he knew all about, any one of whom

(Continued on Page 129)

Daddy's Home!

DEAR, GOOD, THOUGHTFUL DADDY! Always thinking of mother and his rollicking, romping youngsters.

Cracker Jack! Whoopee! Now there'll be a scramble! First for those crisp kernels of fresh popcorn turned golden with delicious molasses candy. Then for the big, meaty, roasted peanuts. Even baby looks forward to Cracker Jack, for he gets the toy or novelty that's always there.

And he brought Angelus Marshmallows, too! How good they are! How fresh in their famous wax-sealed package! Mother will be lucky if she can save enough from her ravenous, Angelus-loving family to use in cocoa, a salad or cake.

Please, Daddy! Buy them again.

You, too, can **buy** *Cracker Jack and Angelus Marshmallows from your neighborhood dealer who sells candy. He will appreciate your patronage*

Cracker Jack
"The More You Eat—
The More You Want"

Angelus Marshmallows
"One Taste
Invites Another"

Made by
RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Chicago and Brooklyn

We will gladly send you a recipe book for Angelus Marshmallows prepared by Janet McKenzie Hill, which tells how to make a score of delightful salads and cakes

SPARKS!!

FRENCH Dry Batteries look different on the outside and *are* different inside. For now Mister Ray-O-Lite has been placed in red on the old familiar blue carton. And Mister Ray-O-Lite is your outside guarantee of the *inside* of the battery.

There is a world of difference *inside* of batteries. That is why French Dry Batteries are able to give such unfailing superiority of service.

Every item of zinc, carbon and other chemical that goes into French Dry Batteries is selected for the one great purpose of *giving fat, hot sparks for the longest time*. They are *ignition* batteries, because they are made purposely for that specific service!

There is still further merit to French Dry Batteries. They enjoy long "shelf life." That is, they show no marked deterioration when left unused for a period of time. They calmly rest between jobs. Their strength does not rapidly "leak" away. You will find them full-powered, anxious to tackle your next bit of work.

For all ignition work—and other dry battery needs, too—it is best to depend on French Dry Batteries. Buy from your dealer. And remember Mister Ray-O-Lite in red on the blue carton.

For tractors and gas engines, wherever four or more dry batteries are needed for good ignition, use French Ray-O-Spark Multiple Batteries. Four or five French Dry Batteries are packed and sealed tight. Just two connections to wire up. Compact, easy to handle, moisture-proof. Economical, too. At your dealer's or write us.

FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON CO., Madison, Wisconsin

NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY DALLAS
MINNEAPOLIS ATLANTA (67)

French Ray-O-Lites and Dry Batteries

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would have given her best ring to be selected by him. Nevertheless, he picked one of whom he knew nothing, not even the name, because again of her advertising value.

"Then you will help me lead the german?" he breathed in answer.

"I am afraid you will find me a very ignorant assistant. I have never danced a german," replied Daphne.

"You will have no trouble. I will tell you," suggested Sansome, warming to the idea of annexing this vivid, striking creature to help localize his important presence. "You and I will have a dance or so together and I will have a chance to explain to you all about it. It's very simple."

"I shall be very glad," replied Daphne.

She was much disappointed in the looks of the celebrated beau, but she was human and feminine and she lived on the Pacific Coast, so she was flattered.

But Kenneth, who had been hovering impatiently in the background, here broke in. Recognition had come to him in a great wave after a moment's puzzle. And with it had come a rush of other emotions, the principal one of which was a relief of spirit. Subconsciously his pride of the young man had nursed a sort of grievance over his having permitted himself to be fooled by a child. This was no child, but a young woman, glorious in her dark, glowing beauty and serene in her self-possession. That magic day on the beach was rehabilitated. He cursed his luck that had permitted him so nearly to fill out his program, and he blessed it that his duties as host had not allowed him to crowd it full even unto the twelfth extra. Of course he was to lead the grand march with Dora Stanley as next-door neighbor and best friend, and had engaged the cotillion with Myra.

"May I see your program next?" he broke in, almost snatching the card from Ben Sansome's hand. "How many may I have?"

She looked at him a deliberate moment, seeming to rebuke his breathless haste, but it was the old beau who answered the question.

"My boy," he wheezed with a fat chuckle, "never ask a woman how many you may have. Take what you want and marshal your forces to meet her objections."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Sansome," said Kenneth, flashing one of his charming smiles. "But if I took all I wanted I would of course take them all." He bowed slightly toward Daphne, who returned his smile. "Since I cannot do that, I will take all I dare."

He glanced rapidly over his own program and made sundry notes.

"The third and the seventh—and supper," he announced.

As a matter of fact, he had the supper dance already engaged, but his active brain had assured him of escape. He bowed again, and gave way to others who were already gathering round.

Daphne's card was soon filled. Everybody in Arguello knew her as a child. There was an alluring piquancy in this sudden emergence as a woman. By the time she and the Peytons had escaped from the swirling group near the receiving station and made their way toward the chairs along the wall her card was full and the success of her evening assured.

All the balls of those days were opened by what was known as a grand march, a pretty and stately ceremony wherein the dancers paced in column, two by two. The column turned and twisted and tied itself into knots and convolutions and extricated itself therefrom; the couples divided into other columns of single file, which drew apart and performed even more complicated figures and drew together again in such mysterious and miraculous fashion that each man found himself again with his partner after apparently hopeless separation. It took some leading, the grand march. No hopeless amateur need apply. Ben Sansome opened all balls in San Francisco as a matter of understood social right, but here waived that privilege in favor of the son of the house. And the son of the house did it very well, without hesitation or blunder. Dan Mitchell stood by the door surveying it with approving professional eye. Dan was dressed in his baggy blue serge suit, and he had a quid of tobacco stowed in his cheek, which was why he stood by the door. Already he had sampled Boyd's champagne, an especial concession to his necessity of getting back to the office before the Trumpet was put to bed.

"I'd like to see the german," he confided to Jim Paige, "but she certainly is an eight-gauge, double-barreled party."

He watched lazily for a few minutes more, then faded away. At the Trumpet office he called in his assistant.

"Cort," he ordered, "that party of Boyd's is the real thing. She's making history. Send up Miss Mullins to get all the women's dresses and decorations, and then bring the notes to me. I'll write this story. And hold me three columns. Delay going to press."

"I held a column," said the assistant doubtfully, "and there's just come in a peach of a Chinatown murder."

"Kill it," said the editor decisively, "and do as I tell you." He spat at a sawdust box. Then—the champagne circulating comfortably—he vouchsafed a little of his reason: "This man Boyd has evidently come to stay. That party, Cort, means two things. He's rich—why, he must have brought the wine in tank cars—and he's full of energy. Man like that is always doing something, and by and by he's going to want publicity. You mark my words, Cort. And what he wants he pays for."

The assistant hopped down from his desk.

"You got a long head, chief. I'll say that for you," he conceded.

The party was swinging on its way. The violins crooned, the rhythm beat in hot pulses, the hypnotic swing of the dancers was like music made visible. Cheeks were flushed, eyes sparkling or dreamy. It was as though in the flag-draped, flower-hung inclosure, with its reflected lights, a new world had been created out of music and dancing, wherein people dwelt as in another element with new thoughts, new emotions informing their souls. A magic was about them that fused their diversities, lifted their fatigues.

After the grand march Colonel Peyton abandoned the dancing floor, where his tall form and his old-fashioned, courtly carriage had made a brave display, and took refuge with a number of other old-timers at the card table. Thence, however, he appeared occasionally to address a gallant word to Allie or to beam out on the shifting dancers.

"She is a great success," stated Mrs. Peyton decidedly. "She is dancing every dance, and the men are fighting for the extras. We can be proud of her."

"She moves divinely," replied the colonel. "I wish I were twenty years younger," he sighed.

"You're quite enough of a fool about women as it is," rejoined Allie.

Daphne caught sight of them together, and waved her hand. Her dusky cheeks were flushed richly, and her eyes seemed to glow with a deep inner fire. The first dance with Kenneth had gone. Their steps fitted and they swung in perfect harmony with the violins. Not a dozen words were exchanged between them, yet their spirits had been in the momentary close harmony of the rhythm, and they had separated with a vague feeling of having gained in intimacy. This feeling neither experienced to the same degree with any other of their partners. Yet it was merely a question of rhythm, of catching just exactly the throb and swing of the violins.

It had a practical application, however, as the fifth extra began. Daphne, alone for an instant, saw approaching her across the crowded floor a bespectacled, gawky youth she had suffered from at dancing school. At the same instant she caught Kenneth's eye. On the impulse, before she thought, she sent him a signal of distress. Instantly he responded, leaving abruptly the girl with whom he was talking and making his way with eel-like dexterity through the crowded dancers.

"Come—come quick!" she breathed to him, clutching his arm.

Together they stepped behind the screen of palms and out through the barn door into the garden.

"You've saved my life!" laughed Daphne, breathless. "I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't rescued me. It's that dreadful Mitchell boy bearing down on me like a goggle-eyed fate. I didn't dare stay another second, because I remember vaguely his saying something about some extra, and he's so persistent. Do you suppose he saw us?"

"He might have," said Kenneth shrewdly. "I think we'd better move a little."

"Didn't you have this dance engaged?" Kenneth hesitated.

"Yes, I did," he stated boldly, "and I don't care. It was a duty thing."

"Oh," she cried, struck with compunction, "and you're the host!" She chuckled wickedly. "I ought to make you go back. But I don't care either. We are highly immoral."

They looked back toward the stable. It seemed to be bursting with light that leaked out of various cracks and crannies and poured out past the palms through the wide-opened door. A figure silhouetted itself, an unmistakable, gangling figure, and peered shortsightedly into the darkness.

"The Mitchell boy!" breathed Daphne. "Come!" She picked up her voluminous skirts and flew lightly down one of the new-made paths. Only at the porch on the other side of the house did she pause. "This is dreadful!" she cried. "You don't suppose he will find us here? He is very persistent."

"I think we are safe here," Kenneth reassured her.

It was as though they had entered another existence. The high-keyed, throbbing, emotional, swinging world of the rhythmical violins and the low, brooding lights and the warm, palpitant air had given way to a place of calm. The stars in contrast seemed more than usually far away and aloof; a leisurely night breeze, with all the time in the world to get nowhere, wandered here and there, rustling leaves idly or raising petals. There was no sound save the music that seemed now almost as distant as the stars.

"I do love the night!" she cried.

They stood side by side for some time, and something slow and calming seemed to come like a mist over their spirits. They talked very little. Kenneth noted the fact with a fleeting wonder that this silence caused no discomfort to his social nerve. He could say nothing and still be comfortable! Indeed, he enjoyed it. The same thing had happened that day on the beach.

"The air is so sweet and warm to-night," she said. "One lies in it as in the warm sea. I went swimming once at night—in midsummer. It was like lying suspended in stars. And when I moved the water flashed—phosphorescence, you know."

"I'd like to do that," said Kenneth.

They stood again for a time without speaking. It was almost as though they were awaiting something that would come out of the calm night, something that interested and held them in a suspense of expectation. Daphne was the first to rouse herself.

"Did you notice whether they have begun another dance?" she inquired.

Thus admitted, the music again became audible to them. But they had not the least idea whether this was the extra just finishing or another number under way. Panic-stricken they scurried back.

The night wore away. At midnight a slight lassitude overcame the dancers, but supper revived them, and the german was undertaken with zest. Ben Sansome here came into his own. This was the one thing he did superlatively well. Even Patrick Boyd acknowledged that there was something to the little fat pug dog of a man after all, for Boyd knew executive ability when he saw it. Sansome not only taught and conducted many complicated figures, but he repressed too great exuberance and he kept order. Withal he did it with tact, so that nobody was offended. The card players came in to watch. The stray couples emerged from the cozy corners. Even the caterer's men—those who were not busy about some duties—gathered in the background, for a cotillion was not always to be seen. It was an overwhelming success.

The deep bell on the clock tower downtown had struck the half hour after two before the german came to a triumphant conclusion. The last strains found Daphne and Kenneth together near the door. By tacit consent they stepped round the palms for a breath of air.

The brightness of the stars overhead had mysteriously dimmed. They shone wearily, as though from an immense remoteness and as though invisible influences were passing between the earth and them. Elsewhere than overhead they were veiled. A slow, sweet, steady air breathed from the east. The night was still, full of portent. Not a sound broke the dead, waiting silence; no cricket or other insect shrilled, no bird called, scarcely a leaf rustled in spite of the steady air from the east.

A drop of water splashed against Daphne's upturned face; another marked the brick at her feet. As though in immediate response to a signal a frog began loudly to chirp. For nine months now he had lain in patient silence, wearing down the slow time while his enemies, the dry months, passed; standing faithful sentry to announce the return of the wet months, his friends.

With an excitement that Kenneth would understand only after he had become a true Californian, Daphne ran into the ballroom. She was carried out of herself, so that she had lost all timidity or shyness before a crowd. Into the center of the room she sped, holding up her arms for silence—a vivid, arresting figure in her old-fashioned Spanish dress. The music broke off, the dancers stopped in position, turning their heads toward her; the buzz of conversation among the onlookers died.

"It's raining! It's raining!" she cried.

They stood and sat there like so many carved images, and the silence that had been in the night outside entered the room. And as the rhythm waves of the dance ebbed and dropped below consciousness, distinctly could be heard on the roof above a gentle, hesitant patter, as though a guest still doubtful of welcome had arrived. While they listened it seemed to gain confidence. The pattering increased until the jolly spirit of the dance seemed to have been transferred from the silenced floor to the roof. It caught its breath for an instant, then suddenly became a deep roar. The heavens had opened in a flood, and beneath the organ tones of the storm could be heard the silvery drip of water from the eaves.

The women looked a little dismayed and abstracted as they cast over rapidly in their minds what protecting garments they had brought with them. The men were plainly delighted, and went about slapping each other on the back. On an inspiration the orchestra struck up some lively music and the leader called a Virginia reel.

A grand rush for partners ensued. Everybody took part. Colonel Peyton led forth his plump little wife in spite of her laughing protests. He was quite the feature of the dance, for he combined a beautiful, old-fashioned courtesy with the most delightful and killing monkeyshines as he moved through the figures. As though by common consent, this dance closed the party. The guests departed laughing. Boyd's few umbrellas were in constant use escorting people to their carriages. The women and girls tucked their skirts up round their waists, leaving their petticoats exposed. The lights shone gleaming on wet things. Raindrops flashed like jewels, and on the roofs and in the watercourses sounded the steadily increasing roar of the torrential rain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Monito

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SOCKS

What a "run" shows

A RUN, wherever it comes, shows that the sock was overstrained, and the thread broke. To lessen strain, proper toe-room is essential. Your socks should be long enough to enable you to grasp the extra material at the toes between your thumb and forefinger. Monito Full-Size Knitting Socks are made with *extra* toe-room.

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And annoying "garter-pull" which often tears the tops of socks is eliminated by a *longer* sock-leg.

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AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

(Continued from Page 9)

"No, I think not," answered Lawrence. "By the way, when do you think we shall land in Liverpool?"

An inscrutable smile played for a moment over the mouth of the steward.

"That's 'ard to say, sir," he replied noncommittally. "Comin' hover she did it in eight days, sir. Time before in nine. She ——"

"But I thought the Proconsul was a five-day boat!" cried Lawrence.

"She was a five-day boat, sir. That is, before the war she was. Now they all takes eight days. Some of 'em takes a lot more."

Lawrence gave a mental shrug. That would cut off two of his days in London!

"Well, that's all," he remarked, disgruntled. "How do I get out on deck?"

The steward having indicated the direction, Lawrence presently found himself among a group of passengers who were gazing down expectantly at the gangplank. Nothing in particular seemed to be happening, however. The wind was piercing and the air full of particles of dust and coal. He looked at his watch and found that it was already a quarter to twelve. Fifteen minutes more and they would begin to move imperceptibly away from the pier. It would be an extraordinary sensation. He mustn't lose any of it. Meantime, as it was so very cold, he sought temporary shelter in the lounge.

The warmth and the sense of relaxation combined unexpectedly to make him feel very weary. He had been at high tension for two whole days. There had been moments when it seemed utterly impossible that he could catch the steamer. Now all that was behind him. Of course, losing those two extra days would crowd him a bit in London, but even so he'd have ample time. He snuggled down into the heavy upholstery of the sofa, leaned back his head and closed his eyes. Once, far away, "like horns of elf land faintly blowing," he heard some sort of a bugle call. A thick, padded wall descended about him, like the black velvet curtain dropped about the living statuary in the circus. He was amusedly conscious that behind that protecting wall, invisible to the world about him, a certain exhausted human named Lawrence Berwick was asleep.

This said Berwick was dead to the world, but outside of him his soul, astral body or something marched gayly on. It swaggered about the smoking room, stalked arrogantly among the cabin passengers, conscious of having a seat at the captain's table, and stood on the bridge arm in arm with that dignified Santa-Clauslike officer when the whistle blew and the gangplank was drawn in. It watched, alert with spirit eyes, as the screw churned the green water at the stern to froth and the tugs pushed and butted the great liner into midstream and headed her for the sea. Silently, like Maxfield Parrish's glistening cloud castles, the white turrets of Manhattan slipped past—faster and still faster—in the burnished glare of the noonday.

The ship gathered headway. The breeze freshened, bearing with it the keen fragrance of the ocean. The astral Lawrence Berwick pitied the human Lawrence Berwick, who coincidentally knew all about the other's pity and didn't give a damn for it. He merely wanted to sleep. They had started, that was all the real Lawrence Berwick cared about.

The astral Berwick began to feel drowsy too. There was nothing more to worry about. They could both of them, both Lawrence Berwicks, sleep as long as they wanted. The protecting wall grew blacker and thicker. Carrying the two Berwicks with it, it floated down into a dark abyss scented with the odor of flowers, of cologne, of rice powder and—curiously—of toast and tea. He had a sense of being at the bottom of a well—the bottom of the sea perhaps—millions of miles and aeons of time away from everything, including his past life.

"Tea, sir?"

"Eh?" murmured Lawrence, shooting upward from the depths.

Two stewards, one bearing a tray of cups and a teapot and another toast, biscuits and plum cake, were standing before him. The electric lights were all on and the lounge was full of people in traveling costume. He looked at the two men stupidly.

Then he asked in a thick voice: "What time is it?"

"A half after four, sir."

He realized then that he was very hungry.

"Thanks," he replied, taking the cup which the steward filled. "By the way, at what hour did you serve lunch?"

"One o'clock," answered the cake steward.

"I didn't hear it announced."

"Bugle blew, sir. Toast, sir?"

Lawrence assembled his wits as rapidly as he could.

"Oh!" he remarked presently. "I suppose we're well out of sight of land by this time?"

The other steward handed him a napkin.

"No, sir. We're still at the dock, sir."

"Dock! I thought we sailed at noon."

"We were going to, sir. But there was a little trouble with the stokers."

"Damn!" growled Lawrence, now fully awake, as the stewards moved to the next table.

Why, he needn't have hurried—needn't have sat up all night! Probably they had never intended to start at noon at all. It was just a game to make sure the passengers would all be on board in plenty of time. His indignation rose. That was no way to treat people. How did he know when they would start? Hurrying down to the information bureau, he addressed the inquiry to the assistant steward:

"Oh, Mr. Berwick? Sorry, sir! I've no idea. We often have a little trouble getting off. We certainly won't be later than to-morrow noon, sir."

"To-morrow noon!"

A thousand things that he had overlooked rushed into his mind—somebody to address his boys' club next Thursday evening, dinner invitations he had received at the last moment, a woman client for whom he had made an appointment on Monday. If the ship wasn't going to sail he'd go ashore, get a good dinner at the club and finish things up at leisure. Seeking his stateroom he donned his derby hat and overcoat and descended the gangplank to find his way barred at the lower end by a polite but determined subordinate officer.

"No one allowed ashore, sir."

"But, look here," he protested sharply as he perceived that gangs of longshoremen were still trundling crates, barrels, sacks and boxes on board by another gangway, "we won't get away for some time yet, and I've a very important matter to attend to. I'll be back in a couple of hours."

The man touched his cap.

"Sorry, sir. My horders are no one is to go ashore. Better make up your mind to it, sir."

Baffled, Lawrence paused. He had come face to face for the first time with the impregnable British wall. An American petty official would have joshed him about the girl he couldn't meet, the drink he couldn't have, called him boss, colonel or judge; or, on the other hand, might have roared an insult at him with a threat of bodily violence. This cheerful soul merely touched his forelock and chirruped something about orders—"horders," as he pronounced it.

"At this rate I'll never get to London," muttered Lawrence. "How do I know the cursed ship will ever sail?"

He wanted to leap across the intervening crack of dirty water to the pier and desert the Proconsul for good. Then obediently he turned back. At the top of the gangplank he bumped into Tom Saltonstall, one of his classmates at Harvard, who after a cordial greeting informed Lawrence that the chief engineer had confided to him that they were unlikely to get off before Monday morning.

"Monday morning!" shouted Lawrence. "Why, I might just as well not go to England at all!"

The effete Saltonstall slipped his arm good-naturedly through that of his friend. At college he had never deigned to be on time at a lecture.

"Nonsense, Larry!" he replied soothingly. "One always goes to England when one can."

"I don't!" growled Lawrence. "I haven't the time."

"No?" inquired Saltonstall. "What else do you do with it? Let's go into the smoking room and have a cigar."

None of the other passengers, it appeared, were taking their imprisonment very seriously. Card games had already started in the smoking room, and a committee had been formed to handle the pools on the daily runs. Lawrence was surprised at the large number of Englishmen, Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians in uniform, evidently returning home from overseas service or on leave. All about him he heard only the crisp, cheerful, distinct articulation of the British Isles, with its inevitable rising inflection. The talk was pleasant, direct and frank, but—as he at first told himself—conventional, rather literal, and hence dull. If he

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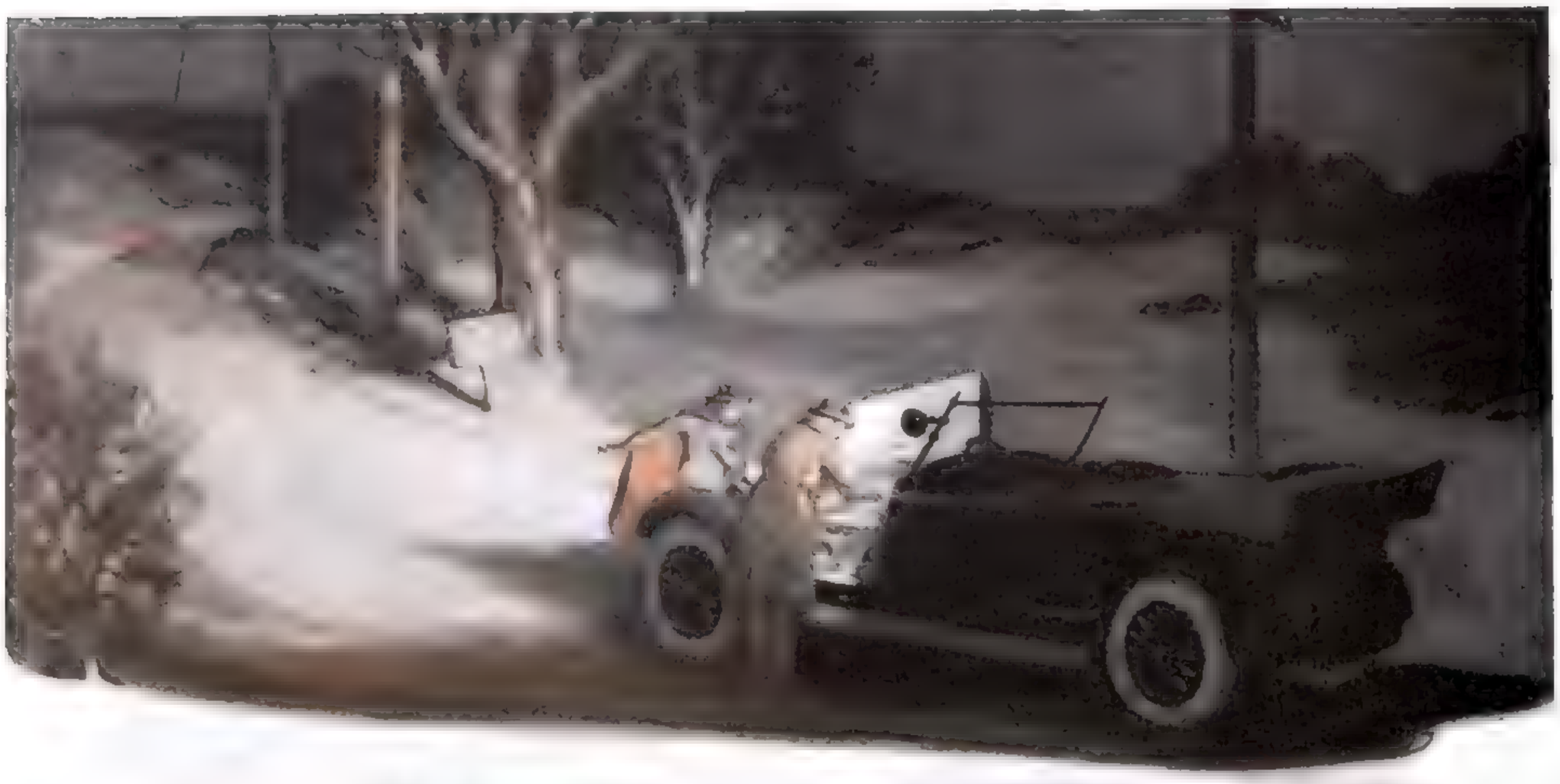
He Had a Sense of Being at the Bottom of a Well—the Bottom of the Sea Perhaps—Millions of Miles and Æons of Time Away From Everything, Including His Past Life



What is every car owner's greatest worry?

LATE at night—a dark road—a desolate landscape, no house or garage in sight—*then comes engine trouble in any one of its many forms.*

How many motorists fear the possibility of experiences like this? Perhaps you haven't met it—but can you be *sure* that your engine will bring you through?

Carbon, knocking, over-heating, a seized piston, burned-out bearings, burned valves—engine trouble in any form is the greatest worry in the minds of all motorists who drive at night.

The hidden cause

Automotive engineers find that *90% of all engine trouble is caused by inferior oil that forms sediment.*

Ordinary oil breaks down under the intense heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. It forms a large part of its bulk in black sediment which has *no lubricating value.* Even when first put into the engine, at operating temperature, ordinary oil is usually too thin to prevent the escape of unburned gases past the piston. In consequence, all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. Such oil is still further thinned down as the sediment forms.

The thin, "worn-out" oil passes the pistons, carbonizes the valves and spark plugs. The oil film fails to prevent metal-to-metal contact on the bearings, cylinders and pistons. Friction, over-heating, loss of power result. Serious trouble is inevitable.

Preventing engine troubles

How Veedol resists heat is clearly illustrated by the two bottles at the left. The left hand bottle of ordinary oil contains seven times as much sediment as Veedol.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

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Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine, refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

Make a test run on familiar roads. Your car will have a new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of oil and gasoline.

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(Continued from Page 132)

had been at the club with a bunch of friends of approximately the same age they would have all been joking and kidding one another. Here there was none of this conversational horseplay. Most of these men had the rangy build of the Colonial, with bronzed cheeks and suntanned eyes, and Lawrence was immediately struck by their obvious poise and self-containment and the leisure of their movements. They were clearly used to waiting for things, accustomed to lives of rather monotonous routine, and regarded the mere being on board ship as something of a party—at any rate as a pleasurable vacation—to be enjoyed and made the most of. They were strangely alike, these empire builders from all over the world—from Mesopotamia, Hindu Kush, Upper Burma, Shantung and Nairobi; and they seemed to be as much at home in each other's company as if they had met every day for the last ten years in St. James Street or Pall Mall.

The two men dressed for dinner—Saltonstall was also at the captain's table—and as Lawrence was hungry they went down to the dining saloon at the first notes of The Roast Beef of Old England. No one else had arrived when they found their places except a gaunt, elderly man at the lower end of the board, who bowed gravely and paid them no further attention. The captain did not appear at all. But halfway through the meal a dumpy little woman, with an extremely retroussé nose and a complexion of peaches and cream, ducked into the seat opposite Lawrence, glancing across at him in a friendly manner, shortly afterward followed by a lean, white-haired, ruddy-faced Englishman, his eyeglass moored to his immaculate waistcoat by a broad, black, silken ribbon, accompanied by a young lady, obviously his daughter. The steward clearly held them in great reverence, and ostentatiously my-lorded and my-ladyed them, but Lawrence was too sleepy to form any impression of either, except that at first glance the girl was rather pleasing to look at, though even this was difficult to determine, as she kept her eyes upon her plate during most of the meal.

These English seemed to know each other very well, and as course followed course all except the girl engaged in general conversation, in which they took pains to include the two Americans. Listening to their talk, Lawrence had an overwhelming sensation of being in a foreign land. He had walked up the gangplank and, as it were, gone aboard the British Isles. They didn't understand his language! He even became involved with the steward over his order for dessert. The dumpy little woman, whom the others addressed as Lady Evelyn, opened her eyes until they seemed the size of butter plates.

"You mean a sweet," she explained.

"Oh, certainly—of course! How stupid of me!" stammered Lawrence. "Bring me a chocolate pudding."

Lady Evelyn regarded him with interest.

"You use words, you know, in a sense quite different to what we do," she informed him. "I understand what you mean, because I've traveled so much in your country. Otherwise one wouldn't know what you were talking about half the time. You see, the general has always taken me with him on his official tours of inspection. I know all your slang. I love it. It's so descriptive."

"Sometimes," agreed Lawrence politely.

"Take that vase, for instance, with the apples and oranges in it," she continued brightly. "Now in your country"—she spoke as if America were on the other side of the globe instead of being solidly attached to the ship—"you'd call that a container."

"A what?" exploded Berwick and Saltonstall in horrified unison.

"A container," repeated Lady Evelyn with the utmost conviction. "That's what you call it in your country. It's a very good name for it, too, because, you see, it contains."

"Ah, precisely!" murmured the unidentified peer with a twinkle in his eye farthest from Lady Evelyn, and Lawrence loved him from that moment.

The two Americans gazed, puzzled, at each other.

"I never heard it called that," remarked Lawrence.

"Nor I!" echoed his companion.

"Oh, yes, that is what you call it in your country!" she insisted. "But much of your slang isn't nearly so appropriate as that, and some of it is quite absurd. Fancy calling a bowler hat a Christie Stiff."

"I can't!" retorted Lawrence. "I don't know what it means."

"Oh, yes, you call a bowler hat a Christie Stiff!"

"Excuse me," expostulated Saltonstall with gentleness, "but I should say that some unscrupulous person has been kidding you."

"Beg pardon?" she said. "Has been doing what to me?"

"Kidding," repeated Saltonstall solemnly. "Surely you have not failed in your extensive travels to familiarize yourself with that expression—the American synonym of stringing or joshing—English equivalent, chaffing or ragging."

"I must learn that!" cried Lady Evelyn. "But some of your slang is awfully silly. For instance, always calling the other one of a pair of gloves or of shoes the mate of the first, as if they were love birds, you know."

"What would you call the second one of a pair of anything?" inquired Lawrence curiously.

"Its fellow, of course," she replied.

"I don't see much difference between asking for the fellow of one of a pair of—of—slippers and the mate of one," argued Saltonstall.

"Slippers don't mate!" retorted Lady Evelyn, now once more restored to the pinnacle of confidence from which she had been momentarily dashed by her ignorance of the participle of "to kid."

"I suppose you know our word 'vamp'?" hazarded Lawrence. "It's taken hold in a most extraordinary way."

"But that's not slang at all," returned Lady Evelyn with a rush. "I've heard it all my life.

"It's a musical term—a kind of accompaniment on the piano. When you vamp it you play it this way—ump-la-ump-la-la, you know."

"But with us it's a noun—not a verb," persisted Lawrence. "That is, it started as a noun—a feminine noun."

"You mean you speak of a vamp?" she inquired.

"Exactly—a vamp," answered Saltonstall with a grin

"What is a vamp?" demanded Lady Evelyn.

Lawrence's glance lingered for an instant upon the enameled features of Mrs. Alfred Sanders, of St. Louis, who was sitting on the other side of the saloon.

"A vamp," he defined, "is a designing female, properly a brunette and preferably beautiful and svelt; in other words, a vampire."

"A siren!" ejaculated Lady Evelyn with eagerness.

"Exactly! Hence we have the well-established verb 'to vamp,' meaning to pursue, allure and entangle, matrimonially or otherwise."

"And we have male as well as female vamps," expanded Saltonstall. "Mamma goes a-vamping and all the little vamps have vamping parties."

"Er—shall we have coffee in the lounge?" inquired the peer a trifle uneasily. He got up, and his daughter reluctantly rose also. Clearly the subject was one she would have preferred to consider further.

"Lady Evelyn, will you join us?"

"Thanks," she replied. "I'll follow you later perhaps. I'm going to have a savory first.

"Steward, have them make me an angel-on-horseback. Mind you don't do any vamping—until I come up!"

The two Americans, not yet having acquired the savory habit, excused themselves and went on deck for their cigars. The wind had died down and the river was agleam with fire. Downtown in a soft blur of light the rectangular shapes of the great office buildings were outlined in dots of gold. Across the Hudson huge electric signs burned against the sky and streaked the water with fluctuating paths of radiance. To the east rose the tower of the Metropolitan Life Building, the hands of its illuminated clock pointing to a quarter to nine. The night was clear, the sky flashing with stars. A crescent moon, like a candle in a ballroom, feebly protested against the garishness of the artificial illumination.

"Look!" said Lawrence. "There's Madison Square, and down below the Woolworth Building."

"You're quite wrong," corrected his friend, shaking his head. "That's Hyde Park Corner and Buckingham Palace. Yonder are the Houses of Parliament and Westminster, and over there is Piccadilly Circus."

III

BERWICK woke to a slow, rhythmic creaking. All about him in the darkness he was conscious of subtle movements, of subdued snappings and crackings, repeated with a certain general regularity. He was warm, heavy with sleep, but there was a strange freshness in the air. The couch on which he lay was rising and falling almost imperceptibly to a general surging forward of everything round him. Behind all other manifestations he was aware dimly of a subdued throbbing, very soporific in its effect. The ship had started after all! Well, that settled it. Now he couldn't go ashore. So he turned over and went to sleep again. From time to time he heard through his dreams vague rappings.

The next time that he regained consciousness it was to discover that he was hot and uncomfortable. The stateroom was bright with deflected sunlight which flickered uncertainly over slightly swaying garments, outer and under, hanging from the adjacent hooks. The creaking and snapping had decreased. There was hardly any motion noticeable. He felt refreshed and relaxed, but to his astonishment somewhat faint. His watch had stopped, but the brass clock by the port pointed at ten minutes to two. Some sleep! Eighteen hours! No wonder he was hungry! And how tired he must have been without knowing it! Smiling at such an unwonted experience, Lawrence took a quick bath, donned his clothes and started in quest of food.

As he reached the landing of the companionway a bugle blew and the next moment he heard Saltonstall's voice behind him saying: "Well, old man, what happened to you? We all thought you were dead."

"I have been," smiled Lawrence. "I slept solidly for eighteen hours. What was the bugle?"

"Lunch."

"Lunch at two o'clock?"

"No; lunch at one o'clock. You must have forgotten to set back your watch. We set the clock back an hour Sunday at midnight."

Lawrence was bewildered.

"Sunday at midnight! Isn't this Sunday?"

Saltonstall gave way to instant and vociferous hilarity.

"Not much! This is Monday, old top! You've slept—not eighteen but forty-two hours. Rip Van Winkle was a funny man, but he had nothing on you, Larry."

Berwick echoed his friend's merriment, if somewhat sheepishly, recalling as from a past existence the rappings upon his stateroom door.

"I never did anything like that in my life before!" he asserted.

"It probably would have been better for you if you had," declared Saltonstall. "You look a hundred per cent better than you did when I saw you trying to break onto the dock Saturday afternoon."

"When did we get away?"

"Oh, they fixed up the strike and sailed about one o'clock on Sunday morning."

The dining saloon was fast filling up, but as yet they were the only ones at the table.

"I suppose you're on intimate terms with all the swells by this time. Who are they, anyhow?" inquired Lawrence as the steward vanished to fetch their cocktails.

"Well," answered Saltonstall, lowering his voice, "the fat-fair-and-forty dame in the seat of honor is Lady Battlesea, the wife of Major General Battlesea, of the Engineer Corps, whose name appeared in the last birthday honors. She's not exactly one of the aristocracy, but she's an official liability on account of her husband's position, and so they have to fall all over her. Anyhow, as you have doubtless observed, she's very much on the front page."

"I shouldn't say that she was a model of English reserve," commented Lawrence. "Who are the others?"

"The fine whimsical old guy opposite is Lord Congreve, and the leggy young lady is the Lady Muriel Congreve, his youngest daughter. They've been visiting at Government House in Ottawa. Congreve owns a famous old place in Hampshire known as Tilton Abbey. His tweeds are almost as ancient but equally distinguished. In a word, he's blue-blooded but a shade threadbare—one of the new poor, he calls himself."

"You sound as if you had been reading Mrs. Humphry Ward," laughed Lawrence.

(Continued on Page 139)

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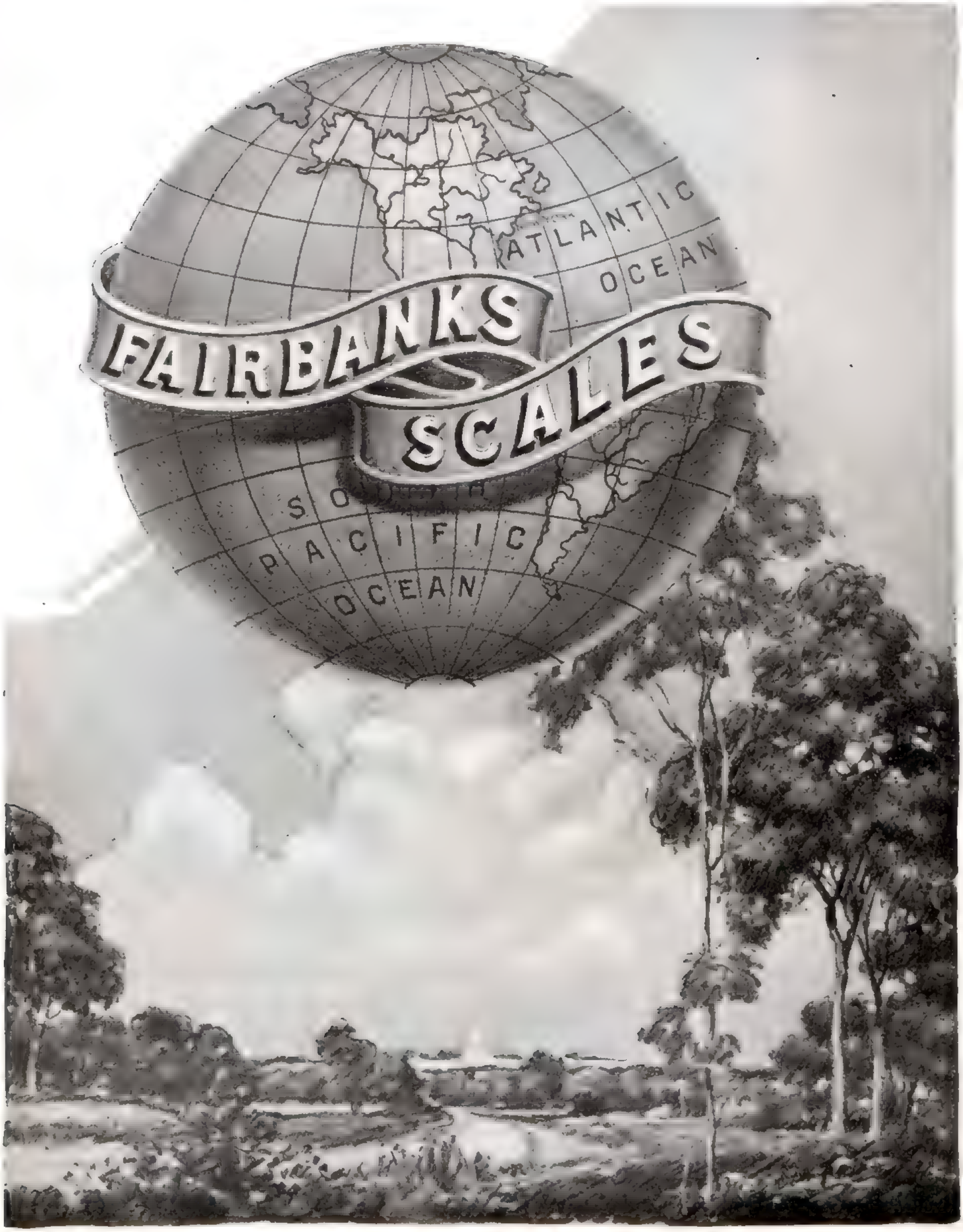
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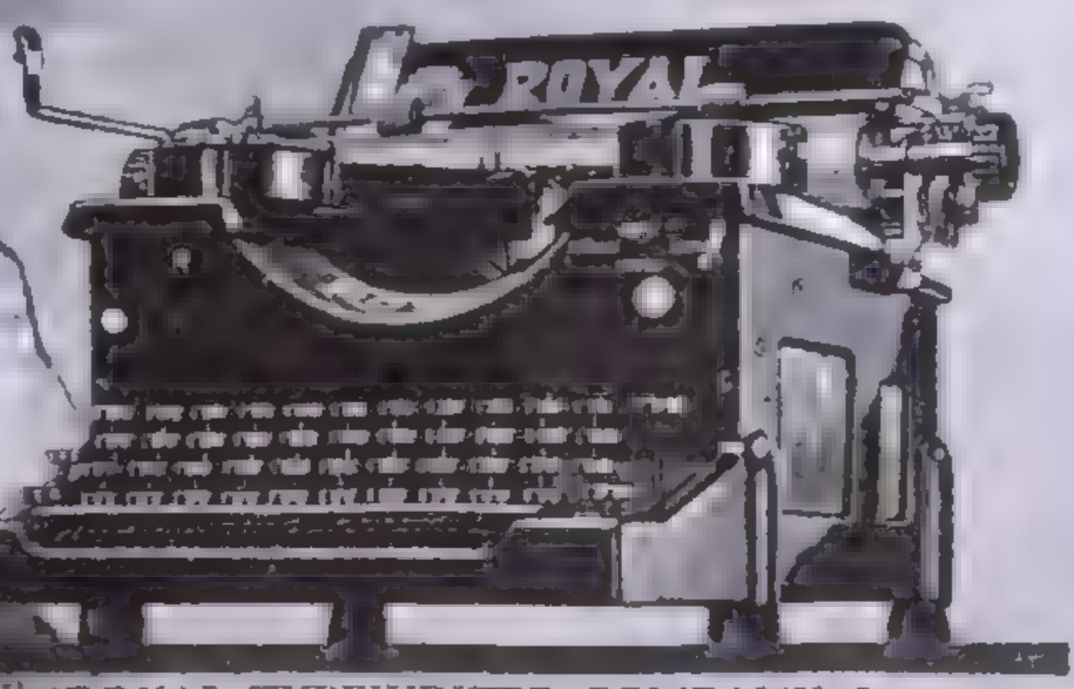

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(Continued from Page 135)

"How do you—beg pardon, I mean, how does one—address him?"

"Lord Congreve, or if you knew him well enough, simply Congreve."

"I hear myself! Well, here's to the peerage! Down with it, Me Lord!"

The weather soon became so mild as almost to suggest the tropics, a startling change from the temperature of the docks of the North River only two days before. The Proconsul gently lifted her nose against a horizon of robin's-egg blue and slowly dropped it again amid a rainbow of spray. There was practically no motion. The ocean merely breathed with regularity. The passengers abandoned their overcoats and sweaters, and Mrs. Alfred Sanders, of St. Louis, emerged from her shell in full plumage, like an Easter chicken. It was one of those freak crossings that occasionally occur in the depth of winter.

Berwick felt as though he were on a yachting party, fretting at first at the waste of time and the abject, shameless idleness of everybody round him. He had made up his mind before he started to do a lot of reading—equalize some of his deficiencies—on the voyage over, and on the bookrack in his stateroom was propped a row of heavy volumes.

Seven o'clock Tuesday morning found him leaping from his berth into a foaming tub and hastening down to the saloon for an early hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, crumpets, toast and marmalade and coffee. He ate alone, however; and when he went out on deck for a whiff of fresh air before getting at his Early History of Charles James Fox he found it empty. A sailor polishing brass was the only sign of life. That of course could not dampen his enthusiasm for intellectual improvement, and he retired to the writing room and read for a couple of hours, after which he again peeped out on deck. It was still deserted, save for a couple of children playing ring toss and an elderly lady writing letters on a portable desk held in her lap. To his utter amazement he realized that he, Lawrence Berwick, having slept an incredibly long time, was nevertheless still sleepy. He struggled against the paralyzing influence for a while, and then gave up the contest.

"Hey, steward," he called as the attendant passed by, "you may put out my deck chair when you get round to it. Yes, out there in that patch of sun."

Trevelyan was not thereafter opened. In spite of the promptings of a surprised and outraged conscience Lawrence yielded to the languor which his first sudden let-up in years produced. It seemed as if the accumulated weariness of a lifetime were overpowering him. On Wednesday morning he did not rise until ten o'clock; on Thursday not until noon; and the next day out he got up only in time for lunch. The rest of the time he dozed on deck. This period of hibernation lasted five days, at the end of which he woke, as it were, with a start, filled with an access of physical energy that made him feel ten years younger. In New York he had the same drive, but it was purely nervous. What he now experienced was a perfectly new sense of well-being, the basis of which was a complete rest of the nerves. He realized that he must have been genuinely exhausted, and thanked his luck that the chance for a vacation had offered. And once his lethargy had passed, he began to sit up and take notice—by a strange perversity of fate—of Lady Muriel Congreve.

Hitherto he had paid no attention to her at all, and nothing had passed between them except casual greetings or bits of desultory conversation. He had never had any time before in which to study a woman carefully, and did not realize that he had been studying her.

He had been doing so, all the same, subconsciously. No young man, or any old one for that matter, can sit opposite a girl for a couple of hours a day for nearly a week without getting some reaction, and he perceived very shortly that his was pleasurable. His studies began with the set of her small head, with its close cluster of tight curls and her not particularly small but particularly straight nose. They continued to a full-curved mouth, a firm, pointed chin and a rounded neck neatly adjusted on a pair of square young shoulders. Her eyes, usually down-looking, eluded him. She had an alert slenderness like a boy's, a clarity of feature and complexion that was singularly youthful.

These preliminary investigations ended in the discovery that when you really looked into the matter, here was a self-contained, exceedingly pretty young person, somewhat sphinxlike and giving nothing away, who had a distinct lure—yes, quite mysterious and tantalizing—one you would like to take sharply by the arms and say: "Now, my dear, why won't you look at me?"

Late on the afternoon of the fifth day—the day upon which he shook off the last vestiges of his fatigue—having chanced to climb up a small half-hidden flight of steps, Lawrence found himself on an upper deck forward of the smokestacks. The breeze was fresh; the sea had taken on the deep cobalt blue that comes at sunset; and the sky was so clear that each individual wave seemed momentarily visible against the line of the horizon. A flood of gold deluged the Proconsul. It was that magic instant when the fiery hoop of the sun is on the point of rolling upon the waves. Lower—lower it slipped; paused for a moment; then it touched the horizon and made a yellow pedestal for the orb to rest upon. A broad, auriferous path led from the ship to the altar of Zoroaster.

Then Lawrence perceived Lady Muriel standing beside the railing, her hair blowing about her face like a shower of spun sugar, her eyes fixed on the fast-disappearing sun. With one hand she held a small round moleskin cap upon her head and in the other she clasped a book. She looked toward him as one looks at another who understands.

"Wonderful, eh?" he cried enthusiastically.

"Oh," she answered, "it's—it's—it almost hurts, doesn't it?"

Lawrence stepped beside her.

"It's marvelous! But you're too young to feel that way about it," he said reprovingly. "Now old chaps like me ——"

"Old chaps like you!" she retorted with a touch of amusement. Then as the sun dropped from sight she gave a quick gasp. "Oh, it's gone!"

Only a molten line marked the spot where a moment before the burnished arc had reached above the troubled horizon. In its place golden feelers streamed toward the zenith and set on fire an edge of cloud drifting overhead.

"Do you mind so much?" he asked lightly.

"I hate to have it end. It's the death of the day, isn't it?"

"Rather a glorious death," he urged. "If every career could end like that one wouldn't mind dying."

"The funeral pyre of the sun," she murmured. Then looking up at the cloud: "Do you remember that line in Richard Feverel—'The sun had set; only a brawny shoulder smoldered over the sea'?"

"No," he admitted; "but it's rather good. That is just what that cloud is doing now—smoldering. I'll have to confess never to having read Richard Feverel. I don't have much time for reading."

She glanced up at him.

"But you like reading, don't you?"

"I like it, of course. But I'm so busy. Really I'm ashamed to acknowledge how little I do read—only a magazine occasionally."

"What do you do—instead, I mean?"

"Oh, work—mostly. There's always something. I spend half my evenings at the Bar Association."

"But in the country?"

"Oh, I'm never in the country!"

"Or vacations?"

"I don't take any. If a man's going to make a success of his profession he can't afford to be running off where people can't get at him."

She drew her brows together.

"But that's exactly what one does go away for," she affirmed, "so that people can't get at one."

He shrugged a slight deprecation.

"I suppose it seems stupid and narrow. But when you're trying to hold your place—competing with a lot of other fellows—you just have to keep everlastingly at it or drop out."

"I see," she said. "And what would happen if you did drop out?"

He returned her glance rather impatiently.

"Well, it would be a confession of failure."

"Oh!" she remarked gently. "Of course I don't know much about such things. But if you don't drop out, as you call it, what happens to you?"

Lawrence paused before replying. It had grown much darker and the waves had lost their color.

"Hanged if I know!" he replied jokingly. "I never really thought. If you're lucky you go down in a blaze of glory, I suppose."

They moved toward the steps as if by mutual consent.

"May I take your book?" asked Lawrence.

She held it out to him, and unconsciously he looked at the title.

"So you read Shelley?"

"Rather!"

He gave her a hand at the foot of the steps, and felt a stirring of the pulse as her slender fingers grasped his firmly.

"Thanks," she said. "I really didn't need it," she added with a totally unexpected archness. "I think I'll go in now or Lady Battlesea might think I was trying to vamp you."

But when Lady Muriel appeared at dinner the table china seemed to exercise the same fascination for her as usual. There were evidently two Lady Muriels, and he had been vouchsafed a fleeting glimpse of a rather unsuspected one—the fellow of the one he had hitherto known. Their encounter on the hurricane deck, however, did not lead the girl to alter in any way her demeanor in the dining room. Apart from their momentary baring of souls, if such it could be called, she had not shown the slightest interest in his existence.

Then the last day out but one, when they had been unexpectedly left alone together at the luncheon table, she remarked inconsequently without looking up: "Do you mind telling me what your blaze of glory would be like?"

"My blaze of glory?" he repeated stupidly.

"Don't you remember—the other evening up there on deck—you said if you were lucky and successful you would go down in a blaze of glory?"

Lawrence laughed assent.

"Well, if you don't think it—er—impudent of me, what sort of glory would it be?"

She had not raised her eyes, seeming almost to be addressing her question to the ice before her.

Lawrence was flattered, and at the same time more or less stumped.

"Why, not at all!" he answered. "It's very nice of you to wish to know my ambitions. But frankly I don't know how to tell you, because I never thought it out that way—to the end, I mean. A lawyer can win glory in a variety of ways—a seat on the bench, a political office, a place as confidential adviser to a great corporation—or make a lot of money."

"I know," she replied patiently. "It's the same way in England, of course. The bar leads to a lot of things. But I meant your particular glory."

"Well," he confessed, "my particular glory doesn't lead anywhere, I guess, except to as large and as profitable a practice as I can build up."

"The same thing—only more of it," she suggested.

"Yes, just about that," he conceded.

"Then you'll never have any time to read Richard Feverel," she taunted him. "I should say it was just like racing round in a squirrel cage."

Lawrence winced.

"Oh, if your Richard Feverel is such a wonderful book I'll read it—this afternoon!" he retorted.

"You can't read it that way," she replied. "You have to go away where people can't get at you."

The more he thought of it the more he felt that it was really a very curious kind of interrogation for her to have made.

IV

WHEN Berwick on Tuesday noon bade his new friends good-by on the deck at Liverpool, Lord Congreve, whose manner had become wholly genial, suggested that either or both of the Americans might like to run down some week-end to Tilton Abbey. In reply Lawrence explained that he would have no Sundays in England, as he must return on the Proconsul the following Saturday.

At this Lord Congreve adjusted his monocle and examined Lawrence with obvious bewilderment.

"Er—I beg your pardon—did you say next Saturday?"

"Yes, this coming Saturday."

"But I thought you said that you had business to attend to in London?" persisted the peer.

"I have," returned Lawrence amiably. "But it's nothing so very complicated. I shall have ample time to clear it up. In fact, I've engaged my present stateroom for the return trip."

Lord Congreve stroked a doubting mustache.

"Well," he remarked, "you may be able to finish what you have in hand in time to return to America on Saturday, but from my own experience with English solicitors and barristers I should think it very doubtful. However, in any case, if you should be detained, or for any reason should change your mind and decide to stay over, just send me a wire that you're coming, and turn up any time."

Lawrence thanked him profusely. There was no chance of his staying over, he explained with a suggestion of amusement, since he was absolutely obliged to go back to New York at once. He was supremely grateful, all the same. He had taken a quasi-sentimental leave of Lady Muriel the evening before on the same deck forward of the smokestacks where they had watched the sunset together. Then came the awful chaos of an English docking, with mountains of apparently inextricable trunks and lost hand bags and disappearing porters and tea baskets, and the struggle for existence which inevitably ensues when more than two passengers attempt to get all their luggage into a single compartment intended only for six.

Yet in some mysterious way everything suddenly disappeared off the platform, the guard looked in and slammed the door, a basket containing hot tea, rolls and a small bottle of claret was passed through the window, and presently they were slipping through a soft green valley, fringed with rising fields of winter wheat and dotted with red-roofed granges, huge barns and thatched cottages with sagging moss-grown walls. There were not many people about, but at one point Lawrence saw a motor scudding ahead of them on the winding road, and at another a scarlet-coated rider, following hard on the heels of a pack of hounds, with a scattered hunt trailing across the hill behind him.

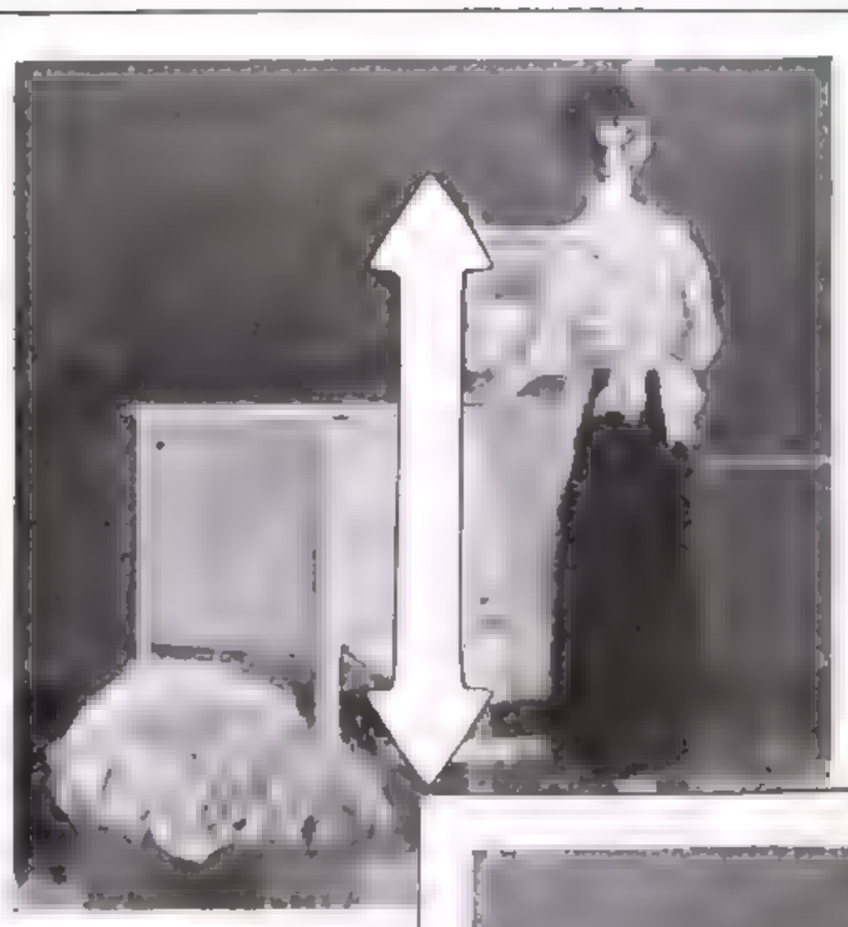
The train did not seem to be making very fast time. It had none of that thundering momentum which he was accustomed to associate with trains in his own country, and when it stopped at a station it gave no evidence of being in any particular hurry to proceed.

Lawrence had spent his last evening on board the Proconsul getting his papers into shape and going over all the points on the Northwyn matter. Providing the aimlessly ambling train ever actually reached London, he would have the balance of the afternoon to get in touch with his solicitors, who could, he assumed, probably arrange for a consultation with the barristers that same evening. Once they had got together, it should not take long to reach a decision. He might even have a day or two left on his hands for sight-seeing.

They reached London at half after three, and Lawrence arrived at his hotel about four o'clock, delighted with the accommodations reserved for him. His rooms were high up, overlooking on one side the broad sweep of Green Park and upon the other Devonshire House and the gardens behind it. The trim chambermaid who opened bags asked if she should light the fire and whether he wished for tea, and he readily assented to both suggestions, as the temperature was cold and he had eaten little for lunch. Lounging before the soft-coal blaze, smoking a cigarette and sipping his tea in the misty April sunshine, he told himself that this was a very comfortable way to practice law. Why, ten days before—it seemed at least six months—at this same hour he had been dictating at his desk in the Broadway office, driven nearly wild by the clatter of typewriters and the buzz of the telephone!

That reminded him. He must get in touch at once with his solicitors, Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co., and try to fix up the conference for that evening. He looked round for the telephone instrument, and at last discovered it—he recognized it from having seen the queer-looking things on the stage in America—behind a lamp on a little table by the bed. He hated to leave the fire, the armchair was so comfortable, so he took up the telephone directory and began searching for Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co. Fortescue, Forteskew, Fortesque—there it was! Fortesque, the Lord Wilfred of Farrony. No, it wasn't! Fortesque & Sons, house-breakers—he laughed. Fortesque, Viscount of Saltair—no, Fortesque,

(Continued on Page 143)



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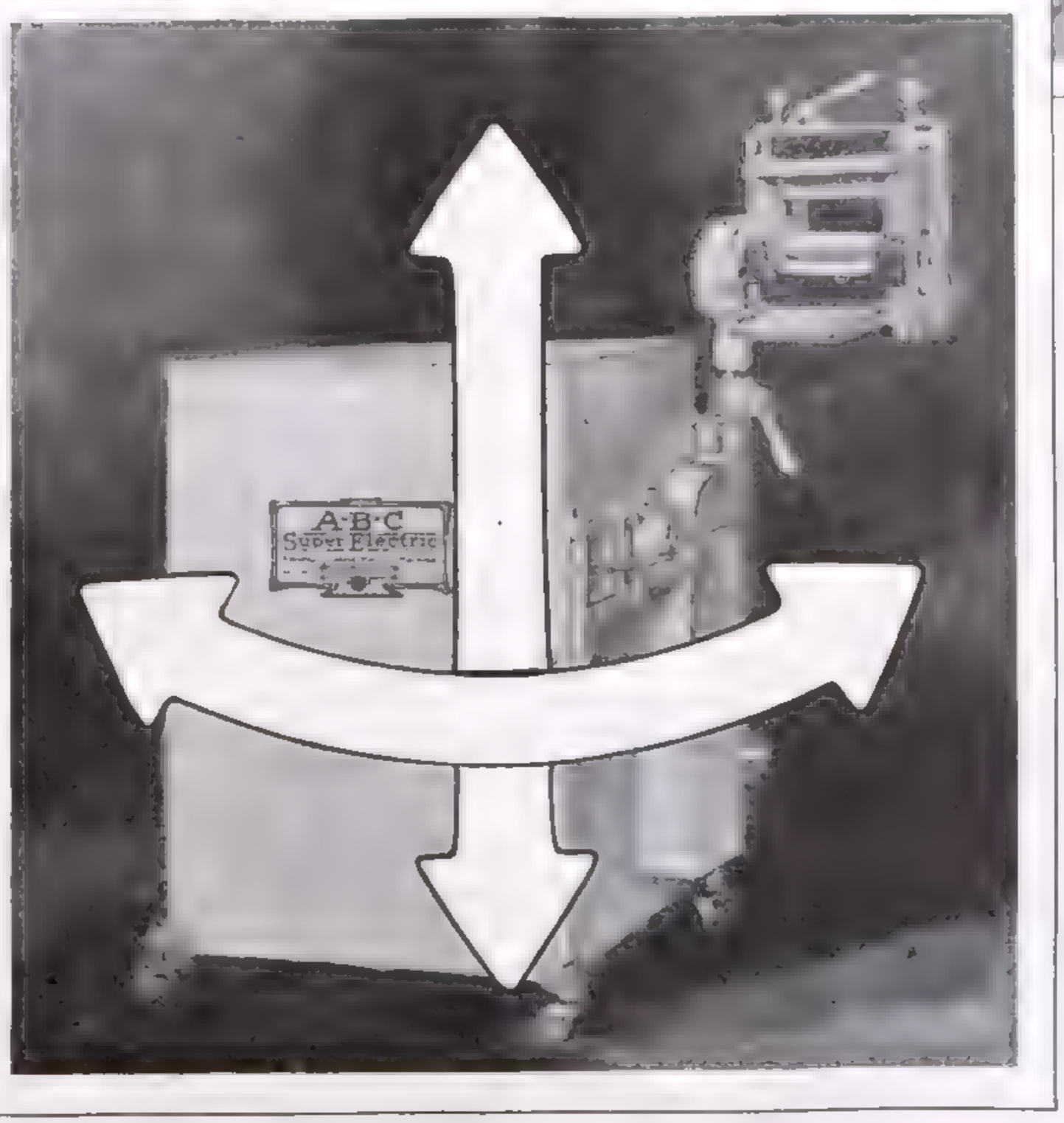

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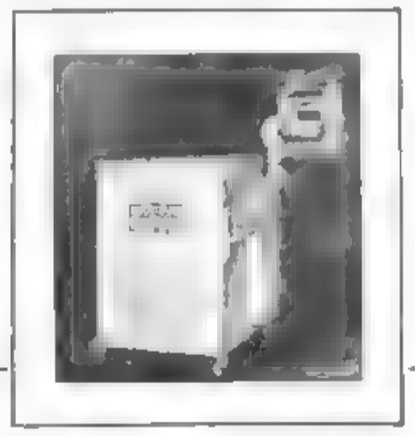

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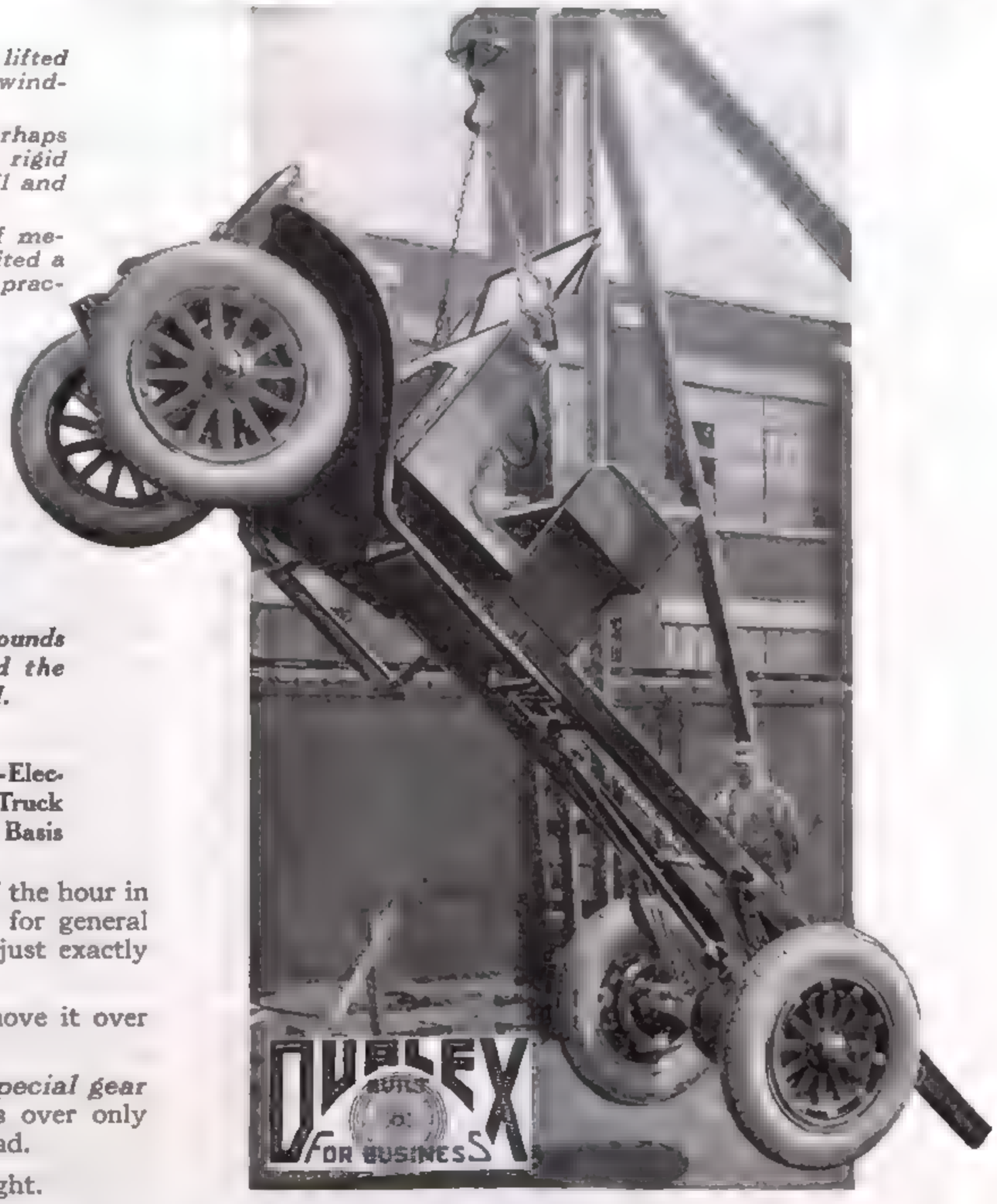

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(Continued from Page 139)

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Grudgingly he rose, crossed the room, and removing the rusty instrument from its receptacle raised it to his ear. It was ice cold and gritty in his hand. Nothing happened. He pressed the hook up and down without response.

He was about to replace it and go downstairs to the office when a beautifully modulated female voice asked politely: "Are you there, sir?"

"Yes," retorted Lawrence, "I'm here. I've been here a long time. I want London Wall 4831."

"London Wall 4831? Very sorry, sir. We're very much rushed at this hour. Everybody in the hotel's calling up. I'll put you through as soon as possible, sir."

It was inconceivable that he should be crabbed in the face of such courtesy. So having wrapped his handkerchief round the transmitter to relieve the chill, he sat patiently down upon the bed to wait. He waited what seemed hours. Then he fastened his eye on the clock.

"I'm getting your number for you, sir."

Five—six—ten—twelve minutes more. Then the wire hummed and a thin voice miles away wheezed: "Who do you want?"

"Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co."

There was a perceptible interval of time in which the gentleman on the other end cogitated upon the reply.

"Whom do you wish to speak to?"

"Mr. Saddlecloth. It's important."

A long interval.

"Who is this speaking?"

"Mr. Lawrence Berwick, of New York. I've just landed from the Proconsul at Liverpool. I must see Mr. Saddlecloth——"

The wire suddenly went dead, and the local operator broke in pleasantly with "Are you through, sir?"

"Through!" exploded Lawrence. "I should say not!"

"But they answered!"

She cut off and there was more buzzing and snapping. Then came the wheezy voice acridly protesting.

"But, I say, you can't speak to Mr. Saddlecloth."

"Why not?" snapped Lawrence impatiently. There was a click and a wall of silence descended.

"Are you through now, sir," inquired the operator.

"No! No! Of course I'm not through!" roared Lawrence. "I've only just started talking. Why can't you give me a chance to say something? I——"

There was a laugh from below.

"I'm sorry. I asked if you were through, meaning did you get your number. I'll fetch him back, sir."

Sheepishly Lawrence resumed his previous attitude of patience. After a long time London Wall 4831 deigned to answer again. This time he elicited the information that the reason he couldn't speak to Mr. Saddlecloth was because Mr. Saddlecloth had gone home. What time had he gone home? Half after four—as usual. Lawrence glanced at the clock in dismay. It was twenty minutes to five. Imperiously he demanded the whereabouts of Mr. Saddlecloth's residence. The gentleman on the other end did not know. Lawrence rudely doubted this. The gentleman protested that he was only the "junior clark" and it was not his business to know where the firm dwelt, but he thought it was somewhere out Finsbury Park way—by tube. He'd ask Mr. Higgins, his senior.

There was the customary hiatus. Then the junior returned. Yes, Mr. Saddlecloth lived in Finsbury Park—by tube. No, neither he nor Mr. Higgins knew the number in the street—or the street. Mr. Saddlecloth did not like being disturbed. No, he didn't have a telephone in his house. He never answered the telephone, anyway, not even in the office. He—Lawrence—interrupted him to ask for Mr. Fortesque then. The "clark" said Mr. Fortesque had been dead for seventeen years. Was there anybody else there who knew anything about the Northwyn matter? No, nobody but Mr. Saddlecloth. Had Mr. Saddlecloth got a cable from America about it some ten days ago? The "clark" did not know. Mr. Saddlecloth usually attended to everything himself. Lawrence had a momentary but passionate desire to inquire what—if that were so—the two "clarks" found to do, but he refrained.

Gently, patiently, in words of one syllable, he explained the necessity of his getting into communication with Mr. Saddlecloth at once. The junior listened with attention, then summoned his senior. To him Lawrence repeated the narrative. The senior, in an even wheezier voice than the junior, replied that it would never do to disturb Mr. Saddlecloth at 'is 'ome; that no solicitor liked to be disturbed at 'is 'ome; that a solicitor disturbed at 'is 'ome was worse than useless to anybody, for the reason that he would send the disturber away and direct him to make an appointment to see him at the office in the regular way.

There was conviction in the "clark's" voice. Evidently he sympathized with Lawrence, who for the first time now found himself confronting the impenetrable wall of legal tradition, but he clearly was horrified at the mere thought of disturbing Mr. Saddlecloth in 'is 'ome. Something of this he managed to communicate to Lawrence himself. If it wasn't done, well—the latter felt himself yielding—to-morrow would do almost as well after all. So he asked the senior kindly to make an appointment for him with Mr. Saddlecloth for the following morning.

After some five minutes the "clark" returned with the news that his employer was all booked up for the next day, but that he would speak to him about the matter upon his arrival, and with that Lawrence perforce had to be satisfied.

There is a peculiar peace, if not satisfaction, about the inevitable. Finding that he could do nothing further with respect to his business, Lawrence smoked another cigarette, bathed, sent a cable to Hodgson announcing his arrival in London, called up the hotel where his friend Saltonstall was staying and invited him to dinner and the theater.

Later on, over a golden plover and a bottle of sparkling Burgundy, he related his experience.

"You can't budge 'em!" Saltonstall agreed. "For them the rules of the game are all settled—inviolate. To chase a solicitor or a barrister to his domicile would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette. For a thousand years they've been working out their scheme of existence. They've found what seems to them the best way to live, and they regard that knowledge as their most priceless possession. They move according to precepts as definite as the Ten Commandments, and now practically just as sacred."

"I can see how it simplifies things," remarked Lawrence. "It eliminates the worry incident to a constant change of plan."

"After all," said his friend, "we keep Sundays and go to bed by night rather than by day. They merely go us one better, and say: 'My working day stops at such and such an hour.'"

"So do our employees at home," commented Lawrence. "It's only we who burn the candle at both ends."

"That half hour your Mr. Saddlecloth cuts off his working day probably doesn't either lose him any business or reduce his income."

"No, I don't suppose it does," assented Lawrence. "I'll simply have to wait. He's got me and he knows it."

"Now supposing you fellows did somewhat the same thing in New York, and definitely quit work every day at four o'clock, what actual difference would it make?" inquired Saltonstall, who followed the strenuous career of an amateur golfer.

"The work wouldn't get done so fast," responded the lawyer.

"Well, what if it didn't?" asked Saltonstall irreverently. "There'll be loads of law business to be attended to even after all of you are dead." Then after a moment, as he glanced round the restaurant, he added: "They've got me, these chaps. I've studied 'em now for years. And you saw what they did in the war! Well, call it anything you like—tradition, character, principle, tenacity—they've something we'd do well to imitate. And don't imagine they're anybody's fools either. They're the canniest lot in creation. They know exactly what they're after. Their only idea is to get it if it takes a hundred years, and a great deal of the time they're playing a game. You'll see some guy with sideburns, in a checked suit and sunbonnet, who goes whiffling and chortling round like an idiot—haw-hawing and he-heing and all that sort of thing—and you put him down for a silly ass and think he doesn't count, and then when the fuss is all over you find you're cleaned out and that he's the fellow that's got all your money."

When Lawrence returned to the hotel he found his room in spotless order, his clothes carefully pressed, his sheets turned down and—in his bed—a hot-water bottle. At home his servant, the ex-steward of a Scandinavian liner, would have contented himself with pulling down the window curtains and removing the coverlet. Lawrence threw open the casement and looked down upon the myriad lights of London. An endless procession of motors was moving swiftly up Piccadilly. He was conscious of a deep, toneless pulsation like the diapason of an organ. Wasn't London also a squirrel cage? For an instant he saw the quizzically serious, wide-eyed young face of Muriel Congreve. What was there uncanny about her? Was she a sphinx? He was debating this not ungrateful subject when from beside the river came the slow booming of Big Ben. He did not need to be told what it was. Twelve o'clock! He must jump into bed in order to be ready for his coming busy day.

He had left no request to be called at the hotel office, and when he woke it was eleven o'clock. Shocked at such laziness, he pulled on his clothes, ordered coffee in his room, called up London Wall 4831 and asked to be connected with Mr. Saddlecloth. The "clark," whose voice he recognized, replied politely but firmly that his employer never answered the telephone himself, and offered to take a message. Accordingly Lawrence, putting his reasons as strongly as possible, asked for an immediate appointment. Mr. Saddlecloth sent back word that he was sorry but that he was full up; that he had in fact not a single open hour until the following Tuesday afternoon, when he would be glad to see Mr. Berwick at three o'clock. Lawrence grew apoplectic.

Next Tuesday at three o'clock! Why, he'd be half way back to New York on the Proconsul by then! He smashed down the telephone on the hook with an oath. He'd show this purblind old dormouse that he couldn't keep an American business man hanging round in any such fashion as that. Stuffing down an egg or two, some toast and marmalade, Lawrence, still fuming, hailed a taxi and directed the driver to take him to Paperweight Chambers, Sealingwax Lane. But it was half after twelve before he was deposited at the end of a murky passage between ponderous stone buildings, gray-black with decades of London soot.

"Sealingwax Lane, sir."

Beside each doorway were brass plates bearing the names of the solicitors who were—Lawrence told himself—hibernating within, and the steps were worn hollow with the scraping of generations of feet. Presently he came to a dingy court, even darker than the rest of the neighborhood, and perceived from an adjacent sign that he had reached Paperweight Chambers. It was clear that no soap or water had ever desecrated the windows, which were covered with an opaque yellow dust resembling scum. Here, according to a writing on the wall, Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co. passed their legal lives. Here, too, lingered probably the ghost of Fortesque. The massive door with its brass knob was open, disclosing an ominous stone flight leading upward into the gloom. Lawrence smiled in spite of his annoyance, mentally repeating the celebrated lines:

When I was a clerk I served a term
As office boy in an attorney's firm;
I cleaned the windows, I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle on the big front door.

"A lot he did!" thought our friend. "Well, here goes!"

The offices of Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co. were at the top of three long, dreary flights, where three joint and several doors gave upon a landing. One marked "clerk" offered a knocker. There was no bell, so Lawrence knocked. After a space, during which he concluded that the firm, including its employees, had all passed to a better life, Lawrence was encouraged by the sound of a key being turned in a lock, and the door was partly opened to admit the passage of a human head, evidently chosen with care from one of Hogarth's drawings. It was, in fact, a skull rather than a head, but it was still covered with a tightly drawn parchmentlike skin upon which here and there at irregular intervals appeared tufts of dusty-brown hair. Where the eyes should have been were enormous horn-rimmed spectacles.

"What do you want?" inquired Mr. Higgins in a huskily hostile tone.

"I want to see Mr. Saddlecloth," announced Lawrence. "And what's more, I want to see him at once."

A curious—and what seemed to Lawrence almost malicious—smile wrinkled the parchment wrapping of the skull in front of him.

"Er—very sorry, sir. But Mr. Saddlecloth left for Scotland at twelve o'clock. These be the Easter holidays. He won't be back until Tuesday noon."

Then Lawrence lifted up his voice and called down the vengeance of all the gods upon the heads of Fortesque, Saddlecloth & Co.; upon the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls; upon the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and upon King John and Magna Charta, until a look of sadness supplanted the fiendish grin on the face of Higgins.

Thrusting forth a claw the clerk said: "Don't take on so, sir! It can't be 'elped, sir. You've nothing to blame y'self for, sir. I mind it myself, sometimes, but Lor' bless you, sir, one 'as to get used to it, 'asn't one?"

"Didn't Mr. Saddlecloth leave any message for me?" stammered Lawrence at length.

"No, sir. Not a word, sir!"

When Lawrence got back to his hotel he found Saltonstall lounging in the café waiting for him.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked his friend with a grin.

"How do you know I need to do anything?" returned Lawrence.

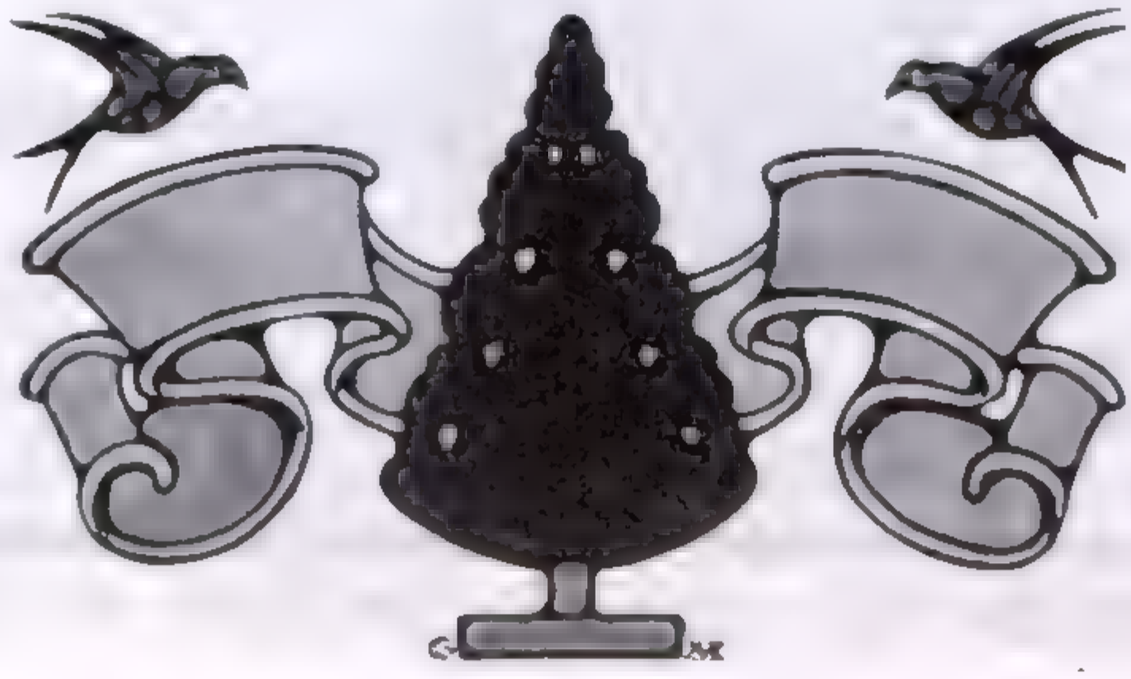
"I just found out that the Easter holidays began at twelve o'clock. I knew you couldn't do any business. Of course it doesn't follow that your friend Saddlecloth really is in Scotland, but I know enough about 'em to assure you that he's at least got to pretend that he's gone there. He may jolly well be sitting in his back office at this very minute. Anyhow, you're nicely stuck."

"I am," admitted Lawrence weakly. "I surrender—unconditionally. What have you to propose?"

Saltonstall selected a cigarette from an ostentatiously new case with great deliberation.

"How about Tilton Abbey," he murmured innocently—"and Lady Muriel?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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Good paint requires less gallons per job because it covers more area per gallon. It costs less to apply because its long life makes frequent re-painting unnecessary.

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is especially made to give storm-beaten, water-flooded surfaces the protection and decoration of a fine varnish finish. Use it on doors, porch ceilings, store-fronts, boats, boat-houses, etc.

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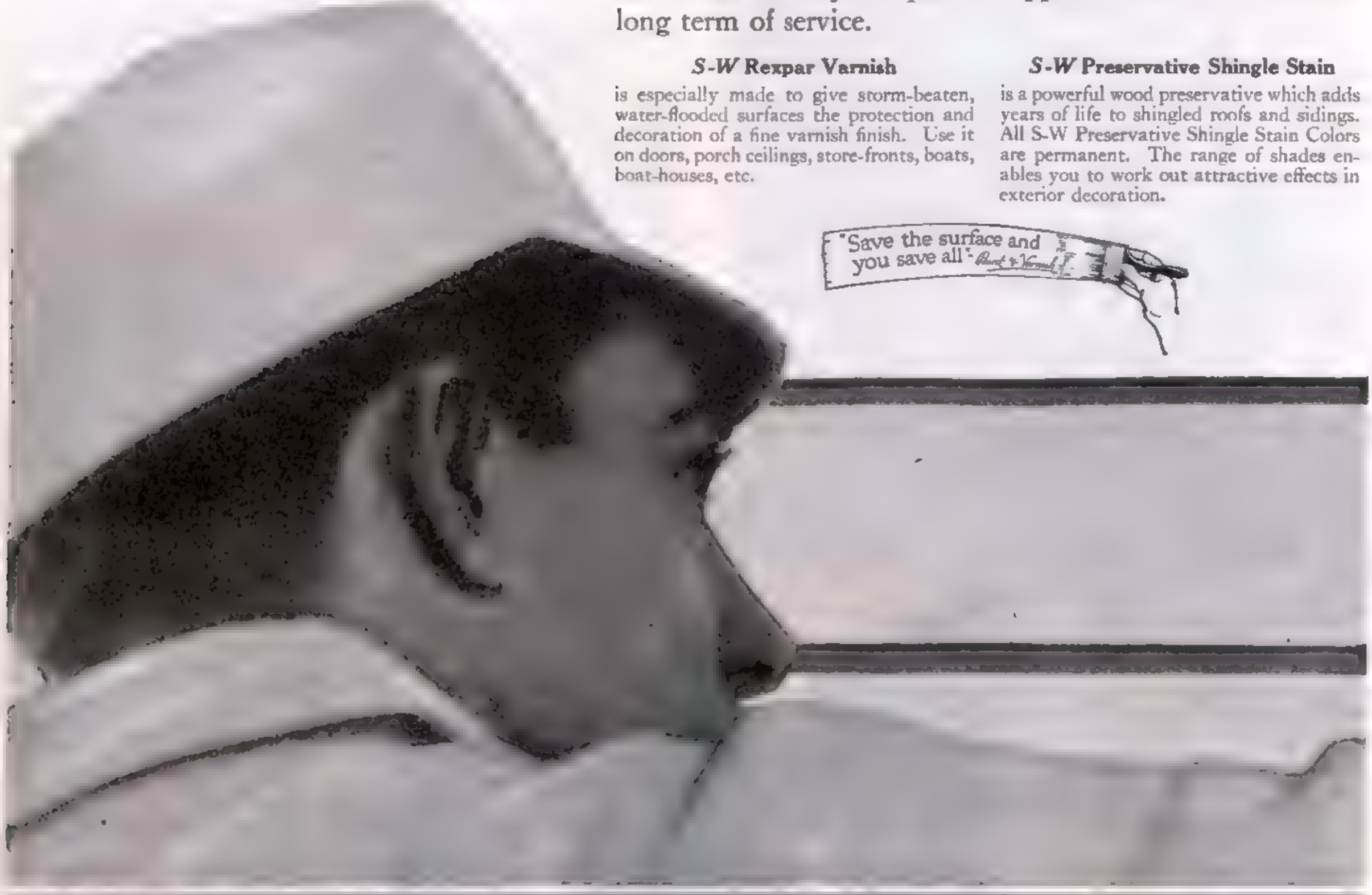

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CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES AND DISINFECTANTS

SEATTLE SLIM AND THE TWO PER CENT THEORY

(Continued from Page 13)

"Why should she have anything to say?" Larry demanded, more than half in earnest. "Letting other people make the decisions is what puts a man in the minus two per cent class."

Slim wagged his head sympathetically.

"So young," he sorrowed—"so young and so sincere. To think a country maiden is destined to bump his faith in theories! Kid," he continued amiably, "what you don't know about red-haired ladies is a bookful. Me, I'm an authority on them. I'll tell the world the man hasn't yet been born who can make a decision for one of them."

"You may know," Larry conceded—"you may know. But I'm still betting two per cent more determination will win Jennie."

"Those Brenton boys will be sitting in the game," Slim said, still kidding Larry. "Suppose one of them has two per cent more ability than you have? Suppose the other desires her two per cent more than you do? And suppose I project myself into the situation with my two per cent more experience? What then? Do we make a bigamist of the poor girl or do we shoot your theory full of holes?"

Larry smiled and for a moment busied himself at the camp fire. Dexterously he removed the frying pan of bacon and the blackened coffeepot. Then he reached for the rolled oats.

"Draw up and fortify yourself again," he invited, evading an answer to the question Slim had propounded. "And don't hog all the mush," he pleaded a moment later. "I'm getting fond of the darned stuff myself."

They had left the desert behind them; they had passed through a fringe of dryland homesteads; they had come to wide irrigated fields; and now from the dusty road they had been following they turned into a grassy lane that led under the shade of towering, close-limbed poplars to the white house and clustering red barns of the Danvers ranch.

Swinging idly in a cushioned porch seat, the red-haired little dame whose eyes had been described as golden green and whose temper was said to match her hair watched with speculative interest as Slim and Larry came leisurely toward the house. She rose from her comfortable seat and went to meet them as they came up the steps.

"You are Jennie Danvers," Larry stated with smiling assurance. "I knew some friends of yours down on the other side of the mountains. I've been honing to meet up with you for quite a time. But I'll tell you about that later," he hastily said. "Is your dad here now? Perhaps he can use my friend and myself during haying."

"Dad is working with the men in one of the upper fields," Jennie answered. "If you want work there are idle mowing machines under the shed."

"Lead us to them," Larry said.

"Better come in and have dinner first."

Jennie was born of the range country. She would have suggested dinner to wayfarers had it been midmorning or midnight. Larry assured her they had had their dinner.

"Then come with me," she said.

She watched critically while they harnessed the horses she indicated; followed them to the machine shed and nodded approvingly after they had hooked to the mowers. Then she pointed to a field of alfalfa below the barn lot.

"Lay it out in one piece," she said. "Go through the first gate and follow the fences."

At the gate they stopped to oil their machines.

"What do you think of Jennie now?" Slim asked as Larry started past him to open the gate. "Some simple little maiden, I'll say," he continued, not waiting for a reply. "Some hair, she has. Quite properly coifed. That's the word—coifed. And some eyes! Did you notice them? Golden green is right. Golden lights on deep water. Man, I'm beginning to rave. But don't mind me. Let's talk about the dress she was wearing. Clinging white what-do-you-call-it like the dolls on the boulevards wear. Well, old-timer, that's not a dress. That's a frock. I'll bet it cost the price of a good cow with the calf thrown in. And you say it's simply a problem in percentage to win such a dame!"

"Exactly that," Larry replied firmly.

"Kid," Slim retorted, still smiling, but in different humor, "your two per cent theory gives me a huge pain. I've seen dames like her before. Diamonds and silks for such as her. You're a humorous guy, you are, stringing me along with your homestead and Jennie talk."

"But I mean it," Larry declared stubbornly. "Plus two per cent is all a man needs, Slim. A little more desire or a little more ability or a little more determination is all a man needs to win—even to win such a girl as this one."

"Go to it, and good luck to you," Slim commented. According to his philosophy no shells were ever cracked by arguing with a nut.

They were starting on the fourth round of the field when Jennie joined them at their work—a different Jennie, crowned with a broad-brimmed straw hat, clothed in olive-drab coveralls, driving a team of sleek young mules. With the skill of long experience she swung the rake she was riding between the tall gateposts and turned into the field behind them. When they stopped work that night she was still following close.

"Better stop here and let us unhook your team," Larry called as she passed them. She favored them with a nod and a cool, impersonal smile.

"I'll unhook in the barn lot," she answered briefly.

Wide as was the gate, there was scant room for the wide rake to pass between the posts. Perhaps Jennie, as a more famous lady is supposed to have done, looked back across her shoulder. Perhaps the little mules, eager for the barn, turned too soon. At any rate a hub caught against one of the posts. Promptly Jennie's whip descended across the backs of the mules. They lunged forward and succeeded in locking the wheel still more securely. Immediately they received the full measure of Jennie's displeasure.

Slim and Larry came up behind her, leading their teams. According to ranch etiquette Slim should have been silent on such an occasion. But Slim was a ten-day stiff and had no manners.

"Tap 'em gently," he admonished with an aggravating note of amusement.

According to ranch etiquette Slim should also have allowed Jennie to extricate herself. Instead, assisted by Larry, he lifted the rake with Jennie on it and set the wheels squarely between the gateposts.

"Go 'long now, li'l' mules," he said briskly. "All three of you."

Jennie turned swiftly in her seat. Her cheeks were crimson with humiliation, her eyes were blazing with anger. Slim smiled at her with imperturbable friendliness.

"When I was a kid learning to drive," he told her conversationally, "my dad made it a rule that when I tore down a gatepost I got the licking instead of the mules."

"Oh, man," Jennie declared, "I'm so mad at you I'm almost crying."

Slim nodded gravely.

"Ain't it funny?" he said to Larry. "Some of them are right handsome when they get that way, while others ——"

Jennie turned hastily and spoke to the mules.

Her father and his men were already in the barn lot and had been watching the proceedings with amusement. They were all more or less familiar with Jennie's outbursts. Slim and Larry led their teams to the water trough and then went over and introduced themselves to Danvers.

"Your daughter hired us and put us to work after you had gone to the field," Slim explained.

"Fair enough," Danvers said. "I don't mind when she does the hiring," he added patiently, "but when she decides to do the firing I sometimes have my hands full."

After the horses had been fed the men trooped to the dining room and Slim and Larry were introduced to Mrs. Danvers.

"That girl of mine has no sense at all," she told them with motherly concern. "The idea of letting you work after you had walked all morning! You must be plumb played out."

"Not at all," Larry assured her. "We are used to walking. We've been hiking for more than a week."

(Continued on Page 149)

"Quit It, You Little Fool!" He Commanded, and Reached to Take the Reins Away From Her

Columbia Six

THE CONFIDENCE OF ALL NATIONS

The greatest joy of car ownership is to have absolute faith in one's car—confidence in the performance of the car itself—pride in the realization that it is well thought of by others.

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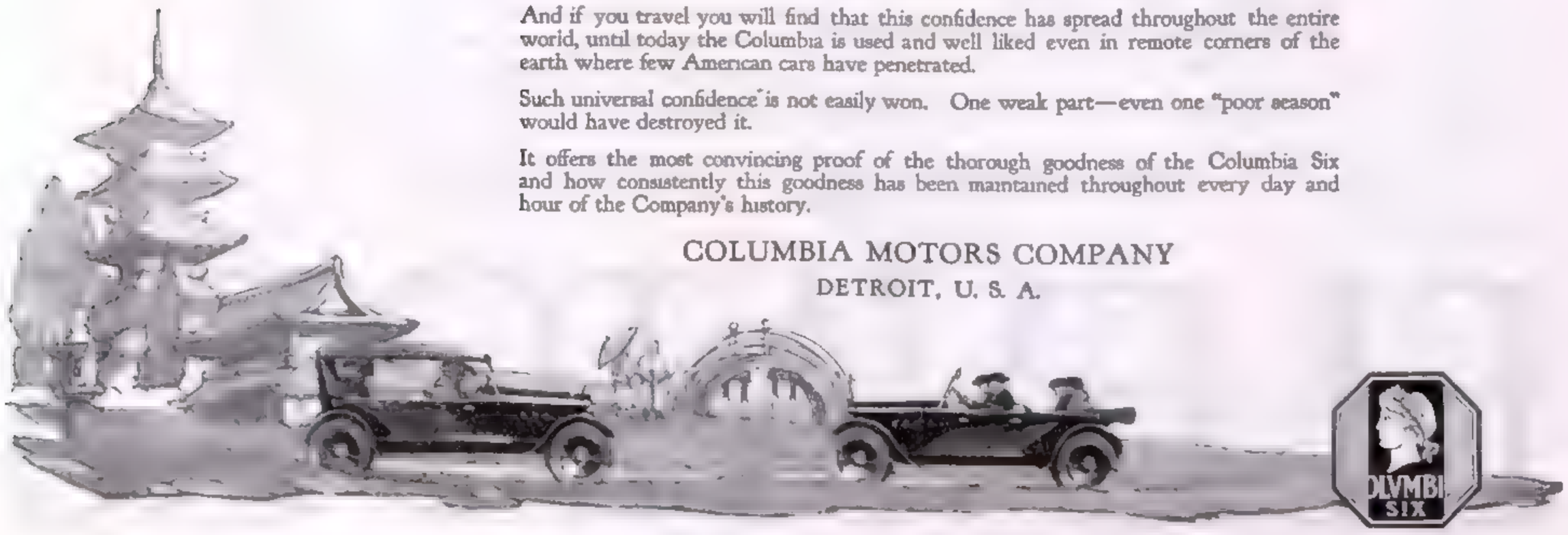

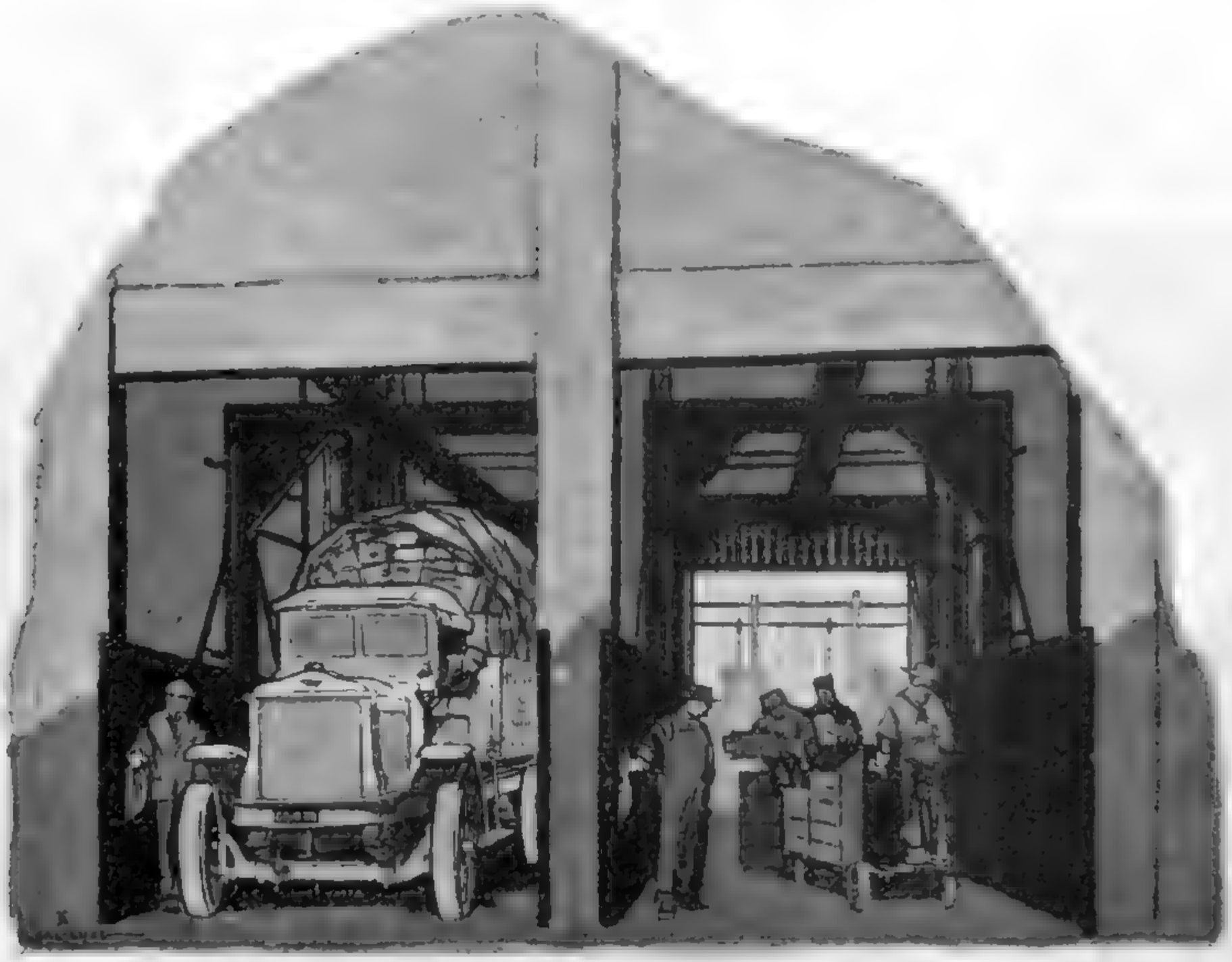

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THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

ELEVATORS

(Continued from Page 146)

"For the land's sake," Mrs. Danvers exclaimed, "what happened to your horses?"

"We were working in one of the construction camps down on the other side of the mountains when we learned about this country," Larry explained frankly. "We're aiming to take homesteads back in the hills if we can find a place worth taking."

"You would starve to death on any land that's left in those hills now," one of Danvers' men said bluntly.

Larry acknowledged the comment with a smile and turned to Mr. Danvers.

"I reckon you were told you would starve to death on the land you homesteaded when you first came here," he said.

Danvers nodded and a reminiscent smile spread over his face.

"That is what they told me," he admitted. "But I've been here more than thirty years and I'm still eating three times each day."

"How long did it take you to get your start?" Larry questioned with boyish directness.

"About ten years," Danvers decided. "About that, wasn't it, ma?"

"Just about," Mrs. Danvers agreed.

"After you learned what crops you could raise and got a bunch of cows you began to get ahead, I reckon," Larry persisted.

Danvers nodded.

"Hasn't a man the same chance today?" Larry asked.

Danvers looked at him with quickening interest.

"That is what I tell the boys who leave here thinking they can find a better place to get started," he said. "There is as good a chance to-day as there was when I came here. A man would have to plow closer to the corners than we old-timers did and he would have to start with better cattle. But the chance is here."

"Sure there's a chance here," one of the men said, making a jest of the matter. "Especially in the stock business. The boundary between the cattle and sheep ranges is back in those hills, and everybody knows a lost lamb or a slick-ear calf heads straight to the nearest homesteader's cabin."

"How about colts?" Slim asked casually.

"Better leave the colts alone," Jennie said sharply. "There are too many men in that business now."

Slim raised questioning brows.

"I thought the day of that sort of thing had passed," he said.

"That's what we'd been thinking," Danvers volunteered. "But I guess there'll be rustling as long as there's a market for horses. A bunch of young work stock was taken out of the country a short time ago. I lost a stallion with them—an imported horse that cost me two thousand dollars. They took him out of one of the barns."

"Out of one of your barns?" Slim repeated. "Couldn't you track such a horse?"

"We followed him into the hills, but we lost the trail in the deep grass there. The men who took him must have known the country. Sooner or later we'll find out who they were. They always slip somehow or other, such fellows. I'm offering one thousand dollars reward and our association is offering another thousand for information that will lead to their arrest and conviction."

"That's quite a sum," Slim said. "Two thousand dollars for information."

Later that night, when he and Larry sat alone on the bunk house steps smoking, he referred to the subject again.

"Do you want any of that two thousand dollars?" he asked.

"I do not," Larry said positively. "I'd like to see the men rounded up, but I'd hate to take pay for helping do the job. I was raised in a stock country," he explained. "Sometimes it's necessary to take the trail after a man you know personally. A fellow would hate to accept pay in such a case."

"I thought you'd feel like that," Slim said approvingly. "I was raised in a stock country myself," he continued after a period of silence. "I like the life and I like the people. I like the work in the fields, the breaking of colts, the changing tasks of the changing seasons. But better still I like the excitement of the mining camps. I wish I could decide between the two. I'm young yet—still under thirty. If there's anything in your two per cent theory I could be rich by the time I'm fifty if I would settle down to some one thing. But I can't decide, Larry. I can't decide."

"Stay here with me," Larry urged. "This is sure and the camps are always a gamble. Stay here with me and we'll make a partnership proposition of it. When you want to go rambling I'll look after your end and when I want to go you can look after mine."

"You're a good kid," Slim said, appreciating Larry's impulsive offer. "Maybe I will stay with you."

During the days that followed Larry came to an understanding of Slim's impulses. It wasn't work Slim hated. It was the monotony of routine. The day they commenced mowing under Jennie's instructions Slim went to work with singing enjoyment. But as the days passed, day after day of sitting behind a slowly moving team, day after day of listening to the monotonous clicking of the shuttling sickle bar, he grew quiet and moody. His good-natured, ever-ready smile was constantly on his lips, but there was no spirit behind it. The day before the mowing was finished Larry saw him gazing speculatively toward a lone mountain that reared its gray crest far on the southern horizon.

Then they commenced hauling the hay to the stack yard and barns and for a time Slim took delight matching his strength and skill in loading against the strength and skill of the other men in the field. But after a day or two of this his spirits began to ebb again.

"Old-timer," he told Larry when the last haycock had been hauled from the field and the last stack had been topped, "maybe there is something in that theory of yours. If I had thought I needed more than two per cent more determination to keep me sticking I would have blown the job a week ago. And I'm going to give the theory another trial," he added. "To-morrow we'll start hunting homesteads. But first," he said, grinning, "I want to know which of us stands ace high with Jennie."

"Bo, can't you see she's simply enduring you for my sake?" Larry said.

Danvers did not pay them that night when he paid off the rest of his haying gang.

"I can use you boys a little longer," he told them.

The next day when breakfast was finished he said he wanted them to ride into the hills with him.

"I'll go too," Jennie decided promptly. "Slim will saddle my horse and bring him to me," she added with impersonal command.

She had been commanding Slim thus impersonally, airily, since that first day when he had angered her. She was retaliating now, trying his patience in a hundred aggravating ways. But Slim's smiling good humor was unassailable.

"You'd better let me put a half-breed bit in your bridle instead of the spade you've been using," he suggested.

He had learned she did not take kindly to his suggestions. She rose to this bait as he had expected.

"I'll ask your advice when I need it," she retorted impatiently. "I know what kind of bit that horse needs."

"But a spade isn't considered best for a half-broke horse," he told her patiently.

"Oh, I was using spade bits before you knew what one looked like," she said with growing wrath.

"I'm tolerably observing," he replied. "I've noticed the more afraid of a horse a fellow is the more he likes to use that kind of bit."

Jennie's teeth sank into her upper lip as she restrained the retort that came to her mind. What was the use? Slim was already retiring gracefully from the room. Her father and Larry followed and a few moments later rode back past the house. Slim stopped with Jennie's horse.

"Shall I help you?" he asked politely as she reached for the bridle reins.

His suggestion that she might need help in mounting but added fuel to her kindled wrath.

"Help!" she said scornfully. "That's something else I'll ask for when I need it."

She reached ungraciously and took the reins away from him. Somehow she managed to jerk sharply against the horse's mouth, and he reared to escape the punishment of the harsh bit. Instantly her temper flared and she jerked the animal down and lashed him with her romal. The horse, at best but half broken, reared again and plunged away from her. She followed him in a passion, jerking and whipping until Slim interfered.

"Quit it, you little fool!" he commanded, and reached to take the reins away from her.

Instead of yielding she struck at his outstretched hand. Slim avoided the blow and, catching her wrists, freed the horse.

Danvers had stopped below them in the lane and was watching with impartial interest. He was unable to control the girl himself and he wondered what success this stranger would have. As he watched he recalled the days when Jennie had first toddled from the house into the barn lot in search of babyhood adventure. Even then she had been a fiery little thing that men delighted in teasing. Danvers himself had enjoyed in those days seeing her assail some stalwart provoker with clenched baby fists, but he had been too busy with his increasing herds of cattle and horses to give thought to the future of the child. Before he had realized the flight of time she had grown beyond her mother's control and his, and they had long since learned to take the easy way with her and yield to her whims and tempers. Now he watched with smiling amusement her clash with Slim.

"Let me go!" he heard her command. She inclined her head toward the bunk house. "Get your blankets and get off the ranch!" she added, half sobbing as she struggled to free herself.

"You little fool!" Slim said again. "Why did you take your spite out on the horse? Now come and see what you've done to his mouth."

He released her hands and instantly she flew at him like an unleashed young fury. Slim's usually smiling lips set in an ugly line. He caught her wrists again and with a quick movement locked her hands behind her. Then in no gentle manner he marched her across the barn lot to where her horse stood trembling, still fearful of the punishment of the dragging reins.

"Pretty work for a girl to do!" he commented, forcing her to notice the bloody lather that dripped from the horse's mouth.

Her tense body relaxed and tears came to her eyes—tears of repentance. Then Slim released her hands again and picked up the dragging reins.

"Take him to the water trough and I'll get a sponge and another bit," he commanded.

Humbly, without comment or protest, Jennie did his bidding. When he joined her at the trough a moment later she watched in silence while he washed the horse's mouth and replaced the spade with a milder bit. Then she permitted him to help her into the saddle. She leaned forward and patted the horse's neck with a gentle, caressing hand.

"This fellow knows me better than you do," she told Slim. "He has forgiven me already."

Slim's ever-ready smile returned.

"I'll be as fair about it as the horse," he promised.

Danvers and Larry were waiting for them at the end of the lane. Larry had dismounted and was waiting to close the gate. Jennie pulled up her horse to wait for him and Slim rode on with her father.

From time to time Danvers appraised Slim with shrewd, calculating eyes. Personally he liked Larry better. Then he thought of Steve and Walter. He liked them too, but he thought of them as sort of shiftless. He knew that in the fullness of time they would inherit their father's property and that it would be no mean estate, but he feared the spirit which prompted the boys to go riding to other ranges in search of adventure instead of staying at home improving the property that would some day be theirs. To test the mettle of these two, when they first came wooing Jennie he had told them no man who had not proved his ability to make money should ever marry the girl.

Now with Slim riding beside him he figuratively shrugged his shoulders. What mandate of his would prevent such a man from marrying such a girl if the girl were willing? Danvers had never employed a foreman on his ranches. He had always looked after things himself. He decided suddenly he was going to need an assistant. Jennie was his only child and he could afford to make life easy for her and for the man she might choose to marry.

But just now she was riding beside Larry, close beside him, as if no other man in the world had ever interested her. And Slim seemed indifferent, amused if anything, because Jennie had chosen to ride with Larry. Things had been different in Danvers' day. When he courted Jennie's mother he would have been on the peck in a minute if she had ridden with another man. Then figuratively he shrugged his shoulders again. Perhaps Jennie did like Larry better, or maybe when Steve and Walt returned she would jilt both these newcomers. Danvers smiled to himself. This deal was certainly going to be interesting to watch. But he'd hate to have any money up on the outcome.

They left the road and turned into a trail that led to the hills. They crossed several low ridges and then turned up along a placid little stream. They entered a gate where a fence crossed the narrow valley.

"This is one of my fall pastures," Danvers said.

Farther on they came to a number of little meadows.

"On the blue prints of the local land office there is a half section along here listed as mine that I have no claim to," Danvers said. "I applied for the land, but for my own good reasons never tried to obtain title to it. If you boys want to locate here ——"

He smiled at the delight that showed on Larry's face.

"Let's find the government corners," he suggested. "When you are ready to file you'll have to swear you are familiar with each legal subdivision."

After they had ridden over the half section they started leisurely back toward the ranch. As they rode out of the timber of the low hills they could look down over the best of the cattle land, and in the still heat of that summer day the scene in its peaceful beauty was fair as an imagined picture. In the foreground on the edge of a green-carpeted field some cattle lay in the shade of patriarch trees. In a cornfield beyond a pygmy man was working. Far down the road that wound along the plain at the edge of the hills spiraling dust clouds rose behind two horsemen.

"Wonder who's hurrying at this time of the day?" Jennie commented without curiosity. "We'll just about meet up with them," she added as she estimated their own distance from the road.

Then with Larry she rode on down the trail into a shallow draw. For a time the road and the farther view were hidden from them. Then they reached the plain and saw the horsemen again.

"Hi!" Jennie cried, and spurred forward to greet them.

Larry dropped back beside Slim.

"How'd you like to own that black pacing horse?" he asked casually.

"I'd prefer the sorrel," Slim decided critically. "I like 'em that way—dark points with a glint of flame in their color."

A moment later they were being introduced to the two riders.

"Boys, meet Steve Brenton," Danvers said genially—"and Walter."

"We are old acquaintances," Larry stated without offering his hand. "We worked together over in that railroad camp. Do you remember my friend Slim?" he asked the men. "Seattle Slim, the ten-day stiffs call him."

"Sure we remember Slim," Walter lied glibly. "You were skinning one of the freight outfits, weren't you?"

"No," Slim corrected, "I'm a hard-rock man. I went to work in the camp after you quit to take a tie contract. By the way, how did you make it on that proposition?" he asked politely.

A covert glance of triumph passed between the brothers. Here were two fellows establishing an alibi for them.

"We did better than we expected," Walter answered. "We sold our contract to one of the big outfits at a fair figure. A mighty fair figure, eh, Steve?"

They talked for a few moments longer and then the little cavalcade moved on along the road. Steve rode beside Jennie now, Walter rode with Danvers, and Larry followed with Slim. As they rode Larry's face set in thoughtful lines.

"Cheer up," Slim advised in an undertone. "The lid's off now and the sky's the limit. Old kid," he added enthusiastically, "this is going to be the most interesting game I've sat in at for a long time."

"Naw," Larry replied, unmoved. "Those poor boobs don't count. It's still between you and me, and since your argument with Jennie this morning I'll admit I've been communing with myself. I'll admit that much, old-timer. Maybe I'm going to have to include experience with my other two per cent factors. But that's not what I'm studying about now. I'm figuring how much wire we'll need to fence that half section of land."

"There you go, taking all the joy out of my day," Slim complained. "But if you

(Continued on Page 153)

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STEAM-PIPE AND BOILER COVERING

(Continued from Page 149)

feel you must figure, why don't you do it right and begin with the fence posts first?"

"Don't have to figure about them," Larry stated laconically. "All we have to do is go and cut them."

Slim groaned.

"If you're not the workingest hound!" he grieved. "Let's begin figuring again. It ain't so tiring."

"All right, we'll figure how much the lumber will cost for a shack for us and a shed for our team."

"Why not buy the team first and see if we have any money left to buy 'em a shed with?"

"Have it your way," said Larry. "We'll buy the team first and the harness and wagon and plow and harrow ——"

"Wait a minute," Slim pleaded. He took a packet of bills from the canvas belt he wore under his shirt. "Good-by, Seattle," he said sadly. "June has went and here goes my winter's wages and I can't keep my date with you until next year. Here's three hundred dollars, a little more or maybe a little less," he told Larry. "You be our purchasing agent. I never get anything but action for the money I spend."

Larry hesitated a moment and then took the money and added it to his own.

"I have close to five hundred dollars myself," he said. "With this much capital we'll be able to do a lot of work on the land before planting time next spring."

"Shucks, Larry, you can't count much on me after winter sets in," Slim said regretfully. "I'm aiming to flirt a bit with old lady Seattle along about next June and I'll be drifting south soon to earn the money I'm a-going to need. And don't let me catch you grinning like that," he added indignantly.

"What about Jennie?" Larry asked.

"About Jennie? Darned if I hadn't forgotten Jennie for the moment," Slim admitted. Then he brightened visibly. "I reckon Seattle in June would be a great li'l' ol' honeymoon town," he decided.

During the following weeks Slim and Larry erected a one-room house for themselves, built a shed for the team Larry had bought and then went to work cutting fence posts. Regularly twice each week during this time Larry rode down to call on Jennie. Regularly twice each week he had candy and cut flowers sent her from the nearest city. He was as methodical in his wooing as in his daily work. Once Slim asked him why he didn't arrange to take his offerings himself.

"And you say you're an authority on women," Larry scoffed. "Me, I'm no authority, but I sure do believe in applying modern science. If you were read up on such things like I am you would know that an indirect suggestion is much more effective than a direct suggestion. So each Tuesday she gets her box of candy—much more effective sending it than taking it. Wednesday night I ride down to discuss stock methods with her dad. Friday she gets cut flowers—much more effective as a reminder that I'm thinking about her than if I took them to her. Then Sunday I ride down and have a good old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk with Jennie herself. By heck," he added vehemently, "it takes tolerably direct action these days to get time for a heart-to-heart talk with Jennie with those rustlers riding herd on her all the time."

"Listen, Larry," Slim said with a sudden firming of his usually slack lips; "if you say the word I'll drift down there and paste some numbers on those fellows' backs."

"And you say you are an authority on women!" Larry chided. "How would you stand with Jennie if you pulled that stunt?"

Slim shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess you'd have the field to yourself," he said.

"Let's leave it to the theory," Larry suggested. "I'm still betting two per cent more determination is better than ability or desire—or experience," he included as a concession to Slim. "Let's play the game out and see if I'm right."

A few days later Danvers sent for them to help with his second cutting of hay.

Slim had in reality been only casually interested in Jennie. Now as the days passed, meeting her constantly at the house and in the fields, he began, more by way of experiment than through desire, to woo her in his own indirect fashion. Little by little he found she ceased to resist his advances. Then he persuaded himself he did desire her for his own.

The second haying season passed swiftly. Then harvest came. Steve and Walter were helping their father and only occasionally found time for visiting. Danvers' grain was bound and in the shock when they rode over one afternoon to see him about the threshing. As was the custom of the country, they did not broach the subject immediately. Instead they spent the afternoon riding with Jennie. They stayed for the evening meal, and not until they were preparing to leave did they refer to the matter. Then Walter casually asked who Danvers expected would thresh for him.

"I suppose we'll do as we have always done," Danvers answered. "We'll wait until the last minute and then have our good neighbor haul out his old coffee mill again."

Danvers smiled as he referred to the threshing outfit of a rather shiftless rancher who lived on the edge of the cattle range.

"His machine puts most of the grain through the blower and chops the rest," Walter commented.

"Almost that bad," Danvers admitted. "But who else can we get? Most of the settings are so small a big outfit will not bother with them."

"Steve and I have been figuring we might buy a new outfit," Walter stated tentatively. "We have a bit of money to invest we made on that tie contract we told you about. We're figuring if we can get the promise of enough work to pay us we'll order a separator and one of these new gas tractors."

"Go to it," Danvers encouraged. "If you can get an outfit here before winter sets in you can have my work."

"We are going to ride to town tomorrow and place the order," Walter said.

During the next few days Danvers hauled and stacked his grain.

"By the time it has passed through the sweat Steve and Walter should be here with their threshing outfit," he told Slim and Larry. "If you boys want to stay here while we're waiting, I have some colts I want broken for the fall plowing."

"Sure we'll stay," they promised.

Most of the colts they brought in for breaking were work stock, but there was one, a wild four-year-old bay, Danvers told them belonged to Jennie.

"You may break him to ride for her if you want to," he said.

"My job," Slim declared. "I'll make a pet of him for Jennie."

He cut the horse from the bunch and herded it into one of the breaking corrals.

"Now, boy," he said to Larry, "watch a bronc twister."

He procured a rope, and while Larry and Danvers out of curiosity stopped their work to watch he tied a complicated knot some little distance from the noose end.

"What's that for?" Larry asked.

"So he won't choke himself after I rope him," Slim explained.

"Aw, throw him and let me sit on his head while you put a hackamore on him," Larry suggested.

"My job," Slim replied complacently. "Watch me tame him."

He slipped into the corral and a moment later the skillfully flung noose tightened round the horse's neck. There was a snort, a clatter of hoofs and the wild bay was racing frantically round the little inclosure in an effort to escape the menace of the rope. Slim, pivoting in the center of the corral, kept the rope taut, but did not try to check the frightened animal. Suddenly the bay stopped and stood snorting and trembling. Slim waited for a moment or two and then tightened on the rope. Again the horse commenced his mad circling. Time and again this was repeated, until he finally stopped and refused to run again. Then Slim began to move inch by inch along the taut rope, waving one hand slowly in the air.

"Come on," Danvers said to Larry. "I've seen horses broken like that before. He'll be trifling with that bay from now until he hears the dinner bell ring."

They went to work with the other colts, but Slim stayed in the corral with the horse he had undertaken to break. Jennie came down from the house to offer her suggestions and advice. She took delight in badgering Slim now he had stopped retaliating, but there was no longer malice in her teasing.

"Why don't you saddle him and ride him?" she asked.

Slim was still standing a little distance from the bay, still waving one hand slowly above his head.

"I would if I were a regular buckaroo," he told her. "But shucks, I'm no rider! I'm like the fellow that used to boast he never minded how hard a horse bucked after the first jump."

"After the first jump?" Jennie queried. "I think I never heard of that fellow."

"Well, it was this way," Slim explained. "After the first jump that lad was always a spectator instead of a performer."

Slim moved a step too close as he was speaking and instantly the bay lashed out with both front feet. He moved easily out of reach and the horse whirled and kicked.

"Ain't he darling?" Slim admired as he avoided the flying heels. "Ain't he a lady's pet?"

Jennie could get more thrills from a three-minute exhibition of bucking than the average person experiences in a lifetime.

"Oh, put a saddle on him and ride him!" she urged.

"He'd be a waumpooing snake," Slim said. "But I'm like the fellow I told you about. After the first jump I'd be one of the spectators."

A few days later when Slim led the horse into the corral he carried a saddle. With infinite patience he blanketed the bay and then saddled him. Little by little he tightened the cinch until he knew there would be no danger of the saddle slipping, even though the horse should buck. Then slowly, deliberately, as if he were mounting some equine statue, he raised himself into the saddle. He settled himself securely and waited until the horse of its own will moved forward, nervous, curious, but unfrightened.

"Cowboy, I'll say you can break 'em," Jennie applauded from her perch on the top bar of the corral gate. "Now let me ride him."

Slim smiled at her eagerness, but shook his head. He did not even reply. He knew a quick movement in the saddle, a touch of a heel, even a loud word, would be sufficient to send the horse into the air. After a few minutes he dismounted and removed the saddle.

"Give me another week with him and he'll be a lady's pet," he promised.

"Three times ridden makes a broke horse," Jennie reminded him, quoting the rule of the big outfits.

"Not this horse," Slim said positively.

A bit of crimson tinted Jennie's cheeks. She would not be dictated to—even by this man who was winning such a place in her affections.

"Let's compromise," she said. "And this is the first time I ever offered to compromise," she added, smiling at her own confession. "You've been handling the horse twice each day. That means you want to ride him fourteen times before I'd have a chance. Let me take some of the rough off him. Let me ride him after you've had three days more with him. Please," she coaxed.

"I'd like to let you," Slim assured her. "But this bay has a mean streak in him. He won't be broke safe in three days. I'd be afraid for you, Jennie, and that's not saying you can't ride. But if this horse should ever throw a fellow he's mean enough to turn killer."

Jennie's offer to compromise had been a greater concession than Slim realized. Now she was aware, not of his thought for her safety, but of the fact he was rejecting her well-meant offer.

"Pshaw," she said indignantly, "I've been riding worse horses all my life! And," she added positively, "when I get ready to ride this one I'll ride him and that will be the end of the argument."

Jennie stood regarding Slim with flushed cheeks and angry eyes. Slim stood regarding Jennie with an amused, speculative smile.

"What ails you most," he told her, "is that your ma didn't spank you enough when you were a littler kid. Even now a right sincere licking would do you more good than anything else I can think of."

Jennie's capable young hands clenched at her sides.

"I suppose you'd like to administer it," she suggested.

"I wouldn't exactly like to," Slim said. "But I may have to if I catch you trifling with this horse short of a week."

For a moment longer Jennie stood with clenched hands and heaving bosom.

"Oh, man," she finally said, half crying with impotent wrath, "some day I'll sure put strychnine in your pie!"

Slim grinned cheerfully and turned back to the bay horse.

Four days later Walt Brenton sent word that he and his brother were leaving the railroad with their new threshing outfit and that they expected to reach the Danvers ranch that night.

"We'd better take four horses and go to meet them," Danvers told Slim and Larry. "There are some bad grades between here and town and those boys may get stalled with their new tractor."

They immediately hooked a team to a light rig and with another team tied behind started down the lane. As they passed the house Jennie went to her room and began putting on her riding togs. She was entering the barn when Slim, who had got out of the rig to open a gate, glanced back and saw her.

"So long, fellows," he said abruptly. "I'll saddle a horse and catch up with you later."

He started back up the lane at a brisk trot. As he opened the barn door Jennie was leading the bay horse out of its stall.

"Jennie," Slim said earnestly, "you mustn't try to ride him. I tell you he isn't safe yet."

"Pooh, pooh!" Jennie scoffed. "Don't you suppose I know a broke horse when I see one? Now don't try to stop me," she warned as Slim reached for the lead rope.

"Please," he said gently. "I'm pleading with you, Jennie. If that horse should hurt you I'd never forgive myself."

"He'll not hurt me," Jennie said impatiently. "I tell you I've been riding worse horses all my life."

Slim shook his head regretfully.

"I'm sorry, girl," he said, "but you'll not ride this one."

Instantly Jennie's temper blazed.

"You forget you are simply working here," she told him. "Now let me pass."

Slim did not heed her command. Instead he reached again for the horse's lead rope. With a little cry of rage Jennie struck at his open hand with the rawhide quirt she carried. Then she dropped the rope and struck again, blindly, frantically, and the quirt left a bleeding welt from Slim's forehead to his chin. For a moment he moved his head from side to side as a fighter does when surprised by an unexpected blow. Then he stepped forward and caught her arms and began shaking her as a man might shake a naughty child. When from exhaustion she ceased her struggling he released her. Slowly the blazing anger died from her eyes as she became aware of what she had done. Then she went to him, crying softly, and laid a tiny white handkerchief across his bleeding cheek.

"Oh, Slim, I'm ashamed!" she sobbed. Her fingers touched his forehead, his cheek, his chin, along the welt her quirt had left. "Oh, I'm so ashamed!" she said again.

"I knew you'd be sorry," Slim told her.

He slipped his arm across her shoulders and led her to a seat near the door and drew her down beside him.

"Listen, Jennie," he said, comforting her, for she was still crying softly, sobbing at long intervals like a hurt child. "I don't mind your tempers. They are like the storms of the mountains, and I've always loved the mountains. For years I've been wandering over the crests of them, through storms and sunshine, searching, searching for gold, so I thought. But just now when you came to me and touched my cheek, crying because you had hurt me, I realized I'd been searching for the gold of a woman's love."

He drew her to him then, unresisting.

"I've always loved the mountains," he told her again. "Will you go back to them with me? Sometimes we'd starve, dear, but when my luck runs good there'll be diamonds for you, and silks—anything you want I'll give you, Jennie."

"I'm afraid of the mountains," she whispered.

"You'll love them when you know them as I do," he argued gently.

"I've heard you tell of how you've worked with the diamond drills, searching for the hidden gold of them," she reminded him. "What have you always done when you've discovered what lay in the hearts of your great gray mountains? You've never stayed, have you, Slim, for the long hard work that comes after the first discovery? You've always grown restless, Slim, and gone searching for new mountains to explore."

Gently she withdrew from his arms and sat beside him again, caressing one of his work-roughened hands.

"I've never stayed," he admitted. "But that was because you were not there to stay with me."

(Continued on Page 156)

Widening the range of Electric

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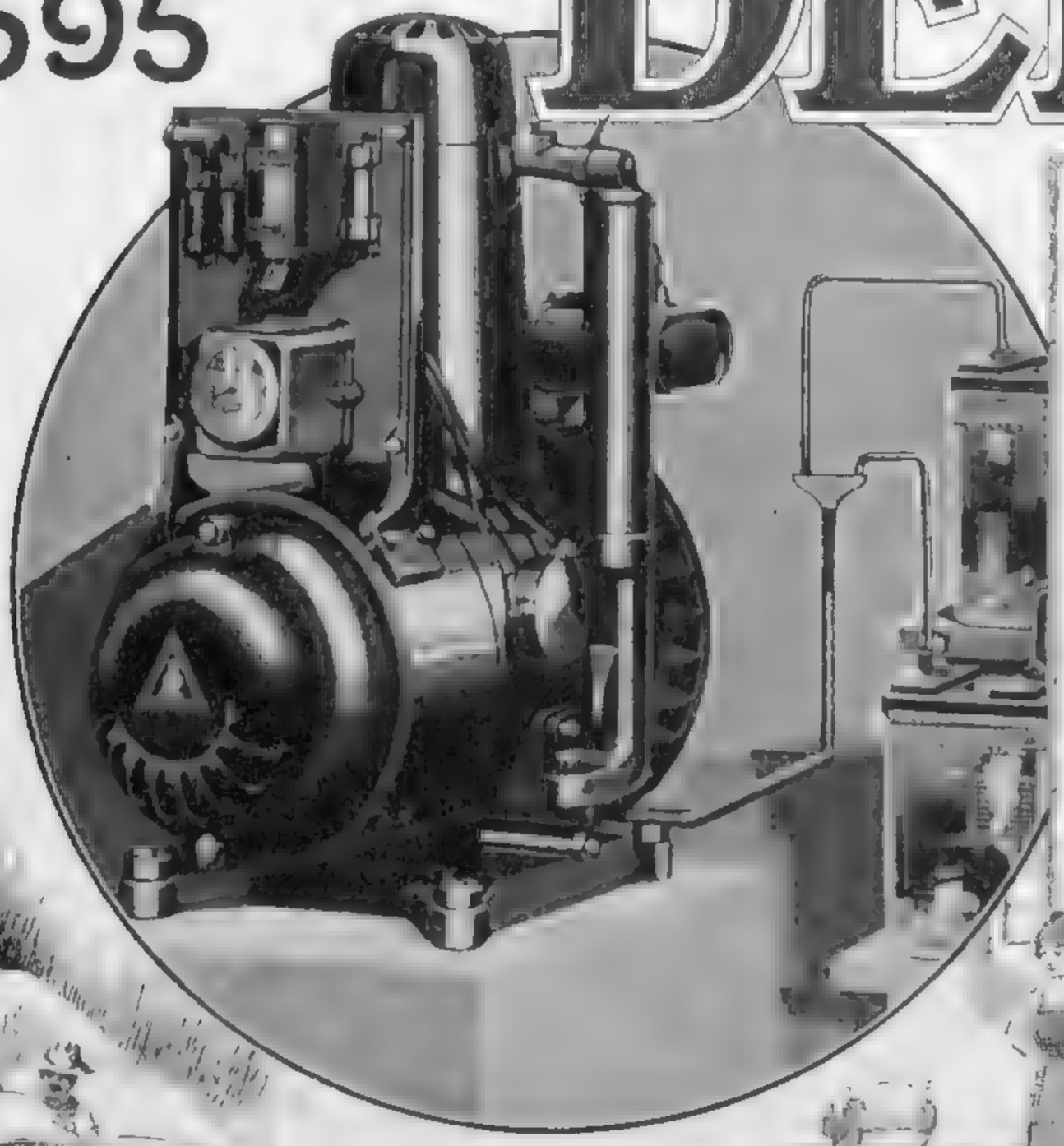

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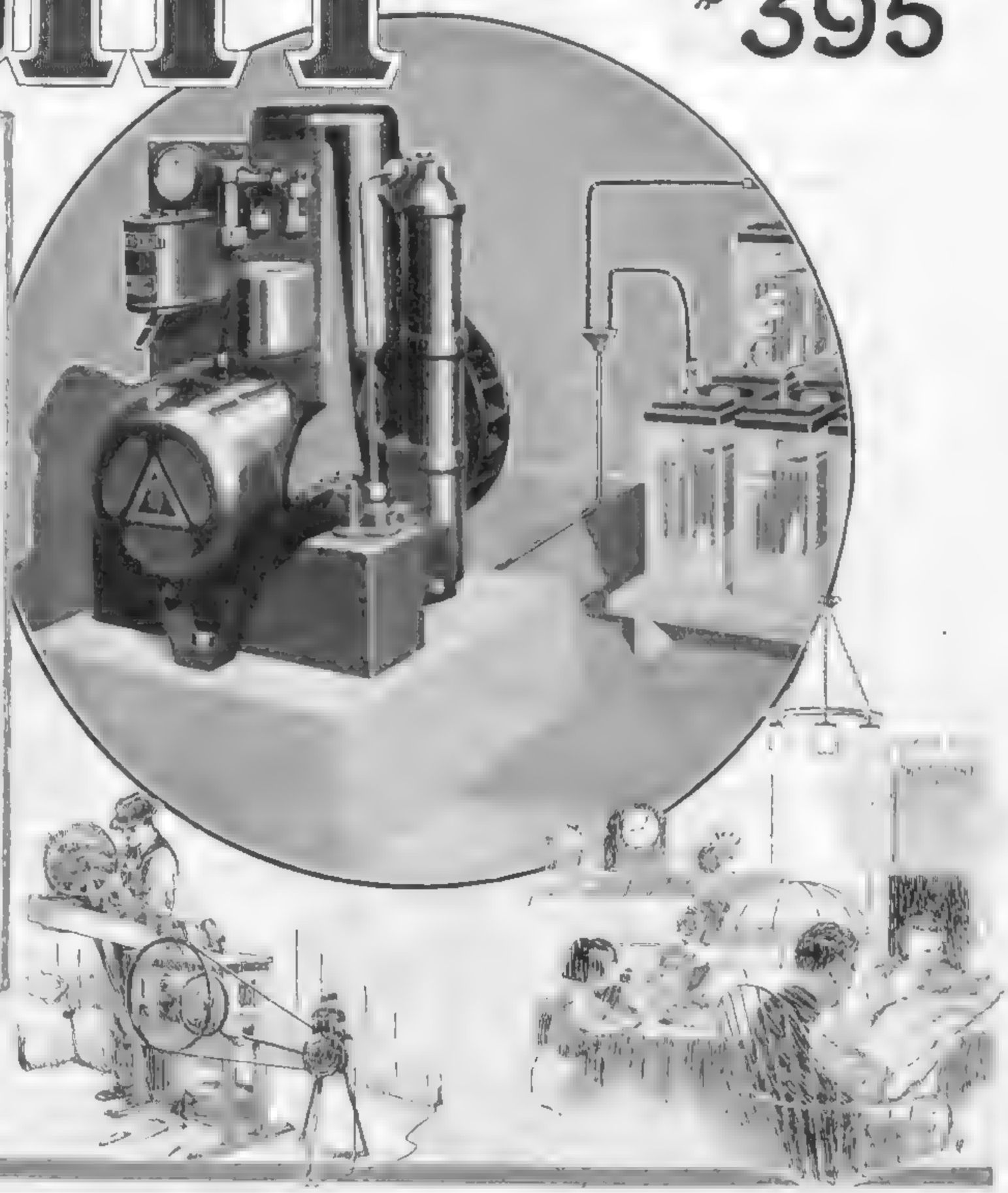

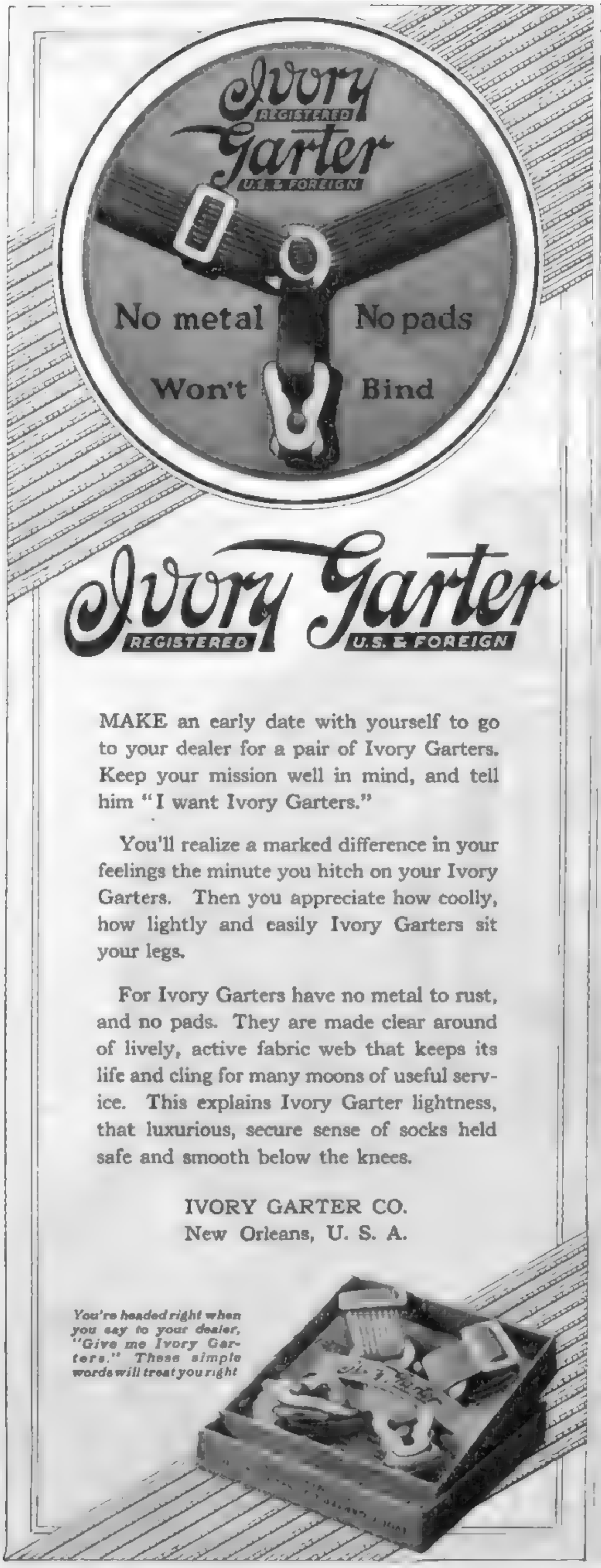

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(Continued from Page 153)

"No, Slim," she said with a wistful break in her voice, "you never stayed because you never will stay. You'll always be searching for gold in the hearts of new mountains and for love in the hearts of new women."

Slim was suddenly humble and pleading.

"I thought—when you came to me just now—that you did care ——"

"I do care for you, Slim."

"But you care more for someone else—for Larry? Or is it Steve?"

"Poor Steve!" she said. "I wonder what will become of him when I send him away. Poor Steve! He's had so little love in his life and he has needed so much. If you or Larry had never come I would have married Steve, though I like Walter better. But Walter loves Steve more than he loves me."

"So you care most for Larry?" Slim said softly.

"I could care for you, Slim," she answered, and each word was a cry of regret. "But you'd break my heart if I went with you." She rose swiftly and drew him up beside her. "And yet I'd go with you to-day, Slim, if you could offer me—even a little love. Now kiss me and let me go."

If he could offer her even a little love! But the plea of her clinging arms and the passion of her lips left him cold, unstirred, and with a sense of sickening shame he realized his wooing had been but an experiment, a proving of Larry's theory. Very gently he kissed Jennie and let her go.

Then mechanically he cared for the bay horse—unsaddled him and removed the bridle and tied him in his stall again. When this was done he saddled another horse and rode slowly down the lane. Some impulse prompted him to ride toward the hills where his homestead lay. He felt he would never see the place after this day.

Night was closing down over the plain when he returned to the ranch. The Brentons had already set their new threshing outfit, ready for the morrow's run. Men from neighboring ranches had gathered—quiet, stolid men who still held to the ancient custom of trading help during the threshing season. They had kindled an open fire in the barn lot when Slim came back from the dining room, for the night was clear and chill with the first breath of winter.

"Well, Slim, old-timer!"

A miner Slim had known in the camps rose from in front of the fire to shake hands.

"Why, Dave Edwards!" Slim exclaimed. "Where did I see you the last time? Down in Rawhide? No, later than that," he went on, calling up old memories. "I have it now! I was pulling out of Callao as you came in heading for the Cerro de Pasco mines. How did you make it there? Me, I couldn't stand the gaff. Too high up in the world, there near the top of the Andes—too high and too cold. No more Peru for me! But how did you make it there?"

"I stayed," Edwards said, "three years. Then I came here with the money I saved. A homestead, you know. A place where I can raise cattle and keep a few good horses."

He put in words the common hope of the migratory workers—the dream of the homeless ten-day stiffs.

"I know," Slim said. "Sometimes I smoke that kind of hop myself. Shake hands with my side kick here—Larry Sheridan. A good lad to tie to, Larry is. Get him to explain his two per cent theory sometime. The pure quill, that theory is."

Larry shook hands and then sat down with those two hard-rock men, and as they talked he was silent, wondering at the welt of red that scarred Slim's face—wondering why Slim had at last admitted the theory was good.

"And here I am," Edwards was saying with a note of self-contempt, "working out between times in order to make a grubstake for the winter."

"Stay with it," Slim urged with unwonted earnestness. "You'll make it, Dave. You don't need much to go on—a little more determination. Ask Larry some day—he'll tell you the straight of it."

Lemuel Brenton, the father of Steve and Walter, a huge, squat man of harsh speech and bitter humor, stood a little without the close circle of men about the fire listening to the talk.

"So you're a miner too," he said when Slim stopped speaking. "Your friend Edwards says there may be coal back in these hills. Tell me, do you think so too?"

"A few thin seams perhaps," Slim answered, "but none of commercial worth."

From his own store of practical experience he drew reasons for his opinion. Then because all that afternoon he had been thinking of the camps and because his meeting with Edwards had brought up a flood of memories, he began telling of the camps he had known, of the treasures he had helped mine from the earth. But most of all he talked of the diamond drills and of the fascination there was in pulling the little cores of rock from the hidden depths of the mountains, day after day measuring the barren rock, day after day hoping and watching, and then the sudden exultation when the gray core came all shot with gleaming ore.

A growing impatience possessed the elder Brenton as Slim talked, and finally he interrupted.

"You are all alike, you miners," he said. "Great talkers and great liars. Edwards there isn't so gabby as you are, but he's a greater liar. A while back I heard him tell of a woman who gambled and won five thousand dollars in less than an hour one night."

Disbelief and biting contempt for the man who had told this improbable story showed in Brenton's voice.

"I reckon Dave was telling about Joe Carter's wife," Slim said. "Carter is a mine operator and a great faro fiend," he explained. "And his wife likes to take an occasional whirl at the game herself. I heard a couple of years or more ago that she had made a little winning in a house down in Juarez."

"Joe Carter's wife? That was the name," Brenton acknowledged reluctantly.

"So you thought Dave lied when he told you about a woman winning a few thousand off a faro bank," Slim continued, and his own voice became edged with contempt.

He had small liking for this stolid, bitter-tongued rancher and a sudden resolve formed in his mind. Jennie had wondered what would become of Steve when she sent him away. His code would not have permitted him to inform for any monetary reward. But that Jennie should have no regrets ——

"So you thought that story was a lie," he repeated, leaning forward, speaking with deliberate insolence, baiting this huge, squat man. "Listen, fellow, let me tell you a real story. Let me tell you about a sport that blew into a camp where I once worked—a broke sport with less than a hundred dollars in his poke. It was a boom camp, where a hundred dollars wouldn't more than buy a meal ticket. This lad I'm telling about was hungry when he hit the place and started hunting for an eating house. But he found a roulette wheel before he found a lunch counter and he stopped to put down a bet. He won, straight up, thirty-five silver babies for the one he had put down. He bet again, and won again. Ten dollars was the limit for a bet in that house, and soon he was putting down the limit—ten bones a bet, spread all over the table. I'll make this story short," Slim said, interrupting the flow of his narrative. "I'll make it short. The owner of the house came over and took the wheel and lifted the limit to the ceiling. In less than an hour that broke sport, that lad with less than a hundred dollars in his jeans, had won all the cash in the house—more than fifty thousand dollars.

"'You're a game old thing,' he said to the man who owned the house. 'Bring out a deck of cards and I'll give you a chance to win it all back. I'll cut, high card, to see if you get it all back or if I keep it and the house with it.'

"'You're on,' the owner said. 'High card takes it all.'

"So they cut," Slim said, sneering at the disbelief he saw in Brenton's face. "They cut and this broke sport I'm telling about won the whole works—saloon, gambling tables and more than fifty thousand in cash. How's that for a story?"

Brenton's face flooded with slow anger.

"I was right in what I said," he declared. "Edwards isn't so gabby as you are, but he's a better liar. A fool might have believed what he told about a woman winning five thousand dollars. But what you tell—cutting cards for fifty thousand—not even a fool would believe that."

Then Dave Edwards spoke, not heeding Brenton's words.

"I was there that night," he told Slim. "The greatest run of luck I ever saw, though small good it did the lad. He began boozing and went out with pneumonia in less than a month."

(Concluded on Page 158)

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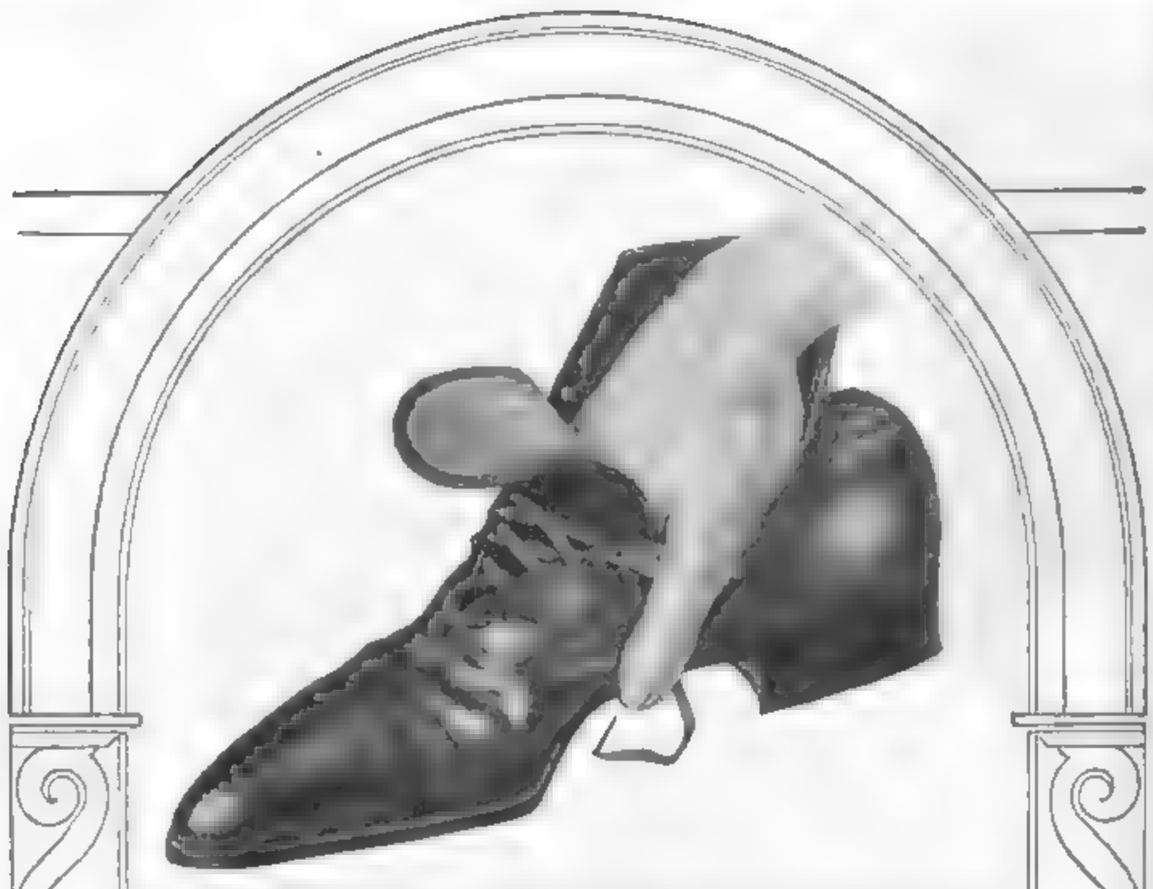

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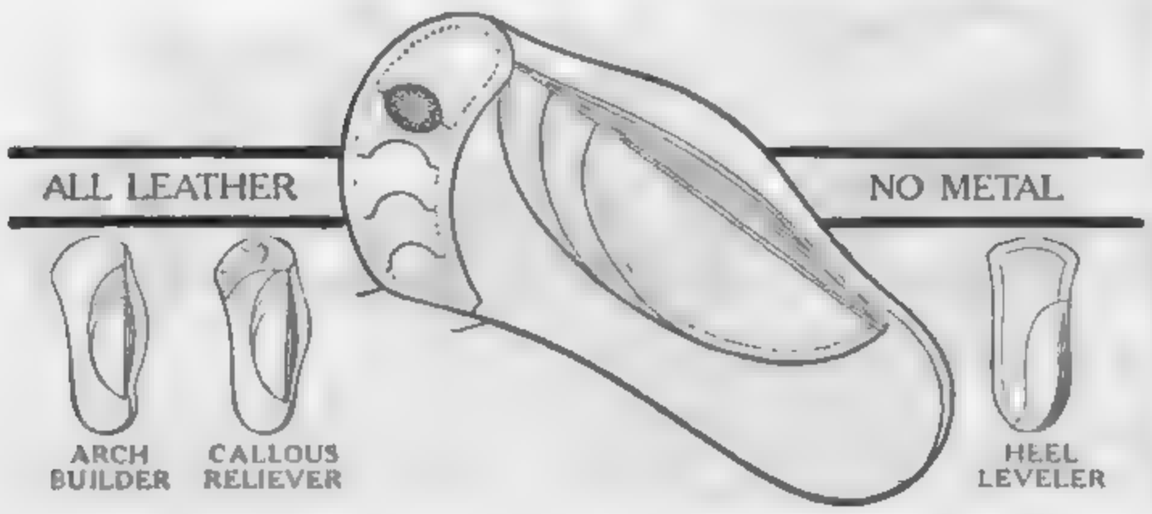

(Concluded from Page 156)

Now Brenton spoke again, sullenly, feeling he was being made the butt of some incomprehensible jest.

"Do you mean to say that's a true story?" he asked. "That a man would lose all his money and then risk his property at one cut of the cards?"

Slim leaned nearer the fire and his face, marked by the welt Jennie's quirt had left, was a study in the changing, glowing light.

"I wouldn't expect you to believe that," he told Brenton. "But I'm going to tell you a story you will believe. I'm going to tell you about two horse thieves who once operated in such a country as this."

He stopped for a moment and stirred the fire to new intensity. Then he looked up at Brenton and continued speaking:

"Once I was drifting across a range of mountains with a friend of mine. Slow going it is when a man's afoot, and he'll explore old trails that otherwise he'd never notice. One evening when we were nearing the summit of these mountains we came to a place where a bunch of horses had been turned into the timber. It wasn't an old trail—not more than twelve hours old. Rustlers, we decided, traveling at night. We followed their trail into the timber until we came to where the horses were bunched in a little meadow. We hid out in the brush and waited until a lad leading a gray stallion rode across the clearing and made an opening in the brush fence. He rode on into the timber and another lad followed driving the rest of the horses."

Slim stopped speaking again for a moment and the men about the fire stirred uneasily—all but Steve and Walter. Walter was crouching riderlike on his heels, gazing with white face into the fire, and Steve sat tracing meaningless patterns in the dust at his feet.

"Rustlers should never ride conspicuous horses," Slim commented gravely. "That's where these two lads slipped up, for one of them rode a great black pacing horse and the other rode a sorrel—a flaming sorrel with dark points."

For a moment longer there was no sound or movement among the men. Then Brenton shifted his great bulk and stepped closer to the fire.

"Steve!" he said, and into the habitual harshness of his voice there came a pleading note. "Walter! Let me see you whip this lying bum!"

Still Walter sat staring silently, hopelessly, at the flames, and still Steve traced patterns in the dust.

"Whip him!" Brenton commanded again, his voice grown tense and harsh and commanding. "Whip him or you're no sons of mine!"

Then Steve looked up at his father, curiously unmoved.

"We never have been sons of yours," he stated gravely. "Chore boys when we were little and field hands when we grew bigger—field hands you could hound and drive and did not have to pay. No," he repeated, "we never have been sons of yours."

Then he rose and faced Danvers.

"Walter tried to keep me out of this," he said. "He told me we would slip somewhere. But you set a price on Jennie and I had made up my mind you would pay part of it, so I took your stallion."

He stopped speaking suddenly, realizing the futility of trying to explain the thing he had done. For a moment he turned and looked toward the inviting lights of the house with hopeless, bitter yearning.

"I'll be riding now," he said abruptly, facing the men round the fire. "You fellows I like—don't follow me."

There was no threat in his voice, only a grim foreknowledge of the ride he must make. Walter rose swiftly to his feet.

"I'll be riding with you, Steve," he said.

Their father watched them as they hurried toward the barn. Then he spoke, gesturing through the darkness toward his own ranch.

"It was all to be theirs," he said, groping to understand wherein he had failed in duty toward them. "I tried to make them see." Then he turned, that huge, harsh man, and his voice broke in a cry of sorrow. "Give them till morning!" he pleaded. "Give them till morning and I'll make good all they took!"

"Until morning then," Danvers agreed grimly.

Dave Edwards shifted in his place and stretched and yawned. The play was finished and he was ready for his bed.

"I hate these cold nights," he said. "I'd like to be drifting south for the winter. I've been reading of a new camp down in Nevada—high grade, if a man can believe the papers. I'd like to see what it amounts to. A New York syndicate has bought most of the likely looking claims and will soon begin exploring with the diamond drills."

Slim rose and stretched and shivered.

"A new camp and the diamond drills!" he mused.

Far on the southern horizon like a gray shadow against the gray night sky rose the crest of a lone mountain.

"I've been honing to see what I'll see on the other side of that hill," he said.

Then he turned to Larry and took his hands for a moment.

"Good luck to you," he congratulated, nodding toward the house. "The pure quill, that theory of yours. I'm leaving a few little things for your wedding present. And remember what I told you about Seattle—a great li'l' ol' town for a honeymoon. I'll blow in there for a bit of a time next June. Maybe I'll see you there. So long, boy. My blankets are rolled and I'm drifting now."

Danvers' neighbors—quiet, stolid men whose lives were ordered by the sun and by the changing seasons—were going by twos and threes to the barn, where their blankets had been spread in the hay.

Some of them stopped for a moment to watch this ten-day stiff as he went whistling light-heartedly down the lane toward the open country.

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TRUCKS

IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 25)

was she in her recital. And it was only when she had quite finished and was waiting for him to speak that he mastered his emotions sufficiently to look at her with his honest, suffering eyes.

"So he is alive?" he said simply. "And, of course, you have to go to him, old girl. There is something wrong with this crook idea. That man is not a crook."

"Thanks, Dicky!" said Peaches, her eyes filling as she covered his hand with hers for an instant. "I know there isn't any reason to believe in him—but I do, just the same."

"But there is a reason," said Dick unexpectedly. "Look here, Peaches, I suppose I ought to have told you this when I first came back. But I didn't first off, because I found you engaged to another man and apparently happy. I didn't want to go raking over old wounds. So I didn't even speak of him except to say that I'd heard he was killed in a gallant action—and I never even said that much until you mentioned it first—do you remember?"

"Yes," she nodded. "Go on, Dicky!"

"But I'd seen him while I was over there," he said. "I—well, it was rather by accident, but I happened to save his life. Oh, not the last time! Up to to-night I thought he was dead, the same as you did. But before that. It was the time I got the Italian medal ——"

"So that was why you wouldn't talk about it!" I ejaculated. But neither paid any attention to me.

"He asked a lot about you," Dicky went on. "And I told him all I could. About the ranch, and what you and Miss Freedom were doing. He was just crazy to hear. But he didn't want me to tell you about him. 'I'm not fit for her, Dick,' he says to me. We was both getting over scalp wounds then and used to sit out in front of the hut and talk a lot. 'I got out of her life for her own good,' he says. 'And if it ever comes natural tell her I didn't intend to kill the chap at the railway station—it was in self-defense.' That's what he told me. And then he tried to give me a ring he had, because of me having the luck to save him, see? But I wouldn't take it. So he give me his address in case I ever needed anything."

"His address?" said Peaches chokingly. "Why, Monteventi is his address, surely?"

"Yeh—but he give me another one besides," said Dick. "Though, of course, I heard after that he had gone west, and so I kind of forgot about it."

"If he had another address it must have been where he could be reached in an emergency!" cried Peaches. "Can't you remember it, Dicky? Oh, think! Please try to remember it!"

"I guess maybe I got it on me," said he with a curious shyness. "I—wrote it on the back of your picture. I—I carried it along through the war. I might have it now, at that."

From the inside of his coat he took a thin wallet, through which he pretended to search while we watched breathlessly. And there, as I had anticipated, was the portrait of Alicia—Alicia at sixteen with her heavy hair in braids over either shoulder and a Mexican sombrero shading her laughing eyes. He turned it over and she gave a little cry as she recognized her lover's name—followed by an address in Hoboken!

We exchanged a look of wonder.

"By gosh, I'll bet a dollar that's where he is to-night!" exclaimed Talbot. "Not a very tasty neighborhood, but just the kind of a place a bird like him would fly to for cover. And see the way I was to address him. S. M., care of Smith! He said they forwarded his mail for him. Peaches, I'll go there for you the minute I get you two girls safe at a hotel!"

"You will not!" said Peaches. "Because we are going with you."

"Oh, come—that's not right!" protested Dick. But nothing would dissuade Peaches.

"Well—we may need some money," said he, at length consenting to the mad scheme. "I've a few dollars, but eventually we'll have to get some more. Did you bring any, Peaches?"

Her face dropped in dismay.

"I never thought of it!" she gasped. "And my purse was on the dressing table too!"

"Never mind!" said I, plunging my hand into my reticule. "I have brought a check book and I have a lot of money in the bank."

With which I drew out—not my check book at all, but the black leather wallet which Peaches had thrown into the pond out at the ranch, and which I had subsequently rescued.

For a moment we all gazed at it stupidly. Then Peaches recognized it and snatched it from the table.

"Sandy's wallet!" she cried. "Freedom Talbot, where did you get this thing?"

"I—I found it in the garden out at home," I stammered, blushing violently, "and I kept it in case—that is, I thought that perhaps sometime ——"

"I see!" said she in a tone which led me greatly to fear that she did.

"What is it?" our escort now wanted, not unnaturally, to know.

"It's something of his—the duke's," I said. "Peaches has had it for years."

"Give us a look-see!" asked Dick, stretching out his hand for it. Rather reluctantly she allowed him to take it.

"I bet there's something sewed inside that lining!" he commented after a moment's examination. "Let's open her up!"

"No!" cried Peaches, snatching it back. "If there is it's none of our business. I'll just take care of it, thanks! And now about money—our not having any lets us out of the hotel plan, Dick; and, anyhow, if we cash a check we can't do it before to-morrow. In order to get into a decent hotel without any bags we'd have to prove who we are, and then pa would spot us first thing in the morning."

"Besides which, if Sandro is really at this Hoboken address, he will very likely be gone by morning," I added; "if indeed he has not already left it."

"You said it!" cried Peaches. "Come on, let's go! The Lord only knows when that ex-sheriff of a parent of mine will have a posse on my trail!"

We acted upon this, the combined wisdom of all three of us and, paying our modest indebtedness to the midnight-luncheon establishment, betook ourselves back to the automobile and the pursuit of our quest.

How silent are the busy marts of Manhattan in the small hours of the night! With her pearl like lamps the only sentinels along our way, we sped into Broadway and thence across the park and down Fifth Avenue almost as rapidly as we had proceeded along the Albany highway from Ossining, turning west at some side street evidently familiar to Richard, the chauffeur, since the days of his debarkation, and sped toward a westbound ferryboat.

It was a great comfort to me to realize that the city of Hoboken itself would not be wholly unfamiliar to him either, inasmuch as he had left for Europe from that port as a soldier, and had again visited it in the same capacity two years later upon his return. Therefore, he could, of course, be relied upon to know something about the place, and just how undesirable he considered the section for which we were headed might be. It did not, however, occur to me to question him on this point until the lights of the opposite shore were drawing near. We had remained seated in the auto, which was driven bodily upon the lower section of the ferryboat.

"Richard," I said, "do you consider the section for which we are bound a residential one?"

"I do not!" he responded promptly. "I'll say the inhabitants usually make about a week-end of it before they are invited to Sing Sing. I wish I had thought to bring a gun along!"

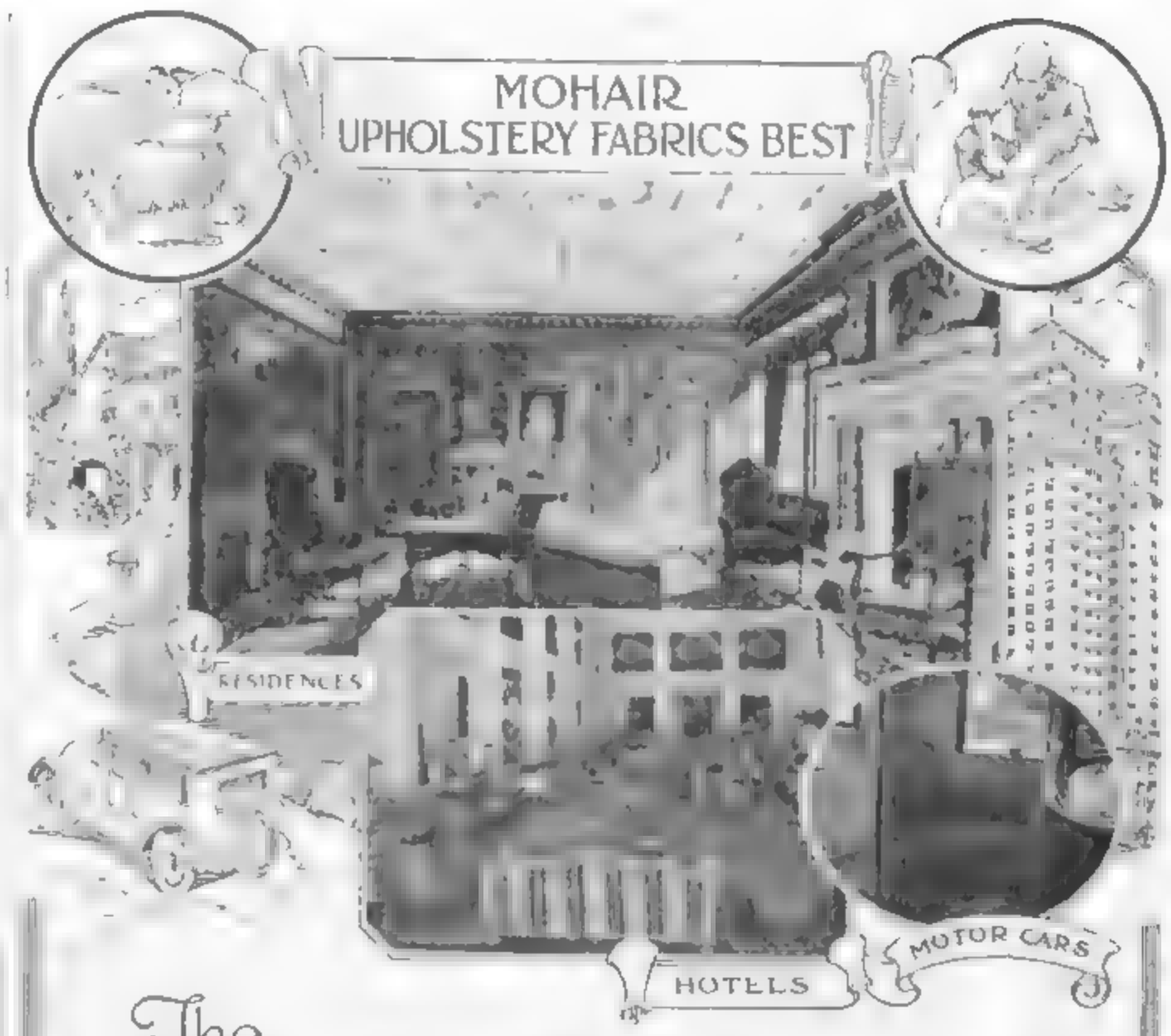
"If a revolver will do as well," said I, "I have one upon my person. It is that which I obtained from that gambling creature in Monte Carlo."

"Good girl, Aunt Mary!" he exclaimed. "Slip it to me, will you?"

"In order to do so I must retire to the ladies' cabin," I replied with dignity, "inasmuch as it is attached to my—my garter."

"Well, if you aren't a caution to rattlesnakes!" exclaimed he. "All right, sport, only hurry up, for we'll be landing in a few minutes now."

I alighted from the rear of the machine with all possible celerity and made my way upstairs to the higher deck and the retreat which I sought. Putting the firearm into my reticule I was about to descend when the sight of a familiar figure standing on



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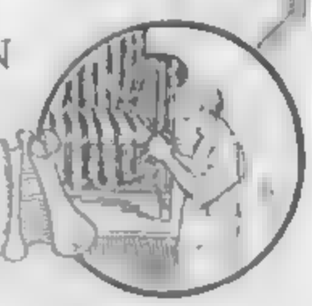

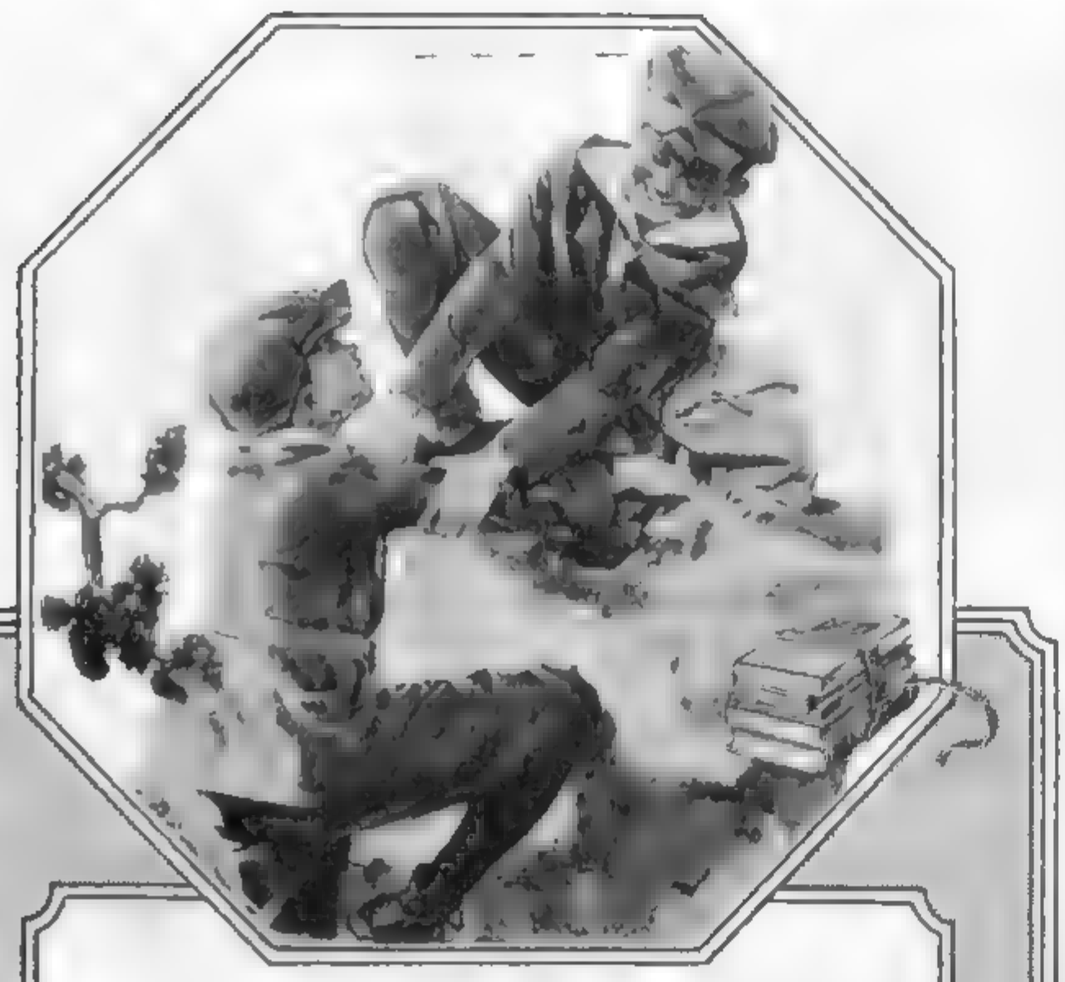

Rocks and boulders were *made* to be climbed—every boy knows that!

Guaranteed Clothes for the Rough-and-Ready Ones

YOUR boy never thinks of his clothes if there is a hill to climb or a boulder to scramble over. Not he! He's a *boy*. *You* are the one to worry.

But you need not worry if he is dressed in the clothes built for hard knocks—in Dubbelbilt Clothes. They're made with a double thickness of cloth at the seat, elbow, and knees—with reinforced pockets and seams. And every suit is *guaranteed for six months' service.*

They're stylish, too, and attractively cut. The fabrics are very strong. They are Walcloth long-wear materials, in browns, blues, greens, grays, olive, and mixed shades.

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DUBBELBILT
Boys' Clothes
"Cravenette" Proofed
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the front deck of the vessel, his face sharply outlined against the light, arrested my action and my attention.

It was the detective named Pedro—he who had posed as night watchman at the villa—and he was standing right where he could not fail to see our car and recognize its occupants the moment we drove out to land.

It was an emergency and I steeled myself to meet it intelligently. If I were to go below at once all I could accomplish would be the warning of my companions. Still, what better course offered? None that I could see at first. Pedro had not seen me as yet, but continued to stand looking out toward the Jersey shore. And while I hesitated as to what I should do the Divine Providence which looks after lovers put a means of eluding him into my very hands, as it were.

From a door close beside me and which was marked "Private" in large letters there at this moment emerged a man in overalls. The door swung to behind him, locking with a snap, and an instant later he discovered that he had left something in the cabin and being in a great hurry swore shockingly as he fumbled with his keys, for he was obliged to unlock the door, which fastened with a spring lock, before he could get back into the place. The dock was very close now, and the bell was clanging loudly. In another moment we would have touched. The mechanic's haste was frantic, which, of course, caused him some further delay, but at length he succeeded in opening the door again. On the instant finding myself unobserved I slid about a quarter of my little pack of playing cards into the jamb of the door. They were just of a sufficient thickness to allow the door to shut without permitting it to lock. The mechanic having found what he wanted came out, swung the door, as he supposed, close, and went on his way.

Hardly had he vanished down the stairs when Pedro saw me and at once approached, raising his hat with a sarcastic politeness that thinly veiled a sneer. And as he came I knew for certain that he was the man whom it had twice already been my pleasure to foil. Nevertheless, I greeted him pleasantly enough.

"Ah—good evening!" said I. "You are looking for Mr. Markheim, I suppose?"

Well, the fellow looked a good deal surprised at that, but he wouldn't admit it—not he.

"Yes, of course," said he, to draw me out.

"This is splendid!" I said heartily. "We were afraid our telegram hadn't reached you. He's just inside in this cabin. Won't you go in?"

The room lighted automatically as the door was pushed inward. He entered, I pulled out the cards and slammed the door behind him just as the clamor of our arrival at the hospitable Hoboken shores drowned out all immediate danger of his cries being heard.

But I ran down the stairs to the car like—like the very deuce, as my dear father used to say. And climbing into my place I leaned over and slipped the revolver into Dick's pocket.

"Drive like Sam Hill!" I commanded in a fierce undertone. "I've just locked Pedro into the firemen's washroom and he's not going to like it very much!"

XVII

THOUGH I made this remark with a pleasant smile to give the appearance of passing a joke, in case Pedro's partner should prove to be on board and watching us, Dicky smiled back but nevertheless acted upon my hint without delay; and as a combined result of our smiling faces the gateman grinned as well and permitted our car to debark first.

The delay on the pier, where we were obliged to proceed at a snail's pace, was a dreadful strain. Suppose that Pedro's cries were to be heard, and, rescued, he tore down upon us? I shuddered at the thought. But at length we were past officialdom and speeding up the hill and into the city's silent and deserted ways. Dicky turned his head to question me, almost colliding with a lamp-post by so doing, but with his usual nonchalant skill saving us by a hair—or so it appeared to me.

"Now what the devil did you say you did?" he wanted to know.

"Pedro—the detective," I said—"I locked him up on the boat!" I repeated.

"Good heaven, Freedom! How?" cried Peaches.

I told them briefly. Richard, the chauffeur, gave a long whistle.

"Then it's more than likely we are headed right!" said he. "Gosh Almighty, Aunt Mary, I hope I never get in wrong with you!"

"Why?" I demanded. "I simply do the obvious thing as occasion arises."

"Well, give us a little advance notice when you are going to pull something out of the usual," he replied cryptically, and turned his attention back to the car—for which I felt profoundly grateful—and to scanning the corner lamps for the name of the avenue which we were seeking.

Fortunately the streets were literally deserted and so we escaped notice. If anyone had followed us from the ferry he would have been visible many blocks away. The only living creature we passed in fifty squares was a marauding cat which shot across our path like a black arrow.

"Good luck!" commented Peaches.

But the remark failed to reassure me, for by now we had discovered and turned into our avenue, and its aspect was most decidedly not residential. In point of fact it could hardly be said to contain houses, much less anything worthy of being dignified by the name of residence. It was quite unlike any part of Boston with which I was acquainted, and I did not fancy its atmosphere, which was redolent of gas, to say the least. Moreover, it was not at all a suitable place for a duke to live, even when in retirement from the police. I should have felt something on upper Fifth Avenue much more fitting—say, in a secret chamber in the neighborhood of the Plaza. Or in the mansion of some aristocrat out, let us say, at Hempstead, which I understand contains many fine estates.

The quarter through which we were proceeding was impossible—simply impossible! I trust that there is very little of the snob in me, at least of that species of snob which cannot distinguish between genteel poverty and common poverty. Mere shabbiness is no cause for losing caste, as I myself know full well. And so I would have said nothing to a shabby neighborhood. But this was not even, properly speaking, a neighborhood, being, as it was, chiefly composed of gas tanks which towered heavenward in shadowy menace, of warehouses with blank faces and unpleasant odors.

Between these at rare intervals were sandwiched little groups of houses—part of what might originally have been rather a fine terrace. Three-story brick affairs they were, that once might have looked out upon the river before their giant neighbors had risen to obstruct the view. They stood in little groups of three or four, huddled together and squeezed on either hand by elbowing dirty lofts or other commercial tramps of buildings. Most of them appeared to be used for the storing of hides, to judge from the refuse in the street before them; some had been ruined by fire without being demolished, others gaped with broken windows behind their "For Sale" signs—drearily awaiting purchasers who never came.

But here and there among them were a few which gave indication that human beings still used them as habitations—a dirty window curtain, a set of battered shades, a stoop less cluttered than those of the neighbors, and occasionally a dingy notice that there were furnished rooms to be had. But nowhere any light. It was like a city of the dead—or like a town long abandoned. It was difficult indeed to realize that on the morrow—nay, later on in this very morning—the place would be a busy waterfront.

It was before one of these poor houses that Richard, the chauffeur, at length came to a halt; an exceptionally moldy and uninviting specimen it was, with the storage terminal of some exporting company on the one hand of it and a string of unsavory-looking lodgings upon the other. The number for which we were looking was discernible, though scarcely legible, above its closed storm doors—Number 1162. There could be no mistake. It was our destination. But it certainly did not look inviting. From cellar to attic the shutters, though sagging precariously on their hinges, were closed, and the areaway was obstructed by empty crates, evidently refuse from its business neighbor.

"It doesn't look as if a soul were home," I observed. "How very disappointing!"

"Houses that refugees are hiding in don't exactly open up like hotels," observed Dicky dryly. "The question now is, how do we get invited in without bringing a lot of attention on ourselves?"

(Continued on Page 166)

"Yes, John, I buy the stockings and have to darn them. 'Red-line-in' shoe lining is saving you money and saving me a lot of darning and it makes the shoes wear longer."

Reduce the family stocking bill

You can save a lot of stocking-money, a lot of stocking-darning and a heap of shoe-money—

by insisting—when you buy shoes—that your dealer give you shoes LINED with "Red-line-in" lining.

"Red-line-in" is the most satisfactory lining made—in ALL ways. It wears remarkably at heel and toe. It's the lining-hole at heel or toe that wears out stockings. "Red-line-in" makes for comfort—no torn edges, or rolled-up lumps to hurt the foot. And because it reinforces the seams and eases the strain at wearing points, it holds the shape of the shoe and makes the shoe wear longer. "Red-line-in" adds from fifty cents to two dollars' worth more wear to your shoes.

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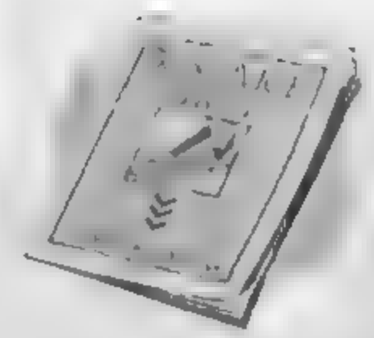

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*Ahrens-Fox	Fageol	Locomobile	Parker	Tower
Armleder	Federal	Maccar	Sandow	Walker-Johnson
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Available	G M C	McLaughlin	Schacht	White Hickory
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*Front Axles

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

(Continued from Page 162)

"Well, there's no use sitting here discussing such things!" I snapped, taking out my dear father's chronometer and looking at it under the light of the nearest lamp. "It is now fifteen minutes of three o'clock. I suggest we take some action. We can't stay here, that's plain. Listen to that thunder, will you? I wish I had worn my other hat! I just knew it was going to rain!"

"We might go up and ring the bell," suggested Peaches, climbing to the sidewalk. "That hasn't failed yet, you know."

"Since we have been fools enough to come without any definite plan," agreed Dick Talbot, "I suppose we may as well act as if it were an ordinary call. But first I'm going to run the bus round the corner and park it out of sight. They'll be more apt to open up."

He left the motor running and assisted me to alight and then drove off to fulfill this plan, returning presently on foot, whereat we ascended the broken steps together, and Richard gave the old-fashioned bell knob a vigorous pull. Faintly from below came the sound of it in due time, a harsh jangle as when a bell clangs in an empty echoing room. Then he waited, but no other sound broke the stillness.

"Try again," said Peaches after several minutes had elapsed.

And there really being nothing else to do, Dicky obeyed, with no better result. Once the faint echoes of its ringing had died away within the building all was as silent as the tomb. A cat wailed suddenly from some hidden fence, causing us to start, but that was all.

"There may be some other way in," said Richard in a low voice. "Though this is certainly the right number."

"And it may be that nobody lives here too," said I dryly, "and that we have come upon a fool's errand!"

"You knew we were chancing that!" snapped Peaches. "But I won't be satisfied to go away now—let's try the lower door!"

Well, I could not see what sense there was in that, though our escort agreed. And so the two descended from the high stoop and vanished into the darkness of the areaway, amid the crates that were heaped within it, while I remained at the main entrance. The few drops of rain which had been falling when we arrived were rapidly increasing in number and force, and the thunder drew nearer and nearer with angry mutterings.

Bitterly regretting that I had ever risked my best hat upon an adventure which seemed doomed to so tame an ending, I withdrew myself from the open stoop and sought what scant shelter the outer ledge of the storm door afforded, flattening myself as much as possible and hoping devoutly that my ostrich tips would recurl nicely.

From below came the sound of a bell, another bell this time, but ringing in just as desolate a way as that of the front door. Then again silence except for that wretched feline. Then came the sound of approaching footsteps. Someone was coming down the street!

The steps were not very loud, to be sure, the newcomer being soft shod, and after a moment I realized that Peaches and Dicky, being intent upon their immediate occupation, and furthermore cut off from this approach by being on the far side of the solid masonry of the high stoop, did not hear him. It flashed across my mind that policemen did not usually wear sneakers or rubber soles to their shoes, and that therefore this was not the roundsman of the beat. In confirmation of this supposition was the fact that whoever was approaching was in a hurry—not running, but coming on with a quick light step, very unlike the heavy deliberate tread of a night watchman wearing away the hours at his post.

Therefore I very cautiously stuck my head round the corner, only to withdraw it instantly and remain motionless, soundless, against the door. It was a man who was approaching, his arms filled with bundles such as would indicate a visit to some all-night grocery or, more likely, delicatessen store; and his enormous height made him unmistakable. It was Sandro.

All unknowing what surprise awaited him, he ran lightly up the steps, glancing up and down the street as he did so. And as he reached the top step I fell upon him from the shadow, throwing both my arms round his neck and causing him to spill a half dozen oranges, which bounded down into the street and areaway—one of them, I later learned, striking Richard upon the head and thus giving him notice that he was wanted.

"Sandro!" I cried. "Thank goodness you came home—my hat would have been ruined in another five minutes!"

"Good Lord! Miss Talbot!" he stammered, making a futile effort to free himself of me.

But I hung on like a leech. I feared that if I relaxed my embrace for an instant he would make a dash for liberty.

"Oh, but I'm glad to see you!" I said. "Fear not, we know all, but are still your friends."

By that time Peaches and Dicky were with us. Seeing this I let him go, and for a moment he stood there looking dazedly from one to the other, a side of bacon sticking grotesquely out from under one arm, a bottle of milk held firmly in the other hand.

"Alicia!" he murmured, scarcely able to believe his eyes. "I don't understand. And Dick ——"

"Neither do we quite get it," responded Dick cheerfully. "That's why we are here. Just hand over the eats, old man, and let us into this palace of yours, where we can chin a little less conspicuously! Hurry now, before some unwelcome party tries to join us!"

Spurred into a sort of hypnotic life, the duke obeyed, finding a key and entering first. Peaches went next, slipping her hand through his arm as she went; and hastily picking up two of the oranges and a loaf of bread, which fortunately was nicely wrapped in glazed paper, I followed them, Dicky bringing up the rear and closing the door behind us.

Then the duke turned on a light, after a brief interval which can only be explained by—well, it was probably Peaches' fault. At any rate he turned on a light, which disclosed a shabby, threadbare hallway, and then opening the door at his right indicated that we should enter.

Now it was one of my dear father's iron-bound rules that no well-bred person ever evinces surprise at his surroundings; but it is my firm conviction that even he would have excused the exclamation which burst from my lips upon entering that apartment; in point of fact it is quite possible to conceive of his joining with me in expressing astonishment. For far from being the sordid den which I had been prepared to see, it was a room of such luxury as I have seldom beheld. The furniture was fit to grace a museum, the rugs were priceless, while on the wall hung several fine paintings, among which I was horrified to recognize the Florentine Madonna and one of Tintoretto's gems. There were other art treasures too—carvings, candelabra and goodness only knows what not. At the moment my interest focused so sharply upon the central figures in the drama that I was unable to register more than a chaotic impression of immense wealth. The museums of Europe might well have envied that collection.

The duke turned quietly to Peaches.

"Alicia!" he said. "Now tell me—I don't understand why you have come. It cannot be to betray me."

"Sandro!" she cried. "It is I who don't understand. You can't be a common thief! And if you are, I don't care. You—you may get over it. And I came because I love you. Do I have to tell you that? I'm never going away from you again!"

The duke turned very white and backed away from her.

"Look here!" he said. "I can't let you do this, you know. I've run away from you once—don't make it impossible, Alicia!"

"But I have loved you right along," she persisted. "We heard that you were dead—and so I thought I might as well marry Mark, you know—because nothing seemed to matter. Oh, don't send me away! Look—I have carried your wallet all these years."

Well, of course, Peaches exaggerated a little when she said that, but it was no time for correcting her statement. And anyhow the duke didn't seem to care. With a swift gesture he took it from her.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked, looking into her eyes. "No? And still you believe in me!"

"I knew there was something in it!" exclaimed Richard, the chauffeur. And he was right. There was. To think that I could have overlooked such a fact!

Back from Vacation

It was a great vacation, but I am glad to be back.

I've often heard people speak of coming home to rest up after a vacation. They said it as a joke, but there's a certain amount of truth in it.

A vacation is lots of fun, but there's no denying the comfort of getting back home.

My own bed, the good home-cooking, the conveniences of my own clothes closet and the luxury of my own bathroom certainly look good to me.

But the greatest pleasure of all is to get back to my own porch with my favorite cigar—CINCO—the most restful cigar in America.

STICK TO

IT'S SAFE

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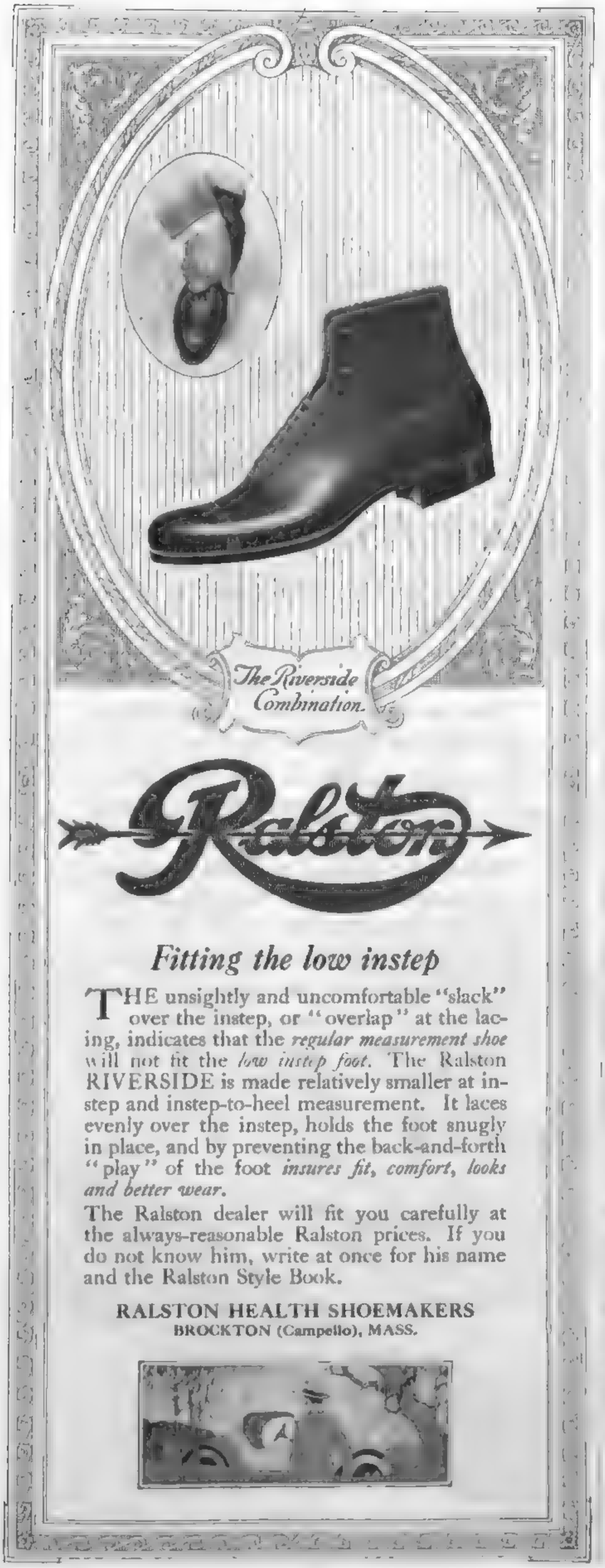

Fitting the low instep

THE unsightly and uncomfortable "slack" over the instep, or "overlap" at the lacing, indicates that the *regular measurement shoe* will not fit the *low instep foot*. The Ralston RIVERSIDE is made relatively smaller at instep and instep-to-heel measurement. It laces evenly over the instep, holds the foot snugly in place, and by preventing the back-and-forth "play" of the foot *insures fit, comfort, looks and better wear.*

The Ralston dealer will fit you carefully at the always-reasonable Ralston prices. If you do not know him, write at once for his name and the Ralston Style Book.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
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Hurriedly the duke took out his penknife, ripped the edges apart, and from the interlining took out a thin packet wrapped in waterproof tissue. And I had felt that pad and thought it was mere stuffing! With skillful—too skillful—fingers he unfolded the covering, and opening up the paper it contained he spread it upon the table for us all to see.

"Look!" he said. "I want you to understand what this is before we go any further. This bit of paper is a *carte blanche* from—from a very important person in Italy. See, his signature."

We looked—and though I was the only one of the three that could read Italian the two others were scarcely less impressed than I was. For the duke had spoken truly.

"*Carte blanche*," said Peaches. "That means 'free hand,' doesn't it? But how does that square you, Sandy dear?"

"It doesn't, really," said he. "But if you'll all sit down I'll tell you just where it comes in. It's rather a long story," he added. "And my boat sails at eight o'clock."

As if in a dream we did as he suggested. The duke himself stood before the open hearth, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent in silence for a moment. Then he raised it as if shaking off some evil dream and began his extraordinary story.

"In the eyes of the world I am a thief," he pronounced. "In all probability the greatest thief of our day, and what is more, the most discriminating one. You see how my taste seems to run—world-renowned paintings of almost inestimable value, rare carvings, tapestries and statues. Clumsy to handle, are they not? Frightfully difficult to dispose of. But that is not the strangest part of my predications. You will notice that all of them are of the art of a single nation—Italy.

"Well," he went on, "strange as these two facts may appear, there is a stranger one still. Nothing that I have taken is ever missed. I make one exception to that—the Scarpia panels. I bungled that badly. And then last night—if it had not been for Markheim's brutality to you"—here Sandro's face grew livid at the recollection—"if it had not been for that interruption, when I remembered that I had left your little knife on the frame and returned to get it because I could not endure to leave behind the only souvenir I had of you—I would have got away clear. You people would have gone on living with that replica, boasting of it, perhaps, to the end of your lives, and then handing it down to posterity as a treasure of the highest order. I can assure you that there is more than one great collector in whose service I have been, or in whose house I have visited as a guest, who is doing that very thing."

"But, Sandro!" cried Peaches. "What did you do it for? You couldn't sell such things. Where are they? Or are these some of them?"

She indicated the contents of the room with a sweeping gesture.

"These are my weapons," he said, smiling. "Replicas, all of them, to be used as the occasion rises; as I locate some treasure and plan to acquire it."

"But do you sell them?" she persisted.

"No," said he.

"Then you keep them? You take them for yourself?" she cried incredulously.

"I haven't got one of them," he declared, "except the Madonna of the Lamp. And I'll not have her long."

"But do you mean to say you use a fence?" Dicky broke in.

"I do not," replied Sandro. "Every one of these paintings that I have recovered is in the hands of the proper authorities—where they all both morally and legally belong!"

His voice had taken on a new tone and we looked at each other in astonishment.

"Then this paper ——" began Peaches.

"Was for an extreme emergency only," replied Sandro. "I have never had occasion to use it before But to-night I may need to, because I'm going to give up my job. If the police come I shall let them in I can't go on any longer because of you!"

She went to him then, and we turned our heads away. It was later, when, still uninterrupted by the police, we were enjoying a breakfast of the groceries which the duke had brought in, that we learned the rest of the tale.

It seems that both Sandro and his brother, Leonardo, had a passion for art, a natural inheritance from their father. And indignant at the spoliation of Italy by wealthy foreigners they had determined to recover for Italy every object of art upon which they could lay their hands that had been illegally smuggled out of the country by unscrupulous foreign capitalists.

"I was the more adept," said Sandro, "and so my brother has for years acted merely as a sort of curator for the originals until means could be found to place them on public view again. He has them at Monteventi, where he has lived a very retired life by preference. He is a sort of hermit at best, and it was at his desire that I assumed the title.

"At first the whole scheme seemed nothing but a lark. I was wonderfully successful and I cannot, I do not now believe that I have done anything but right in recovering these treasures from those thieves! I was deeply involved in a mesh of appearances when I met you, Alicia. It was too late to clear my heels without taking the International Secret Service into my confidence. That I felt I could not do; I had dedicated my life to the job, you see, and so I ran away from you. Then the war came. When I met Dick and heard of you I thought you had forgotten—as you ought! Peaches, I am a miserable adventurer—I haven't a penny in the world beyond a tiny income which my brother shares and which we have existed on all these years. You see, my robberies have never netted me a shilling."

"I should worry!" Peaches remarked.

"You ought to!" he admonished her. "Good Lord, when I found you were going to be married ——"

"And so I am going to be!" declared Peaches. "Sandro, you are a Dago nut, but I get you perfectly. And I'm going to keep you this time. If you will promise to get a more usual job I don't care how poor we are, only if it's all the same to you I would like to get married right after we wash these dishes. Pa may be closing in on us, and I'd like to have matters cinched before he arrives on the scene."

"Great Scott!" said Sandro. "Do you mean it?"

"I said it!" replied Peaches. "Please, Sandy, don't make me ask you twice!"

"But your poor father will be furious!" I protested. "And you'll have no bridesmaids or anything else!"

"Well, I don't know just how the law will act about your other affairs when the truth comes out," commented Dicky, "but I will say that Pa Pegg will have a hard time prying the wife of an Italian subject away from him."

"Will I stop being an American when I marry you, Sandy?" cried Peaches, showing the first extreme symptoms of excitement which she had evidenced as yet.

"Yes. But not for long," he replied. "I want to come back to this, my mother's country—and stay. And when I am a citizen you'll be one again, you know!"

And so it was that it turned out to be a good thing that I had worn my best hat after all. Because I had never been a bridesmaid before, and the feathers hadn't come out of curl after all. In point of fact the curl stayed in remarkably. I even noticed it after the steamer bearing the bride and groom had sailed and I went to the newspapers to insert the official notice of the wedding. There was a little mirror over the window and I noticed particularly.

And when this social duty was done I made Dicky Talbot drive me right to a hotel and I sent for Mr. Pegg. I was fearfully afraid, and so was Dicky, bless the dear boy's heart. But he went, as was his duty; and I waited, as was mine. No one can ever say a Talbot was a coward!

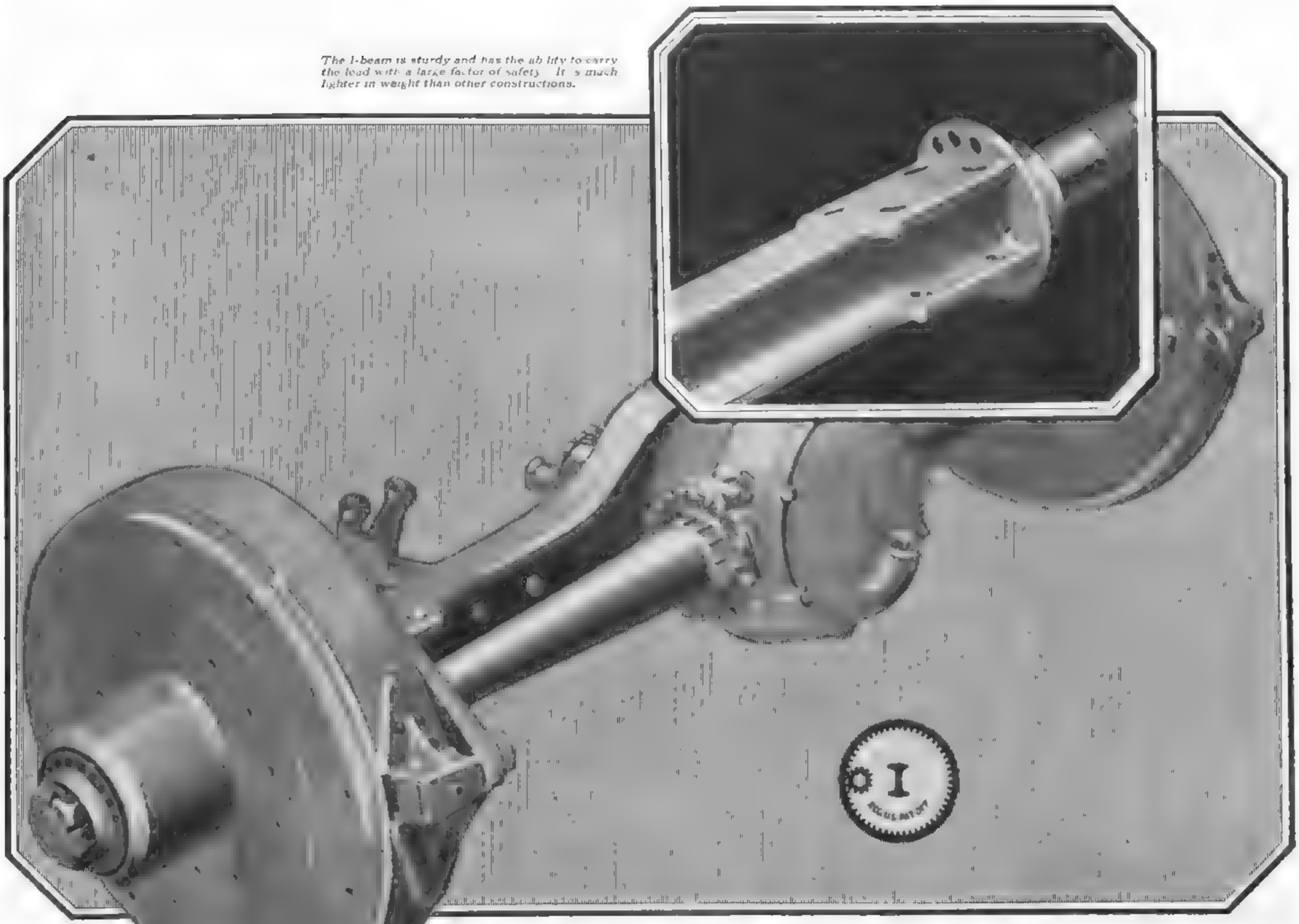
XVIII

IT WAS almost two months later before the traditional bravery of my family was really put to a supreme test, however. All that had gone before—the terrible publicity which followed upon Peaches' elopement, the escape with her husband to foreign shores and his official "pardon," the international complications which this involved and my own public identification with the whole affair—was as nothing to face when compared with the emotion which assailed me upon that late June day when I stood alone upon the threshold of my father's house in Boston, and rang the newly polished door bell.

True, I had lived much in the past six and one half years, and might justly consider myself ripe in the experience gleaned therefrom. Without doubt my worldly knowledge was far beyond that of my elder

(Continued on Page 169)

The I-beam is sturdy and has the ability to carry the load with a large factor of safety. It's much lighter in weight than other constructions.



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Maximum strength is imperative in a truck rear axle. The minimum of weight beneath the springs is essential.

The long life, and the increased hauling ability of thousands of Torbensen Internal Gear Axles, are convincing testimony of the rightness of Torbensen construction.

"I Wouldn't Part With My Utilitor for Twice Its Cost If I Couldn't Get Another Right Away"

This citrus orchard owner of *Riverside, Calif.*, says further: "It does all the Midwest Engine Company claims for it. I wouldn't think of going back to the horse-drawn way of plowing and cultivating for small and medium sized farms and ranches."

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From *Florida* comes this unsolicited indorsement of the Utilitor: "I have been out and plowed again this morning, doing as good a job of plowing with my Utilitor as anyone could do with anything and a great deal better than most jobs I have seen."

An *Indiana* farmer says with a great deal of logic: "I am very much pleased with my Utilitor and the more I use it the better I like it. Like any other machine, the operator must learn to use it before he can get the most out of it, yet it is not difficult to learn. I plow, harrow, disc, drag and cultivate with it and use it for light hauling of all kinds."

Evidently this man in the east *(Asheville, N. Y.)* found the Utilitor greater than his expectations, as he says: "The weather here has been unfavorable for working the land but I have done some plowing and the Utilitor really surprised me."

Every day is bringing to us letters unsolicited on our part which show conclusively that actual owner experience is proving the Utilitor's practicability.

Lorain, Ohio.—"I have plowed and fit up over two acres of open ground and the Utilitor worked excellently. I also use it with my auto trailer and can haul all the trailer will carry."

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Pasadena, Calif.—"We are very well satisfied with the results we have obtained from it, using it for cultivating, harrowing and furrowing all ornamental nursery stock."

Indianapolis, Ind.—"I find it very satisfactory both with the quantity and quality of the work done. I know it is far superior to using a horse in my work with garden trucking. Prospective purchasers won't go wrong in getting your Midwest Utilitor—it is dependable."

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I have only operated the machine to some extent but it works very nicely."

Baton Rouge, La.—"Received Utilitor January 27, 1920, and have same working in fine shape. Engine started the fourth turn after filling with gas, oil and water."

We believe that such evidence of the Utilitor's value and merit as expressed by these Utilitor owners constitutes a sound reason for investigating the Utilitor as applied to your problems. Complete literature on request.

DEALERS—We offer you in this food-raising necessity the opportunity of filling out your line on a profitable basis. Our dealer plan includes the fullest possible coöperation from the factory at all times. Write or wire today.

MIDWEST ENGINE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

MIDWEST
UTILITOR
Dependable Power

(Continued from Page 166)

sister, and yet nothing in my entire career caused me to experience such memories or cost me such effort as did the ringing of that bell.

Not that there was anything in the least alarming about the aspect of Chestnut Street itself. Quite to the contrary, its neat brick houses with their scoured limestone steps and carefully trimmed window boxes were peculiarly restful to the eye, to the spirit. The sheltering elm trees were in their finest plumage of delicate green, the destroying beetle being still at bay. The feather brick of the sidewalk was warmly colorful and quaint, and a flock of grackles foraged noisily in the gutter. It was indeed a street of peaceful beauty—unchanged after all this stormy interlude of the great war and the first turbulent months of reconstruction. All, all was as I had left it. Only I was changed.

And yet not so changed but that I felt the old childish fear of outraged authority upon me as I found myself about to face my sister Euphemia. The essence of her chaste personality seemed to rush out at me like a cooling wind to chill the ardor of my greeting even before I made my presence known—before I was even sure that she was at home.

For I had sent no word of my coming, wishing to take her unaware, and so surprise her perchance into some expression of warmth. Of course her ignoring of my letters and gifts was not exactly what might be called a hopeful sign. And still, hope I did, the while I feared. After all she could do no more than turn me out, and it had been my duty to come. At any rate she could not deny this, and so at length gathering my forces in a mighty effort and determining to try to be strong in my consciousness of right, and not allow her to get the better of me the way she always used to in the old days, I finally rang the bell.

My heart pounded audibly as I did so, though I scarcely know just what I expected would happen when the door opened. Goodness knows I had time enough to calm down before it did—and during the wait I had ample opportunity for observing the changes which had been made in the home of my father.

It had been newly painted, for one thing, and the rotting column of the porch which had so long distressed Euphemia had been replaced by a sound one. Moreover, the stable was in repair, and, if I could credit my senses, in use. The patch of lawn was neat and trim, and the glimpse which I got of the garden betrayed the hand of a hired man—a first-class hired man. In the parlor windows hung new lace curtains of a most elegant design. Altogether the effect was at once prosperous and dignified, and glad tears came into my eyes as I realized that this was the fruit of my labors! For this, the substantial restoration of the house which had been my dear father's pride and joy but undoubtedly rather jerry-built in the beginning, had been restored to its pristine glory by the labor of my—well, by my labor!

What a beautiful thought! How it exalted me! And dear Euphemia had a comfortable and aristocratic though virginal old age to look forward to here in a house which was henceforth to be her very own, secured in it through my bounty. What an exquisite appreciation of the virtue of generosity was mine at that moment! How glad I was that she wouldn't have a single thing to say to me for which I would not have a mighty tangible comeback!

And then just as I had reached this high peak of enthusiastic pleasure in the rewarding power of good deeds—especially good deeds that cost a small portion of a handsome income—just at this point in my reflections I heard a slow footstep making laggard response to my ringing, and at once my heart sank into my walking shoes—for I would not have dared appear in French heels—and my hands trembled in their silk gloves. Was it Euphemia herself coming to admit the wanderer? Had she grown so feeble in six and one half years that her step was slow and halting? I feared to look as the door slowly opened. Yet look I must and did.

It was an enormous colored woman.

"Yaas, Ise coming," she was beginning, when suddenly she recognized me, and her broad face lighted in a grin which extended from ear to ear.

"Lordy, if it ain't Miss Free!" she cried. "Ain't changed nothin' a-tall! My lawsy—where you-all come from, Miss Free?"

"I'm just from the train," I replied, stepping gingerly into the hall. "Surely you are not Galadia?"

"Ah sho' am!" she said. "You didn't spek Ah wuz gwine be a pickaninny no mo', did you, Miss Free?"

Of course this was exactly what I had expected—a pickaninny, fourteen-year-old Galadia, short dress, long apron and all. Indeed not to find her so was a distinct shock.

"I'm afraid I did," I admitted truthfully.

"Well, bless yo' heart, Ise got four pickaninnies of ma own!" she exclaimed amazingly. "Three triplets and one single!"

"Galadia!" I exclaimed. "And you are still working here. Why didn't you write me you had married?"

"Well, dat no-count nigger what Ah married wiv—he spen' so much time in de jail Ah reckoned Ah couldn't afford to lose all dem handsome single wages you done been sendin' me."

"I see!" I replied. "And now tell me—is my sister at home?"

"Ain't home yet!" she said. "Reckon you didn't tell her you was comin'? No! Well, jes' yo' set in de parlor an Ah fotch you a nice cup of tea!"

Despite my protest the good soul hustled off to attend to my imaginary wants, and I stood looking about me dazedly. The change in the interior of the house was even greater than the external alterations, and not nearly so pleasing.

The quaint old wallpapers were gone, and in their place were cartridge papers—new and drab. This was bad enough, but when I caught sight of mission furniture in gray oak, and an automatic piano encumbering our erstwhile rosewood drawing-room, my blood turned cold with horror. It was all new, all expensive, frightfully snappy, if I may borrow the term, and too, too perfectly dreadful! If this had been done to my mother's parlor what had become of the rest of the house? I trembled to think! But before I had opportunity to explore further the noise of a high-powered car stopping at the curb outside the door distracted my attention.

Through the lace of the new curtains I could see a slim woman in some sort of uniform, as she dismounted from the driver's seat. The car was one of those low-hung, long-chassised affairs with tool box and tires on the running board, solid wheels, no top and no windshield—a tremendously sporty affair. The chauffeuress wore heavy dust goggles and thick gloves, and over the smart uniform, the skirt of which did not quite cover her knees, a linen duster was worn rakishly.

Whistling a little tune of the type popularly known as jazz she shut off the motor and came up the front steps, letting herself in with a latchkey. By this time I was fairly overcome with curiosity as to who this young house guest of my sister's might be, and to my great delight she came directly into the drawing-room. When she caught sight of me she stopped dead in her tracks.

"Good Lord! Freedom Talbot!" she exclaimed. Then she removed the goggles with one hand and held out the other like a frank boy.

"Glad to see you, old thing!" she said heartily.

It was Euphemia!

Somehow or other I tottered to a chair and sank into it, calling feebly for "Water! Water!"

"Water! Stuff and nonsense!" said Euphemia. "A little brandy is what you need! Here you are!"

She held something to my lips and gratefully, but expecting at any moment to awaken from my dream, I drank.

"I carry it in my emergency kit," Euphemia was explaining. "Need it sometimes in my work with the boys!"

"With the boys?" I asked feebly.

If she had forthwith produced, like Galadia, a set of triplets and a single, I should not have been more astonished. In point of fact I was not capable of further astonishment because she had already taken all the astonishment I had.

"Oh! I forgot. You wouldn't know, of course!" she said briskly. "Reconstruction work. I'm on the ambulance—take 'em out for a ride from the hospital and all that. Well, how are you now? Better?"

"I'm as better as I ever shall be after seeing you in that costume, Euphemia!" I said severely. "I'm surprised at you, I really am!"

"You have nothing on me!" she retorted. "I'm as surprised at you as you

Young Men—

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IN this little book I have attempted two things; first, faithfully to portray the fall and winter styles that are accepted as in good taste by discriminating New Yorkers; and second, to convey through glimpses of some of the city's show spots a little of the fascination of New York itself.

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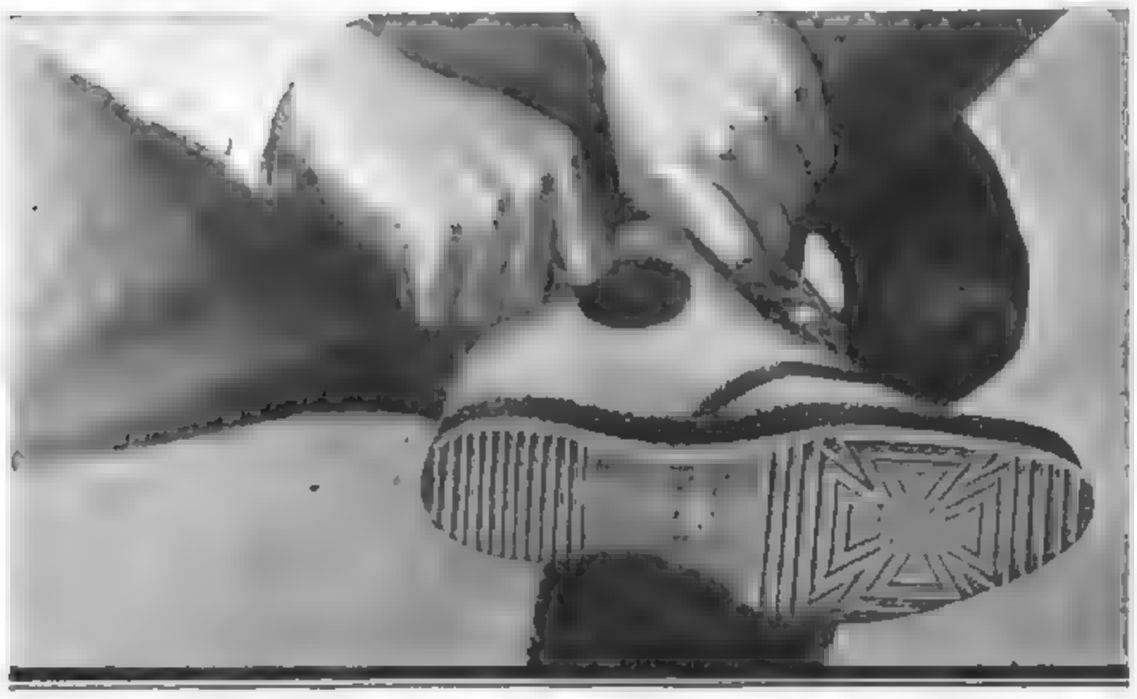

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could possibly be at me. Look at the opportunities you have had—look at the places you have been—the money you have earned—and then look at the clothes you have on!"

"What is the matter with my clothes?" I gasped, outraged at her. But laughingly Euphemia got to her feet and coming over to me lifted my reticule.

"Same old bag!" she said. "Full of junk, I suppose! Same old dress—actually the same one, I do believe! And that curled fringe. Really, my dear, at your age they are ridiculous!"

"At my age!" I fairly squeaked with indignation.

"Yes—you are far too young for them," she went on calmly. "As for those gloves and those shoes! Really, Free, it's too much! I don't understand it, really!"

This was more than human nature could endure. Either her brain had gone or mine had. My clothes, of course, were in many ways a concession to the feelings of the Euphemia I had left behind me. This new creature with her carefully massaged old face, her upright figure, her perfect hearing, was a stranger to me; but a rather splendid, competent stranger, I was forced to admit.

"Euphy!" I cried in despair. "Will you not confide in me what has come over you? What has effected this amazing transformation? You owe me some explanation! I—I don't know what to think!"

She regarded me with a look that was suddenly more serious.

"I suppose it all does seem a bit queer to you," she conceded, throwing herself into one of the hideous new chairs with a boyish abandon. "I've got used to myself, you see, and I forget. I've been so frightfully busy all through the war too. I suppose the war and being in the motor corps rather waked me up a bit. The war and Uncle Joshua's money"

"Uncle Joshua!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know we had an Uncle Joshua!"

"Well, we had, and he left me all his fortune unconditionally, about two weeks after you left home," said Euphemia. "I never wrote you, because—well, your showing all that grit, going off your own bat and all, made me frightfully jealous. Made me feel so useless. And I determined I'd make something out of myself before I got too old. And, old dear, with the masseuse I've got and the good time I'm having, I expect to live to be a hundred. You see I went to a course of lectures the first month you were away. On subconscious inhibitions and suppressed desires, they were. I bought the ticket with the first of Uncle Joshua's money. I found out at these lectures that all I had to do to be a success was to be myself. I at once started in to be myself—and—here I am!"

"And I slaved like a—a prisoner," I sniffed, "and sent you money to squander in this—this outrageous life you are leading!"

"There is nothing in the least outrageous about my life!" she snapped with some of her old-time asperity. "It's far less outrageous than my old, selfish, self-centered life was. Anybody but an old-fashioned woman like yourself would see that. And as for your money, every cent of it has been spent upon the maintenance of a motor-ambulance corps—in France during the war, and here in Boston in reconstruction since."

"It must be admitted that I find the news very gratifying," I said after a short silence. "I am sorry I was so short. But I am upset—fearfully upset. I suppose—indeed I believe that you are living as you think right. From my standpoint I think it most unwomanly. However, I want to be friends. I wish to make this visit a success. I have some other shoes, Euphemia, really I have—quite high-heeled ones. And I only keep to my curls because Mr. Pegg, my husband, admires them."

That fixed her! I noted with satisfaction the look of blank amazement which spread over her face.

"Yes, my dear!" I said. "Your masculine ways may be all very well for you. But they will never catch you a husband. For my part, nothing could appear sweeter than to go gradually down life's sunset path hand in hand with a beloved partner as I am doing—and the fact that the five-carat stone on the left one is a real diamond does not make me any the less happy." Here I withdrew my despised silk gloves and displayed the beautiful solitaire which Mr. Markheim had given to Peaches and which my dear husband had taken off the banker's hands at cost.

"And we are going to live in golden California," I went on. "Of course the East is all very well once in a while for a change, but for living give me the West. You ought to see California, Euphemia. No rain, no snow, no bad roads, no labor troubles and no high cost of living! And the delight of all the flowers you want—such blossoms—blossoms as you have never even dreamed of, all with hardly any cultivation! Such beaches, Euphemia! Such lovely houses! We never have to heat them in the winter, except occasionally, you know"

"Perhaps I'll motor out some day!" murmured Euphemia, plainly awed.

"Oh, do!" I cried. "Gasoline is only nineteen cents in California now. We grow our own, you know!"

"Must be pretty nice!" said my sister, now almost thoroughly cowed. I've noticed that is usually the effect it has upon the listeners when they get me started about the Coast.

"Oh, you'd love it!" I went on enthusiastically. "You know you Easterners never see the real California fruit. It's so much larger and finer than that which you get. Of course there is only about enough of it for home consumption, so we eat it ourselves. We couldn't supply the demand it would create. The California farmer, my dear, is the only farmer in the world who consumes his own best products. And the life is so varied—boating, swimming, fishing, hunting, tennis, tobogganing at Truckee in the winter! Everything!"

"And so you are going to live on a ranch and become a regular—er—vegetable!" exclaimed Euphemia, apparently unable to think of anything more contemptuous.

"Well, Mr. Pegg says I am pretty wild stock," I admitted, blushing, "but he hopes that by cultivating me he can tame me. And I'm sure I hope he will!"

(THE END)

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JULIE

(Continued from Page 34)

eyes mellowed and dainty curves appeared round her mouth and her very beautiful white teeth had a chance to reveal themselves. All the woman in women and all the youth in women and all the truth in women are revealed when they laugh.

And Jim Story did not know what had happened to her overnight. He did not know very much about women anyway. Few men do—except the very old, and by then it is of no consequence. It is only by instinct and the grace of God that men get along with them as well as they do. They simplify them too much in some directions and complicate them too far in others.

Jim never understood why, apparently on the spur of the moment, she quit his house; and he did not understand why, apparently on the spur of another moment, she was returning. He was grateful enough, Lord knows, that she was coming back this evening. He had made a good deal of a mess of last night's dinner and this morning's breakfast, and if Mary Ellen had not found time to get busy in the kitchen during the day Julie would find plenty of damning evidence. His idea had been to allow most of the dishes to accumulate until Sunday, when he would have more time.

But those were details. On the ride down he quite forgot them. The thing he was chiefly interested in was in making her smile for the sheer joy of watching that smile. And he found that the easiest way to do that was to tell her all the things she had lost about Jimmikins in a single day as reported by Mary Ellen.

And she said: "I missed him last evening."

"Mary Ellen declares he missed you," he answered.

"Of course that's absurd."

"I don't know. They have more senses than we—those little chaps. They do a heap of listening."

She did not answer.

"They come to learn footsteps," he said.

So do men. He had sat alone in that front room all last evening in a silence that haunted him. It was ghastly. Finally he got up and walked all over the house just to hear his own footsteps. When he came back and sat down, instantly the house became dead again. So it was like a strange house. If Edith herself could have seen she would scarcely have recognized it. Because she was life—all life—as the sun was by day and the stars were by night. She was always among living things and so must continue among living things. Ever, he thought, she must be restless among the dead.

Julie and Jim walked from the station to the house along the drowsy July roads and past the sleepy trees to the house silhouetted against a darkening sky—a house differing on the outside not greatly from the dozen other houses in the neighborhood. Yet these other houses were to Julie only so many empty shells, while this one seemed to step to the roadside to greet her. Jim Story opened the door and she went in. As she stood in the hall uncertainly, the blood in her cheeks, she heard from above a feeble cry. Without waiting to remove her hat she ran up the stairs, her heart beating eagerly.

XII

ALL the rest of that summer and all that fall and all that winter Julie took the five-ten train to Tuckahoe and came back on the nine-nine to her apartment in town. Sundays she went down on the nine-twenty. In this way she made it possible for Jim Story to keep his house against the advice of all his other relatives. She prepared his dinners, made the kitchen tidy, and arranged his breakfast things so that all he had to do in the morning was to boil his eggs and coffee. On the seventh day her reward was the privilege of playing with Jimmikins, who had grown fat and strong and more and more independent.

Then the spring came round again and once more the earth stirred and gave forth bud and blossom. The crocuses struggled up through the grass on the front lawn, and one Sunday early—it was the baby's birthday—she picked a few of the yellow ones.

She showed them to Jim Story.

"I wondered if the yellow ones would come again," he said.

"I think they came for Jimmy," she answered.

This was not an extraordinary point of view. Every good thing came for Jimmy and because of Jimmy. Both she and Story were agreed upon that. That, really, is why spring came and so insistently filled the world with color and perfume. If it quickened the older folks it was only for the sake of the younger. She felt this when the baby greeted her that morning with a laugh that made her throw two tingling arms round him and clasp him to her breast. She kissed him then beneath his pink ears, though he tried to squirm away; and then in the middle of each chubby warm hand. Even so she got little enough of him compared with what she craved.

May came for Jimmy, and June came for Jimmy, and because of Jimmy, Jim, Senior, received in that month the advance for which he had been working so hard all winter. It meant almost double his old salary and it meant assurance of his future because it carried him over the dividing line which separates the mere salary earner from an active participant in the business. It did not make him officially a member of the firm but it put him in line for that.

And the reaction upon him was immediate. Julie noticed it in the way he greeted her at the office door that afternoon even before he told her. He held his head higher and threw back his shoulders so that for a moment he looked as he did in his soldier days. She was startled at first. This was like some day-dream. She did not like going into the past. On the street she quickened her pace as though trying to walk away from it. But he took her arm.

"The president called me into his office to-day, Julie," he began.

"Jim!"

"And gave me all I hoped for, and more," he laughed.

"Then," she said, "then you're out of the woods at last."

"You bet! He's starting me on five, but that isn't so important; it's what it leads to."

"Yes," she said. "That's what counts."

"Not that the five doesn't count too," he said. "It will give me a chance to square up and—do a lot of things I want to do."

"It's safer just to stick to squaring up," she suggested.

"I'll take care of that all right," he nodded. "But there's another thing I want to do. You've been carrying too big a load. I'm going to take that off your shoulders."

"You mean ——" she faltered.

"I've got a cook coming down to-morrow."

"A cook—to-morrow?"

"You've been a brick, Julie. You've kept the old ship afloat. But I know what it has cost you in time and energy. It's been too much."

Too much! He spoke of it as too much when it was all she had; when it was not a tenth part of a tenth part of what she needed. Too much, when all she had to give was the service of her two hands. She was limited to that, and now he was taking away from her even this. She counted for but little to be sure, but that little—it was so much just because it was so little. It was all.

Yet there was nothing she could say; no protest she could make. She must sit there and nod and smile. So she did just that all the way to Tuckahoe; sat and smiled as many another woman has done with a fox gnawing at her heart. It takes a kind of nerve to do that. Because you must not let your face get stiff; you must not let your lips get dry; you must not allow your attention to flag. You must smile an easy, carefree smile that will prove how easy it is. Sometimes you must keep this up for hours.

Julie Norton kept it up all the time she was at work in the kitchen preparing his dinner for him that evening; all the time she faced him at the table; all the time they were working together afterward. At that, she hung up her dish towels a full minute before he was through sweeping the floor. Immediately he tossed his broom into a corner.

"It will seem sort of strange, at that, not to be coming out here after dinner," he said.

"Yes," she nodded, and smiled once more.

He turned out the light and they moved on into the sitting room, where he lighted his pipe and sank down comfortably into the big chair he had made his own. It would seem sort of strange, too, for her not

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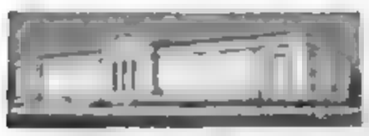

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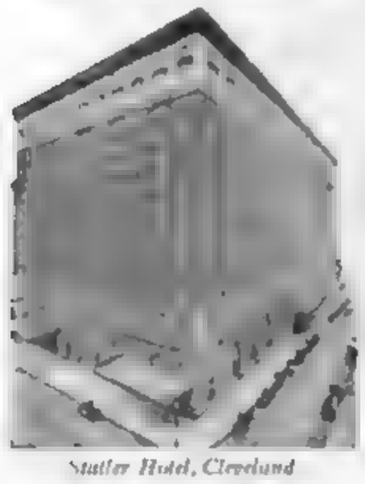

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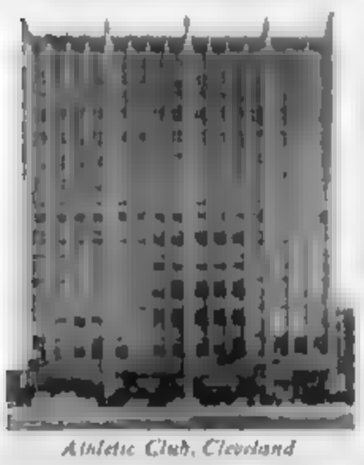

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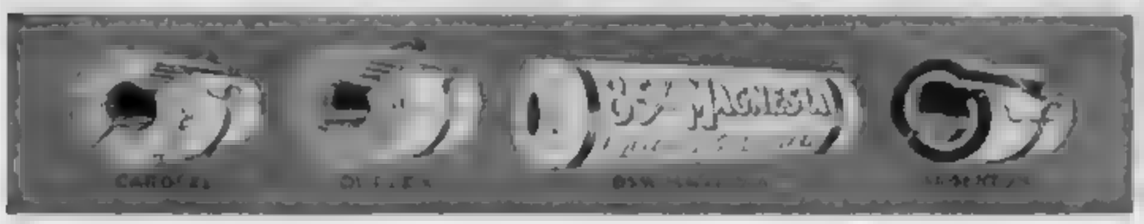


to come in here after dinner: not to smell that pungent odor of tobacco for an hour: not to be able to look up from the bit of work she always kept at hand and see his tousled sandy hair and watch his fingers curled round the stem of the old brier and be conscious of his long legs crossed at the knees. It would be strange not to be here, but absolutely it would be necessary—absolutely.

In these last few hours she had been thinking hard behind that smile. He was depriving her of the only excuse she had for coming down here day after day. He was making it impossible because he was making it unnecessary. He was doing that because, he said, it was costing her too much in time and energy. As though—as though she had anything better to do with her time and energy! As though she had anything at all, besides this, to do with her time and energy!

But that side of it was, of course, of no consequence. It was of even less consequence than ever before. The only thing remaining for her to do now—the final thing—was to keep on smiling while she made him understand, if he did not already, that after to-night she could be no more than an occasional guest here. There was no use in postponing this issue. It must be done at once.

So as Jimmy Story sat at his ease puffing his pipe and basking in the joy of his recent good fortune and she sat making her white fingers force the bright needle with its trail of yellow silk in and out of a bit of white linen that was to be a dress for Jimmikins, she said, casually enough: "Ring me up soon, Jim, and let me know how the new cook gets along."

"What do you mean—ring you up?" he demanded.

"At the office."

"But you'll be down to-morrow and see for yourself."

"No," she replied lightly; "not to-morrow."

He uncrossed his legs and leaned toward her.

"Why not to-morrow?"

"It isn't necessary."

"Good Lord!" he said slowly. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course," she smiled.

"What in thunder do you think I got a cook for?"

"To cook."

"Exactly. I got her so that you wouldn't have to waste from two to three hours every night in the kitchen."

"And I shan't, Jim."

"Then ——"

"That's all. I shall stay at home and get my own meals."

"And not come down here any more?"

"Now and then—on Sundays if I may," she nodded.

"Now and then on Sundays," he repeated.

Then Jimmy Story rose, and this made her look up quickly from her work.

"Do you think it is as simple as that?" he asked.

There was a quality in his voice she did not recognize. He was making it hard for her, and this again was not like him.

"Surely it is quite simple," she answered.

"It isn't," he burst out. "It's complicated as the devil!"

"If you'd only sit down and smoke again," she pleaded.

"I thought I was going to get more of you, and now it seems I'm only going to get less of you."

"Well?"

"I'll fire the cook. I'll fire her to-morrow morning."

"Be sensible, Jim. That wouldn't change anything, because—because now you can afford a cook."

"Then I'll chuck the new job."

He was boyish and she liked him so. But it didn't make it any easier for her. Her fingers were still moving over her work but she was making a mess of it. She was grateful enough that he did not know the difference. It was time to smile again, so she smiled—rather weakly.

"If you did that, then you couldn't afford the house," she said. "You see, Jim, life keeps moving on and it isn't ever possible to go back."

"You're the one who's trying to go back," he cut in.

"I'm just standing still."

"You can't do that," he said tensely. "You can't go back and you can't stand still."

"Then?" she trembled.

"You have to go on," he said.

"To what?" she asked in awe.

Upstairs in the dark Jimmikins awoke and called. Jim Story raised his head to listen.

"Hush!" he whispered.

He heard Mary Ellen answer, and knew she was reaching for the little fellow's hand. Satisfied, Jimmikins fell alseep again.

Jim Story turned back but Julie still heard that cry echoing on through her heart as through an empty room. It did not answer her question but it left her afraid to repeat it. And it made it impossible for her to smile any more. So, hurriedly, she rose and fumbled about for her workbag hanging from the back of her chair. She acted like one half blinded. Jim Story, moving forward to help her, found not the bag but her hand. The touch of his fingers burned.

"Julie," he whispered, "where are you going?"

"Home," she stammered.

"And you think your home is back in town?"

"Yes. Yes."

"It isn't," he answered steadily. "It's right here."

"But Edith ——"

"I don't know where Jimmikins and I can find more of Edith than in you," he answered.

She caught her breath at that.

"It is almost as though she had come back in you," he ran on. "I've felt it for a long time and I've fought against it because—because at first it did not seem quite loyal. But, Lord, we need you—Edith and Jimmikins and I. We need you to help us go on."

He was still holding her hand. His fingers were closing so tightly over hers that they hurt. And she loved the hurt of it! It was the hurt she craved. It was the hurt that seemed to satisfy her aching heart.

It was to give herself more pain that she spoke as she did.

"Jim," she said, fever lipped, "Jim—it was she—it was Edith—who carried on where I gave up."

"Then you ——"

"I'll go on as far as she went—if you'll let me. I'll go ——"

He brushed back the black hair from her forehead. He kissed her there.

"We'll both go," he answered. "We'll both go—to God knows where."

When Julie Norton went into the office next morning she found a note from the general manager awaiting her. She opened it and read as follows:

"*Dear Miss Norton:* While we appreciate the earnest and faithful work you have done in your position of manager of this branch office, we feel that the business has developed to a point where it needs more attention than you, as a woman, can give. We are, therefore, appointing Mr. John Burrowes to serve in your place but beg to assure you that we desire to retain your services as his assistant at your present salary. Sincerely yours,

"C. J. HUTCHINS, President."

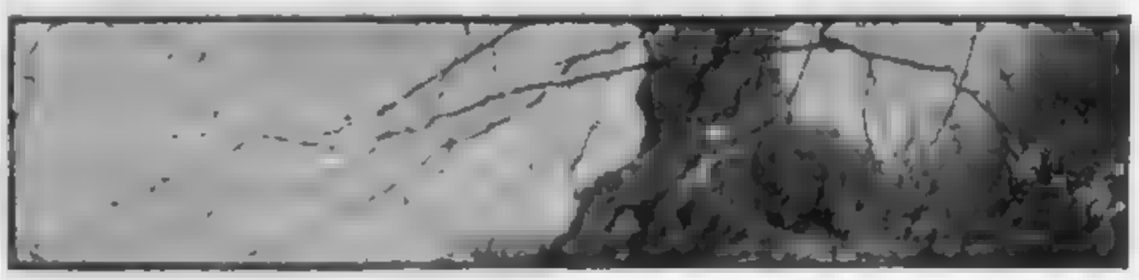
Burrowes was watching her uneasily as she read that letter. When she looked up and met his eyes he hurried forward.

"I don't feel quite right about that, Miss Norton," he said. "Of course the job means a whole lot to me but you've been a brick and ——"

Miss Norton smiled.

"It's all right," she broke in. "I want to congratulate you. You see—well, I've accepted a new position myself."

(THE END)



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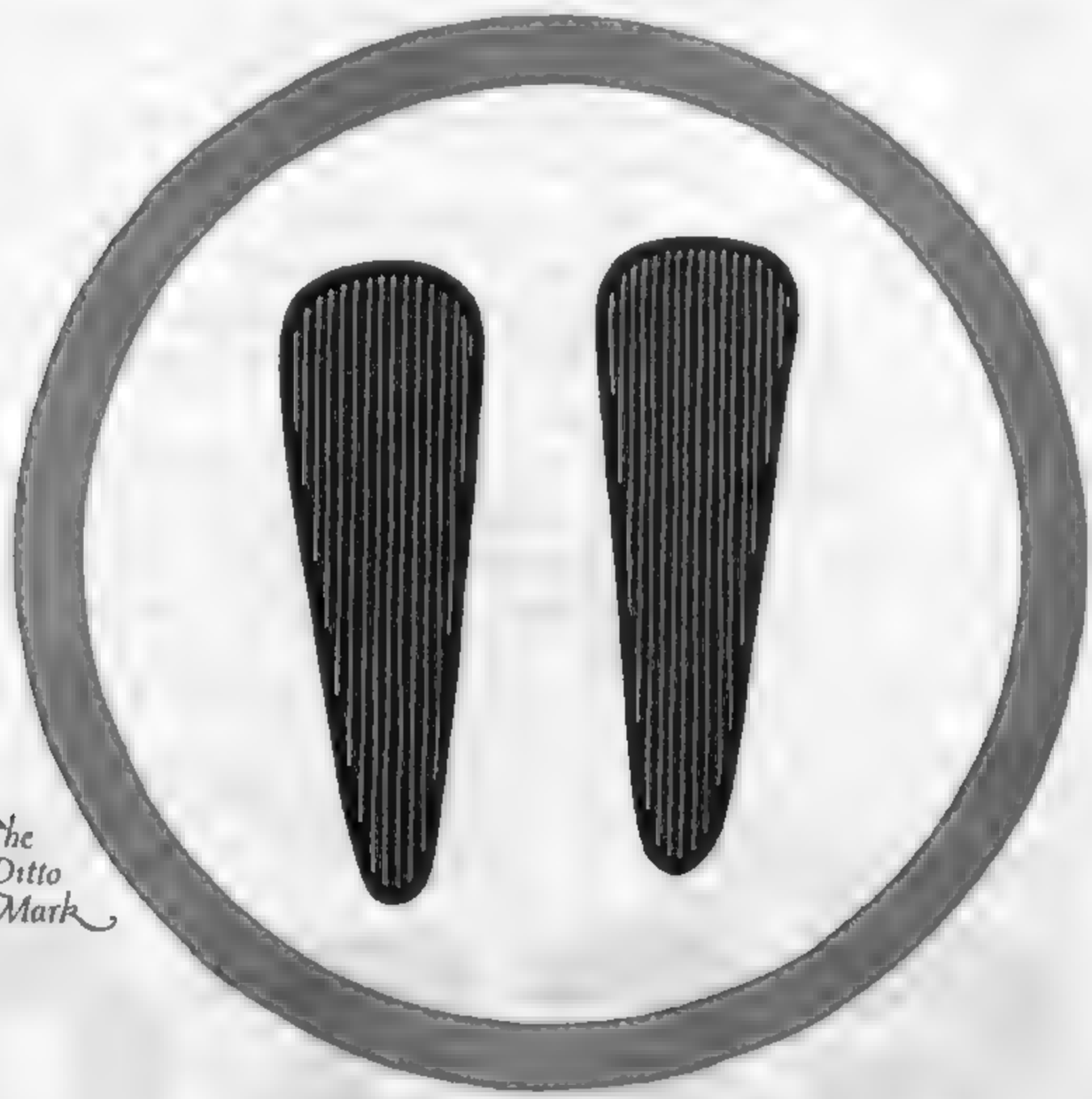

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THE BOOTLEGGERS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Halt yourself!" came the reply from the grass.

I stood up. So did he. To my utter stupefaction it was Jameson, one of Uncle Sam's special agents!

"Why didn't you tell me?" he roared.

"Who in hell are you that I should report?" I snapped.

At that moment firing commenced elsewhere.

"Good Lord!" he cried, aghast. "Your men and mine!"

That was enough. We joined forces and blew our whistles madly as we rushed toward the station.

You have heard, no doubt, of prisoners begging "Kamerad," glad to be taken? Well, we had eight prisoners of the same stripe. When Jameson and I reached the station the firing had ceased and one by one our men came in, some carrying suitcases, others supporting paralyzed, very ill-looking bootleggers.

Scott, with two of them marching unsteadily ahead of him, each carrying a load of whisky, was not in the least ruffled by the confusion of the raiding parties. Within a few moments Jameson and I counted all present, shook hands and took stock. We had a small truckload of whisky to account for, valued, at the current price, round five thousand dollars. Even with the large crowd the shooting had attracted we made an inventory.

"Is it possible that we killed any of them?" Jameson asked hopefully.

"No, sir," promptly replied Scott, smiling. "When we opened fire—I guess it was so all down the line—them birds hit the ground like we used to in France."

"Well, we'd better look round, don't you think?"

"No, sir. A few got away, I know, but we have the balance right here—eight of 'em."

I realized two hours later what President Wilson meant when he said "The right thing is the expedient thing," but I reversed the order of it and concluded, as far as I was concerned, that the expedient thing was the right thing, and the expedient thing just then seemed to be a fishing party for me and the men, at my little camp one hundred miles away. Thus, when reporters called at my office in the morning, my secretary, a very smart and tactful young woman, informed them that I was away on business and that "his men are with him." I didn't look at a newspaper for more than a week. I didn't have the heart to.

My men demonstrated in the months that followed the Moonshine Special raid their proficiency in making arrests and their impartiality to erring black and white skulls alike. Our unpopularity in the post and out of it was unquestioned.

Nothing But White Mule

A great drought set in. There were parched and venomous lips at the right and left of us. I became a melancholy Hamlet, so scarce was excitement. Then, on clear days, encouraging little wisps of smoke in the distant hills told the khaki and mufti hosts that the worm was still turning. But that, worse luck, was not my affair. Jameson and I had had an understanding. I agreed to avoid overlapping of effort and to confine my activities to the military area proper.

Military officers, who had heretofore been friendly, ridiculed me joyously and I was at a loss to account for their show of animosity. Ere long I discovered the reason—only white mule was available; but it, I observed, with greatly stimulated morale, was beginning to be plentiful. They did not like the stuff somehow.

Day after day, week after week, the grind continued. We began to receive scurrilous notes. Threats, as cowardly as the writers, were boldly delivered to me over the telephone. It was my hour of trial. The newspapers, generally loyal, assisted me in reducing to a minimum news reports of our work, thus limiting to a great extent material for vitriolic attacks by those whose illegal business we had almost ruined. To the governor I shall be everlastingly grateful, for he, whose purpose as chief executive was highly conceived and reflected in the conduct of his office, gave me loyal support.

The methods we employed in the enforcement of the law were adapted to the circumstance of the violation. I used to wonder, in idle moments, how long that floating population of parasites—the bootleggers—would hold on. Only occasionally did we find natives of the state engaged in such a practice. Armies everywhere attract undesirables, women as well as men, and the station of an army may, unless a rigid program of law enforcement be laid down, do great injustice to the reputation of adjacent communities. It was so, I know, in this case. The splendid cooperation of the civil authorities, particularly the local police, tempered the bitterness of it somewhat—but that is another story.

The tension is nerve racking. To feel, when the sun sweeps down to its base, that you may not look upon it again! To ache for relief from the sordidness of it all, yet to be held to a rigid, inexorable course of duty! Maddening, to me, was the misguided contumely of good people, to whom my work was a monstrous presumption.

A German Plot

In my office, alone, moody and dejected, I received a report one evening that Hunk Stratton, a negro bully, had sold a pint of wood alcohol to an unsuspecting soldier, who had been made desperately ill by it. I had heard of Hunk; defiant, surly, he seemed to believe that his viciousness cowed the law. And when I determined to go after him I felt somehow that the consequence to one of us would be grave. In that frame of mind I drove, alone, into Dark Hollow, where he lived. The negroes of that section knew my car as well as they knew me. Wherever it stopped a crowd gathered. So when I rolled slowly up to the curb near Hunk's sandwich shop I quickly had an audience.

Hunk, standing behind a little counter, saw me, revolver in my hand, approaching him and he ran through the building and out into the night. Then his boasts, his threats, his whole perversity were borne into my mind by heated blood. I shot as I followed, but without once catching sight of him.

More than a hundred negroes had gathered on the sidewalk, some ugly, others morbidly curious. My men were assembled at headquarters when the report of the riot was telephoned. They rushed to the scene, but I had gone back to my office.

I was painfully tired when I sat down at my desk, still alone. The light hurt my eyes. The air seemed to weigh me down. My body was sensitive to the contact of the furniture. I was sick at heart. Strange influences shaped my fancy. I longed to die.

Hours later, led by a medical officer who had met them on the street, my men entered the office. My reason temporarily had been destroyed. To me they were floating figures, unrecognizable, inconsequential. The convulsion of emotion through which I had passed had paralyzed the nerves of my face, and my lips, twisted out of shape, were fixed.

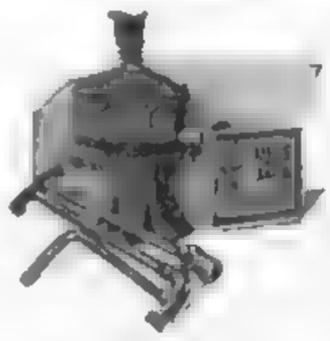
Later, when I had recovered but was yet unnormal, Scott, sitting on my bedside, whispered with a queer little smile on his lips: "The niggers have given you another nickname, general—Dynamite!"

But my greatest trial was near at hand. Loyal devotees of the I. W. W. were snooping round the cotton plantations of the South in furtherance of a post-bellum scheme of the irrepressible boche. In the back yard of our obstreperous neighbor, Mexico, the scheme had been perfected. Simultaneously with the capture of Paris by "my victorious armies" the dark deed was to be couped—a Mexican expeditionary force of some forty-odd thousand heterogeneities was to march on El Paso and other Southwestern cities! Then, at the psychological moment, the negroes, previously organized and properly incited, were to exterminate the white people. Nothing daunted by the defeat of "my victorious armies" the agents of the I. W. W. proceeded with their plan.

Ed Bradford's farm was a desolate spot. An old cowshed, about one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, located on a convenient hill, adorned its wastes. There the negroes met every Saturday night to dance, and, when the I. W. W. agents filtered through, to plan—and wait, and get drunk.

Farmers reported the meetings to me, but I did not take their alarm seriously

No need to borrow from a fellow-motorist when you have a Rees Jack aboard that's equal to any emergency.



Here is a Rees No. 1—the Passenger Car Model. The Jack, folding-handle and all, comes in the small carton of orange-and-black design. Stows away just as conveniently in any tool box.

The Double Worm Gear Drive, a powerful lifting mechanism, is exclusively a Rees Jack feature.

Rees Jacks are standard on:
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When a Fellow Needs—A Rees

"Good old Jimmy!—here he comes with that Rees he was demonstrating for my benefit just the other day. 'Regular He-Jack,' he called it! Was he right when he told me I'd soon learn the importance of having a real lifting tool aboard? I'll say he was!—I won't be caught again!"

You can always depend upon the Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jack to lift the load surely and so easily. Yes, or the emergency overload—Rees ratings are well under capacity. It is also the Jack that doesn't force you to share in the dirty-work. Note the long folding-handle that assists you to place the Rees under the axle and operate it while standing.

Your dealer probably has the Passenger Car Model; if not, send check to us or money order, and his name and address, and we will supply you at once, prepaid. Price—$9.00; west of the Rockies, $9.50.

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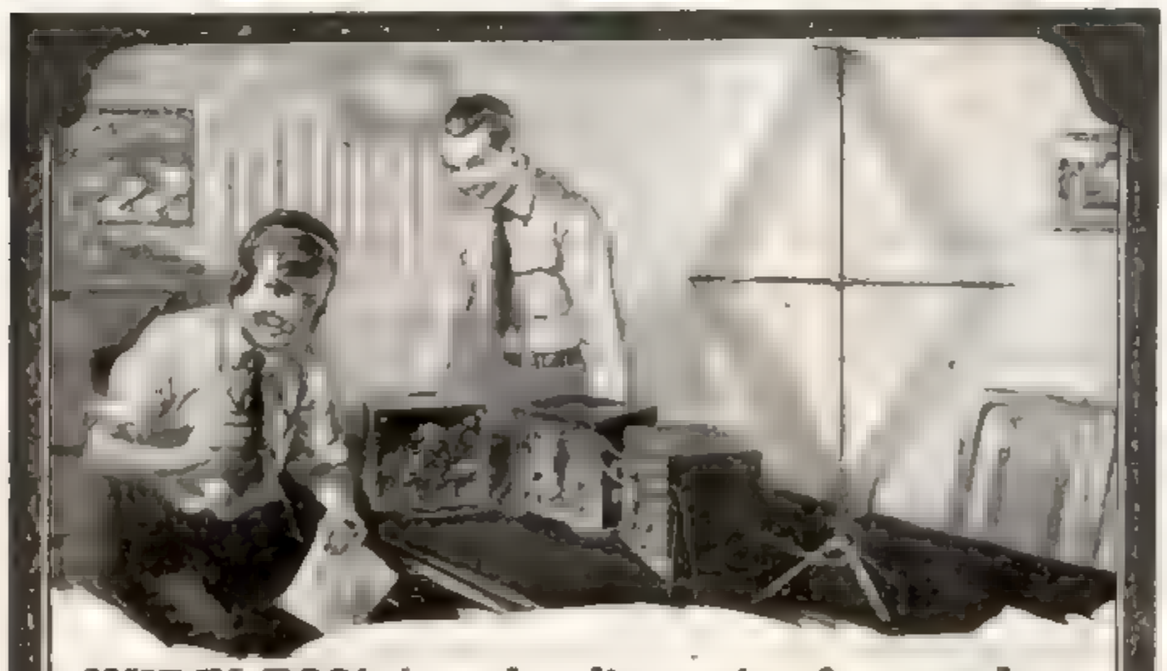

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Gilbert Radio outfits are right up-to-date, designed by an expert, a wireless officer of the U. S. Army during the war. The Wireless Book in each outfit tells the location of the Government stations—when they send messages—how to receive them. It gives the wireless code. And the powerful Gilbert station at New Haven sends messages to boys every day.

Write today for our special Radio Catalog and name of the dealer who sells these outfits in your city.

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until one night as I viewed the shameful record of six hours' work—three bootleggers and six unmentionables—the constable came into my office, followed by two of his men with the news: "The niggers is totin' guns out at Ed Bradford's and we need you!"

This was startling information. When the rumors of an uprising reached me several weeks before I had discussed the matter with the general. While not inclined to believe such an occurrence possible, he advised me to take no action until the civil authorities had requested me to do so. So the issue was a clear one. My detachment had been reduced to its original strength, with the exception of Corporal O'Neal, whom I had retained. At twelve-thirty, twenty-six strong, we raced away from Mena in two commandeered automobiles.

At two o'clock we reached the outskirts of Ed Bradford's place. Our progress had been slow, for the only redeeming feature of the road was the absence of M. P.'s at cross sections—I had them all with me. We parked in the woods three hundred yards south of the hill, and a quick reconnaissance by Sergeant Scott and myself revealed the following disheartening facts: The strength of the negroes exceeded five hundred; their supply of white mule was, or seemed, unlimited; four barbed-wire fences guarded the approaches; they were armed; they would undoubtedly fight. Summarized, I faced about eight platoons of mad negroes with little more than a corporal's guard.

"How much ammunition have we, sergeant?"

"About one hundred and fifty rounds, sir," he replied.

In order to observe the most approved conduct of our best generals under similar circumstances I retired to the brush to meditate. Shades of Infantry Drill Regulations! "Success in battle is the ultimate object of all military training; success may be looked for only when the training is intelligent and thorough." I felt I could qualify on that ground. "Infantry is quickly consumed in battle." Encouraging thought! Then, last of all and most important: "Responsibility stimulates the right kind of a soldier."

"We'll tackle 'em," I decided without enthusiasm.

Now it must be remembered that I was commanding seasoned veterans of the Meuse-Argonne, and four silver chevrons had sprouted upon my defenseless sleeve before this occasion required I should become a strategist. The men, as men will under such circumstances, looked to me for guidance. Even Scott was silent.

High up on the hill, eighty-five feet at the summit, we saw a large bonfire, in the light of which some eighty-odd negroes were grouped. Only one conclusion was possible: They were shooting craps. On our extreme left Nature provided a convenient clump of trees. Genius flared at once.

A Battle Against Odds

"Men," I said, turning to my stalwarts, "we're in for it. We're outnumbered about thirty to one, and I won't force you into it without help unless you say the word, but if it's just the same to you—we'll tackle 'em like we are. I think we can turn the trick."

The vote was unanimous, spontaneous.

"Well," I continued, "you will not shoot except in self-defense. Then, unless imperative to do otherwise, into the ground. Corporal O'Neal, you will take your men in skirmish formation behind me into the cover of those trees. Keep about twenty yards on my left. Sergeant Scott, you will accompany me until we reach the crest of the hill, then take a position about twenty yards on my right."

The sheriff and his men approached from the opposite direction.

The seat of my pants argued matters somewhat with the barbed wire as we went over, but my embarrassment was lessened when, glancing down the line, I saw more than half my army struggling under similar difficulties.

Finally we got over—unseen. Corporal O'Neal brought the men up as directed, halting within sixty yards of the crap game, still unseen.

Advancing into the open, an automatic in my right hand, with Scott close by, under the wide and starry skies, we challenged the negroes:

"Lie down! You're surrounded!"

For a very painful moment they hesitated, and then—before we quite realized what had happened—they opened fire.

I stood there, pathetically, wondering what to do. That barrage of lead failed to touch me, but my baptism of fire, for such it was, disturbed my faculties. Scott ducked and rolled to his post unharmed.

Sergeant Scott and Corporal O'Neal, joys of my heart, had a Croix-de-Guerre idea at that moment: in the cowshed they penned in more than three hundred men, Scott guarding one entrance and O'Neal the other. Bullets flew through the roof and my heart sickened at the thought that the negroes might be killing each other in their panic. Those on the outside ran like wild men, back and forth, here and there, shooting at random.

"Lie down, damn you, lie down!" I shouted again and again, firing into the ground. Few obeyed.

Imagine my amazement, in the heat of the fight, when I saw Doherty, one of the privates, hurl a brick at a burly negro, striking him amidships, go after that same brick again and toss it at the next offending head! I learned, after it was all over, that he had forgotten to bring his automatic, our leave of Mena had been so sudden.

The Procession of Prisoners

When he passed me in the pursuit of this exciting occupation I turned toward the shed—just in time to see Sergeant Scott, backing away, snap an empty pistol at an enraged armed negro, who, advancing from within, was about to shoot him. The negro, spotting me, fired twice as I ran up, but missed. Then he wheeled to protect himself against Scott, who rushed at him barehanded. I fired, killing him, poor devil!

Then came the stampede. One long, lanky son of sin passed me like the wind.

"Halt!" I ordered, waving my then empty weapon.

"Don't shoot, boss! Don't shoot!" he implored, still running. "I cain't halt!" He couldn't, either. The fear of God was in his heart.

We lost many prisoners in that stampede, but after thirty-three minutes of hand-to-hand fighting, one hundred and forty-nine negroes lay on the ground, not dead, but scared stiff, their hands well up in the air. They presented a gruesome picture in the light of that dying bonfire and the full glow of the moon, but though more than three hundred shots were exchanged between us only one had been killed outright, only one badly wounded, and to the greatest joy my heart has ever known I had not a single casualty. It was a miracle; there were bruised faces, bleeding noses and teeth missing by the score, but nothing more serious on our side.

The dead man was carried back to Mena in an automobile and after lining up the prisoners in two columns, the long hard march to the city jail began. Not since the Civil War had the populace of that peaceful, law-abiding county witnessed such a sight. Sergeant Scott led the column. Corporal O'Neal brought up the rear. I took the center, and two other men, all we could spare for the detail, assisted me. Without the slightest difficulty that mob of men could have exterminated us, by sheer weight of numbers if in no other manner. Every mile or so one or two would grumble and mutter threats, and it was necessary, upon the instant, to silence them by methods sanctioned only in war.

Following the railroad tracks near by as much as possible, we took the hike in two stages, arriving at the outskirts of the city just before daylight.

The chief of police, whose amazement knew no bounds, got the judge out of bed. Court was held immediately. Charged with disturbing the peace, the mob was disposed of at seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents a head, a price I could never understand, a procedure that was equally inexplicable.

As soon as the last man had been sentenced I surrendered to the provost marshal of the cantonment, whom I had summoned by phone.

Nominally under arrest, I remained within the confines of the camp for a few days only, for after an official from Washington had come down in person to investigate the affair, which was, by the way, quickly followed by an uprising of the negroes at another point, I was exonerated. I had had enough. My transfer to another post, with promotion to executive work only, followed shortly.

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Anderson's unquestioned reputation for fine body-building is maintained chiefly through the most painstaking, careful work, even to the last detail.

For instance, the unusual finish on Anderson bodies is produced by the most conscientious work, involving twenty-one separate and distinct hand processes. Each coat of paint and varnish is pumiced and hand rubbed so that in finish, too, a result is obtained usually associated with bodies on only the very highest priced cars.

These wonderful Anderson bodies are combined with the superior Anderson chassis carefully assembled of standardized units. Soft cushions of real leather, extra long springs, and ample wheelbase give complete comfort. Procurable in six models as follows:

Convertible Roadster . . .	$2,195	Five-passenger Touring . .	$2,145
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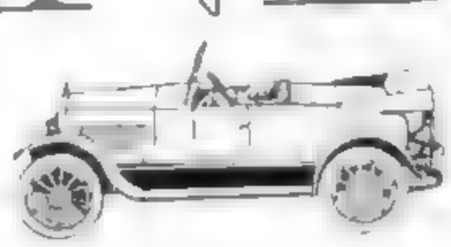

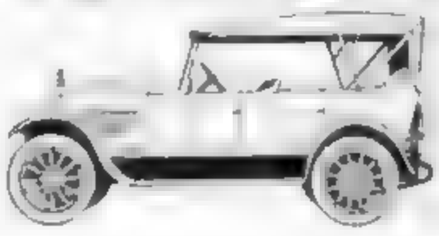

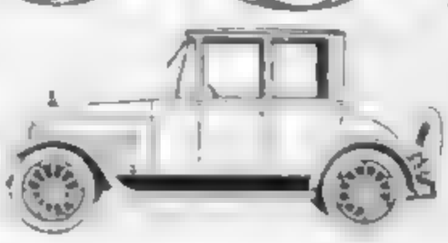

When Bread Helps Pay the Bill

MOTHERS—there's a new way of saving on your food bills, it's to eat more Bread. A great food authority says: "The American family spends approximately one-tenth of its food money for Bread and derives more than one-fourth of its food energy therefrom."

That means out of every dollar you now spend on Food, you spend ten cents on bread—and you get more than one-quarter of food energy from Bread. Your food dollar is divided thus:

$0.10 for Bread pays for ¼ energy or $0.10 each ¼
$0.90 for other Food pays for ¾ energy or $0.30 each ¼
$1.00 Total

Now *double* the amount of Bread you eat . . . eat two slices of Bread instead of one, and this is the way you'll save money on Food:

$0.20 for Bread pays for ½ energy or 10c each ¼
$0.60 for other Food pays for ½ energy or 30c each ¼
$0.80 Total

You thus save 20c on each Food Dollar. If your weekly food bill amounted to $15.00 you can save $3.00 each week by using *more* Bread in place of other expensive foods. Is there any other way you can save $3.00 a week on your food and live so well? . . .

Bread is your best food—eat *more* of it.

Nearly all Bakers use
Fleischmann's Yeast
because it makes the best Bread

REFUGE

(Continued from Page 19)

"The hell!" said Mrs. Roberts, and laughed.

"This Irish hen must know the kid. She says all the boys come here for eats. Well, she can tell you what kind of mutt he is and ——"

"Gimme a match." Mrs. Roberts drawled.

"What you think we ought to get?" said Roberts. "Fifty thousand?"

"Well, it's a shame to take anything we do get, Dicky," the woman answered after a while. "I expect Newlin'll come through pretty handsome. He can't prove a thing without me. It's a low-down trick, though. I wish it was supper time."

Roberts grunted, and glass clicked on the edge of glass. The woman laughed.

"Oh, if you'd been on a diet of beef stew and oatmeal soup for seven years!"

"There's the kid comin' up the hill," he broke in. "Say, he's as dopey as if he was a snowbird."

"Homesick, Dicky. Those Scotch ginks were good to him. He's a ringer for May. A pretty nice kid."

"He don't like me so much it hurts him," Roberts jeered.

Maggie could take no risks. She got her bulk downstairs and was busy in the kitchen when Laurence trotted in.

"Mr. Mulcahy was awfully nice. He took me in the gymnasium and ——"

"Mulcahy's a good fellow, deary. Sit down and mash them potatoes up. And did he show you the boathouse and all?"

"Yes, and he says I look like a fellow—Jerry—something."

"You do in a kind of a way look like a boy that's in school. There's the potato masher, darlin'. Did you ever live in Detroit, now?"

"I don't think so. 'Course I lived all over when I was a kid."

"An' how was that? Better put on an apron or you'll be spottin' your pants, lamb."

"Well, there was the company, and it went all over, you see, and ——"

"What kind of comp'ny was this, deary?"

Laurence chewed his lip and the dimple below it went flat in the brown skin. He frowned.

"I guessed it was a circus or a theater company. Well, it went all over, and perhaps I did live in Detroit."

In a while she asked him what his father's business was, but Laurence was not sure. Anyhow, he said, his parents had to live in England a good deal. That was why he had been sent to the Mackays at Poughkeepsie. Maggie arranged her thoughts while dinner was being eaten. Now that they were downstairs, the Robertses talked gently and genially in their false voices, and Laurence was petted by both of them, but the boy was silent and shy, Maggie could hear from her kitchen. He said so little that his mother asserted he must be sleepy, and he was sent to bed at eight. The Robertses went upstairs shortly after. Maggie dumped the plateful of cigarette stubs in the kitchen stove and sat twisting her hands. It was plain that these people knew all about Newlin and Gerald. There was crime, black crime, underneath their dressed-up outsides. They had brought Gerald's brother here for some purpose. Suddenly it came to her that they meant to get hold of Gerald by means of this other lad and hold him for ransom. Mr. Newlin would give many of his millions to get his son back. Maggie took her shawl from its hook on the kitchen door. The head master of Saint Andrew's was her fountain of authority. She knew no law superior to his will. She turned the lamps down and was opening the front door when Laurence cried out above her in a sharp voice of fright, and at once there was a noise of feet running on the road. Roberts stamped through the connecting door and asked roughly what the hell was the matter. Maggie hustled upstairs. In the hall she paused. The boy was talking.

"But there was someone! I saw him! He ——"

"Look out the window, Sade, and see if ——"

"There ain't a soul," Mrs. Roberts declared. "He was dreaming. You were dreaming it, Larry."

"Oh, I wasn't, mother, honest!"

Maggie went into the room where Laurence was sitting up in bed, wide eyed, and Roberts was regarding him. In pale blue pyjamas and standing straight, she saw that the man was not middle-aged but quite young, and his eyes without the dark glasses were rat's eyes, quick and roving.

"Larry thought he saw a man looking in the window, Mrs. Sheehan. Sorry he disturbed you. There's no way a man could get up of course?"

"By standin' on the honeysuckle trellis, there is."

"I did see him!" Laurence cried. "He had a soft hat and ——"

"You were dreaming, son," said Roberts, his throat moving fast.

Maggie waited below until the rooms were quiet again, and then left the cottage. There was almost no moon as yet, but the stars were competent to show her that some tendrils of the honeysuckle were loosed from the trellis. She crossed herself and walked down the hill into the valley. A few specks of light shone in the terrible darkness about the school buildings. When she came to the gray stone arch of the gate she breathed more happily, and made her way to the head master's white-porticoed house. Doctor Amberly let her in himself, and tossed his cap back on the hall table.

"I was just coming up to see you. What's this Mulcahy tells me about a ——"

"It's Jerry Newlin's image he is, Your Reverence. And so's she, and I'm scared to the very death of it."

Maggie poured her story out in gulps and gasps. She was not used to walking by night with fear dogging her steps. Doctor Amberly pulled his grim upper lip low.

"It sounds bad, Maggie. You say the boy's been living in ——"

"Poughkeepsie, sir. I'm tellin' it like you was a priest, sir, and makin' up no words."

"Thank you, Maggie."

He brought her a glass of sherry and soon Maggie got back some courage. It was possible that the Boston police were watching these people. Amberly nodded.

"That business about the man at the window looks as though they were being watched. Tell me what she was saying to him when you listened—about eating beef stew."

"An' oatmeal soup, sir. She said she'd been on a diet of beef stew an' oatmeal soup for sivin years, and indeed she don't look like a healthy kind of woman. She's that pale—like she was some kind of conservathory flower, like ——"

Amberly slapped his palms together.

"By Jove, that's it! Prison! Beef stew and oatmeal soup! Prison! She's been in prison seven years. That's why the boy's been living with these Scotch people. You see?"

"You mean to say I've a jailbird woman livin' in my house?"

"We've got to keep her there until Newlin can get here too. Maggie, you'll have to keep your head. They're playing some game. I don't think it's kidnaping. I think they want the two boys to meet somehow. They have proof that this other chap is Newlin's son, you see? They'll probably sell him to Newlin. That's it."

Maggie shed tears over the wickedness of mankind, and was heartened with more sherry. The head master walked about, snapping his fingers and pondering.

"All you can do is to pretend you don't suspect anything. I'll walk back with you and telegraph Newlin. He can get here in two days. Come ahead. They may think it's funny you're out of the house."

On the way uphill he advised her about dissimulation, and she wondered how a clergyman happened to know so much about lying as an art. But she hated to desert him, and when they came abreast of her cottage she saw with shivers that the rooms were no longer lit. It was somehow worse to think of being in a dark house with these plotters than in light.

"They've gone to bed, sir. Couldn't I walk down to the telegraph office with you?"

"Go to bed and keep your nerve, Maggie," Doctor Amberly chuckled.

The cottage was so still that she wished a mouse would scrabble to break the silence, and dimly in the upper hall she could see the door of Laurence's room ajar, but his breath was inaudible, and Maggie went to her own room, where she was turning down her bed when someone shouted at the gate of the yard and she knew Amberly's voice. He strode in when she unlocked the front door, and demanded a lamp.

DIXON'S ELDORADO is made in 17 different leads—from 6B the very softest to 9H the very hardest.

The leads differ according to your need or preference, but ease of writing, smoothness, and faithfulness to grade are characteristic of them all—*always!*

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"the master drawing pencil"

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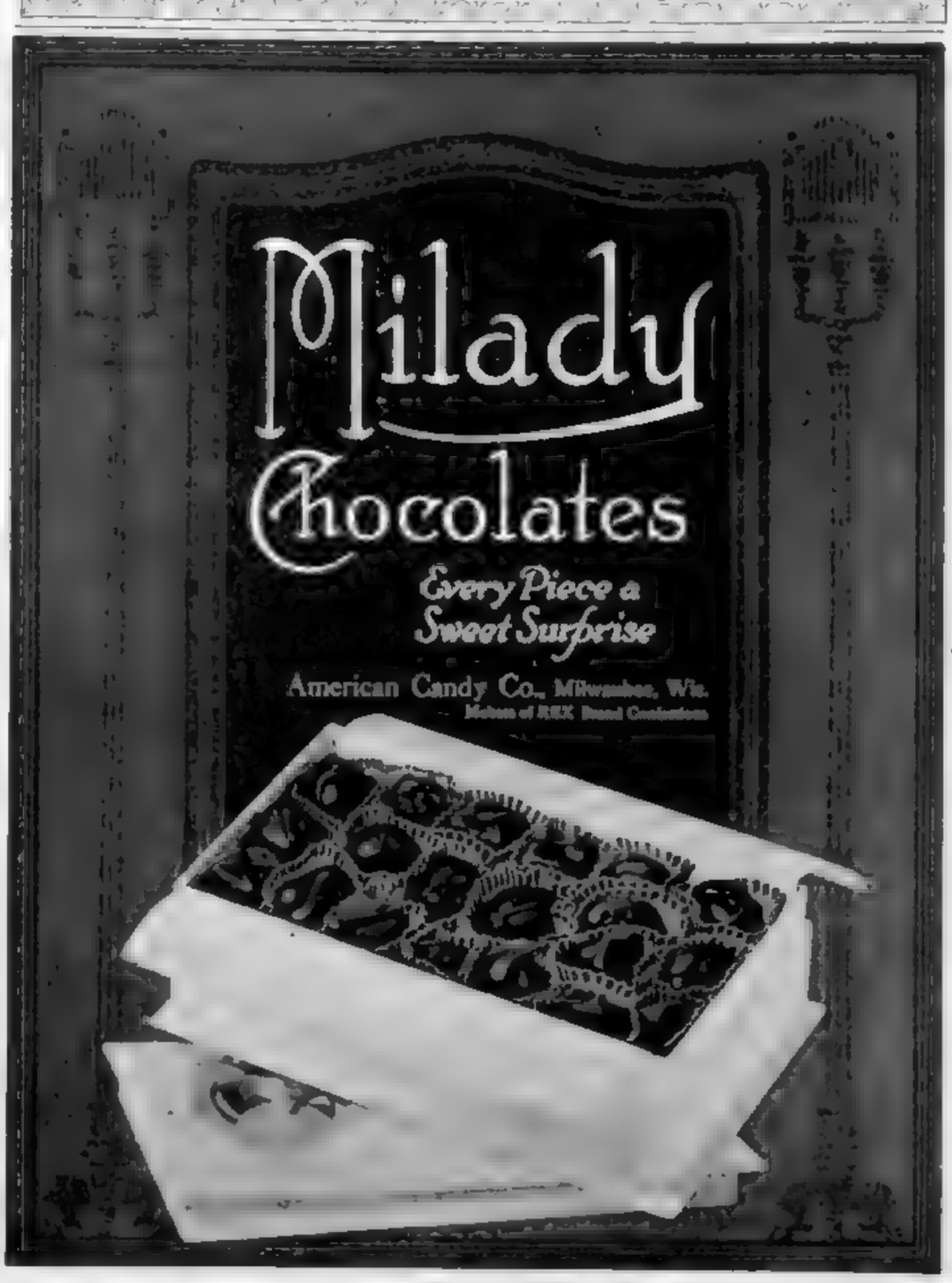

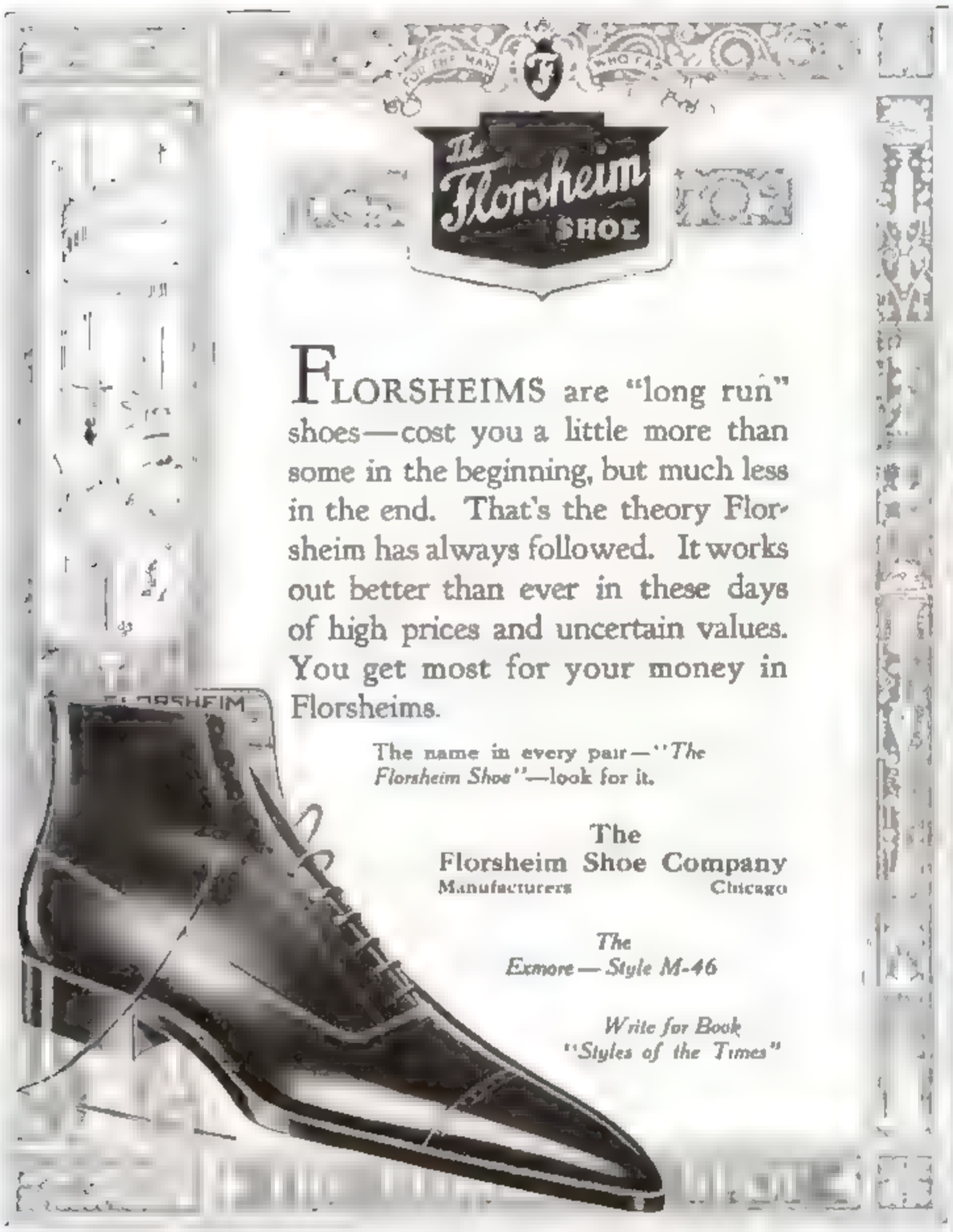

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LIFT *the* DOT *Fasteners*

"I was sending the telegram to Newlin when the ticket agent said a boy and a man and woman had just taken the New York train. Let's see if they're in their rooms. He said the boy looked like Jerry Newlin. Did they have trunks?"

The Robertses had left one small trunk, the only one they had brought from the hotel, and it was largely full of the woman's stuff—negligees of price, silk underclothes, boxes of powder and cigarettes, but in a corner under some rolled stockings Doctor Amberly found a packet of crisp, smooth five-dollar bills.

"Exactly," he said, frowning; "counterfeiters."

Maggie did not care. Laurence had left his pyjama jacket on his tumbled bed, and she was holding it to her breast. New York was a whirlpool of folk in which the boy would be lost, and he was quite innocent—he had done no harm. He was dragged about by these sinners as a pawn in some wicked game. She wailed for him in the manner of her race. He was Gerald's brother, who looked like Shamus Taggart of County Mayo, and a boy was a boy.

Two days later Doctor Amberly sent his carriage to fetch her to his house, and Maggie found Mr. Newlin there. The motor king listened gravely and thanked her when she had finished her story. A young man at a table made notes and another man asked her innumerable questions about the Robertses. She understood that this was a detective when he looked for the labels in the clothes she had been told to bring. But there were no labels, and he laughed softly.

"You see, sir, they're pretty wise. It looks like a woman called Sadie Keep. She got out of Auburn about five months ago. Now the Mackays say that he used to talk about Aunt Sadie when they had him first."

"I don't know about Sadie," said Mr. Newlin. "My—wife had a sister Cora. She was an actress. She was two years older than my wife."

"Much resemblance?"

"I can't say. I never saw her. She was acting in Canada when—this happened."

"You never saw her?"

"Never," Mr. Newlin said thickly. "But she was everlastingly writing my wife for money."

He reached for the white pyjama jacket and spread it across his knees. Maggie saw the detective hesitate, trimming a cigar.

"Mrs. Newlin was never on the stage, sir?"

"No. She sang well, though. I used to think she might have taken that up when she left me."

"That would account for the boy's talk about this company to the Mackays. His mother and Aunt Sadie belonged to a company. But he remembered someone telling him that his mother was dead. You're sure this boy called the Roberts woman mother, Mrs. Sheehan?"

"He did indeed, sir. But I don't think he was mightily lovin' her for all that, though she spoke nice to him."

Maggie twisted her hands. She could hardly sit still for pity, while Newlin was stroking the white jacket and Doctor Amberly blew his nose so often.

"Well, Sadie Keep went to Auburn for a confidence game she worked with a man named Dicky Harrison. He got away. I think this is Harrison and the Keep woman. They can't tell me much about her in New York. Mrs. Roberts called her husband Dicky, Mrs. Sheehan? Yes? Well, all the tracing back through the Mackays comes to this, Mr. Newlin—they got the boy through a society for homeless kids. He was found locked up in a bedroom in a bum hotel in Albany. The woman who brought him there had just taken the room and had gone out after she put him in bed. Now the Mackays swallowed this yarn of Mrs. Roberts' about having been knocked down by a car in Albany and hurt so that she lost track of the boy, and turned him over to her. That's all they know. They're a pair of precious fools as far as I can see. Good-hearted and all that. I think I'd better get into Boston and do some wiring."

Newlin nodded. Maggie edged out of the room after a little, and Doctor Amberly drove her home. All trace of the Roberts party was lost, as she had feared. They had changed trains cleverly at Providence, evading the Federal agent on their trail who had frightened them from Maggie's cottage. Roberts had been known as Jones in the New York hotel where he passed counterfeit money. Maggie's brain ached with the weight of names and crimes.

"An' what ailed these Scotch folk that they'd give up little Laurence to anny such woman as that? This Mrs. Mackay must have no sense at all, sir. Anny woman could see she was not good for the boy to be with. Oh, it's a sin and a shame, and him so young and all. Handed round like he was a dollar bill and never gettin' any rest. An' his poor father sittin' holdin' his bit of a shirt like that."

"Maggie," said Doctor Amberly, "I never saw a woman get as many tears out of a thing in my life. Cheer up. They haven't told Jerry anything."

He sent her notes of progress whenever there was news from Mr. Newlin, and she learned that the Robertses had been seen in Philadelphia, then in Trenton. But Easter vacation slipped past, and it was the day when school was to open before any thrilling note came. Doctor Amberly brought word himself. A hotel clerk in Hartford had become suspicious of bills changed by a Mr. Curtis and his wife. The couple had tried to leave the hotel when their rooms were being watched. They had resisted arrest and the man had been killed. A boy supposed to be their son had dropped from a fire escape and fled. The woman was in a Hartford hospital and Newlin had gone there.

"And when was all this, sir?"

"Night before last. Now you're to be very careful to say nothing to Jerry."

"As if I was likely to be tellin' him his own mother's a ——"

"We'll hope it isn't his mother, but her sister, the actress, or someone else."

The motors and carryalls bore the returning school past her garden all afternoon. Maggie sat on the porch and waved or called to her favorites. Gerald drove by toward sunset with some others from the New York train, and whistled to Maggie, making her eyes water. Her niece had come home in the morning and gabbled about her visit in Dorchester. Maggie longed to tell her all this mad history, but refrained. Veronica was young and inclined to chatter. This was the school's business and not to be spilled about the village tea tables.

"I've had a nice quiet time," she lied.

That night she was shaving chocolate for next day's cakes and singing dolefully The Rakes of Mallow when a motor stopped, and she went to let Mr. Newlin in. Under the parlor lamps he had a look of relief, though his eyes were fierce and his mouth was set into the harsh arc of a resolve.

"I ran up from Hartford to see Jerry for a minute. I want to tell you, though, that it wasn't my wife. It must have been her sister Cora. She was dead before I got there."

"Oh, praise be to God—I mean that she wasn't your wife, sir. But is there no news of the boy at all?"

Newlin grimaced as if something hurt him.

"That's the worst—no. The police were smashing in the doors of the rooms in the hotel where they were caught. Roberts—whatever his name was—fired a revolver through the door and they fired back—the fools. Well, some people in the street saw the boy get down the fire escape and run off. It was after midnight. They're looking for him at Poughkeepsie. I'm having advertisements put in all the papers. If he sees a paper he'll know where to come. I should think he'd head back to his Scotch friends at Poughkeepsie. You don't think he knows about Jerry, do you?"

"Not unless his moth—that woman told him after they'd gone from here. Oh, sir, he'll maybe be too scared to go into anywhere to buy a paper. You ought to put criers out callin' for him in the lanes like."

"Unless I get some word pretty soon I shall. I'm going into Boston now. They've picked up a boy there, but they think he's older. Good night, Mrs. Sheehan."

His great motor carried him off down the road. Maggie wept a while and prayed to such saints as have the lost in keeping. Her niece went to bed and snored above, and the school bell said it was ten, then eleven, while she sat thinking about Laurence running away from safety into fresh dangers. When she went to put out the lamp in the parlor the alarm clock in the hall made her know it was almost twelve, and she sighed at the coming of another day.

"For there's no gettin' out of trouble in this world. If it isn't our own it's our friends', and that's near as bad," she murmured, lifting the lamp shade from its three brass prongs. Then she set it back

(Continued on Page 185)

A scientific oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command. You set the wheel—the heat never varies, never fails.

Accurately Measured Cooking Heat

—and how it gives housewives many extra hours for outside recreation

WITH old-time methods, housewives who do their own cooking must almost daily forego afternoons of pleasure in order to have a hot meal at dinner time.

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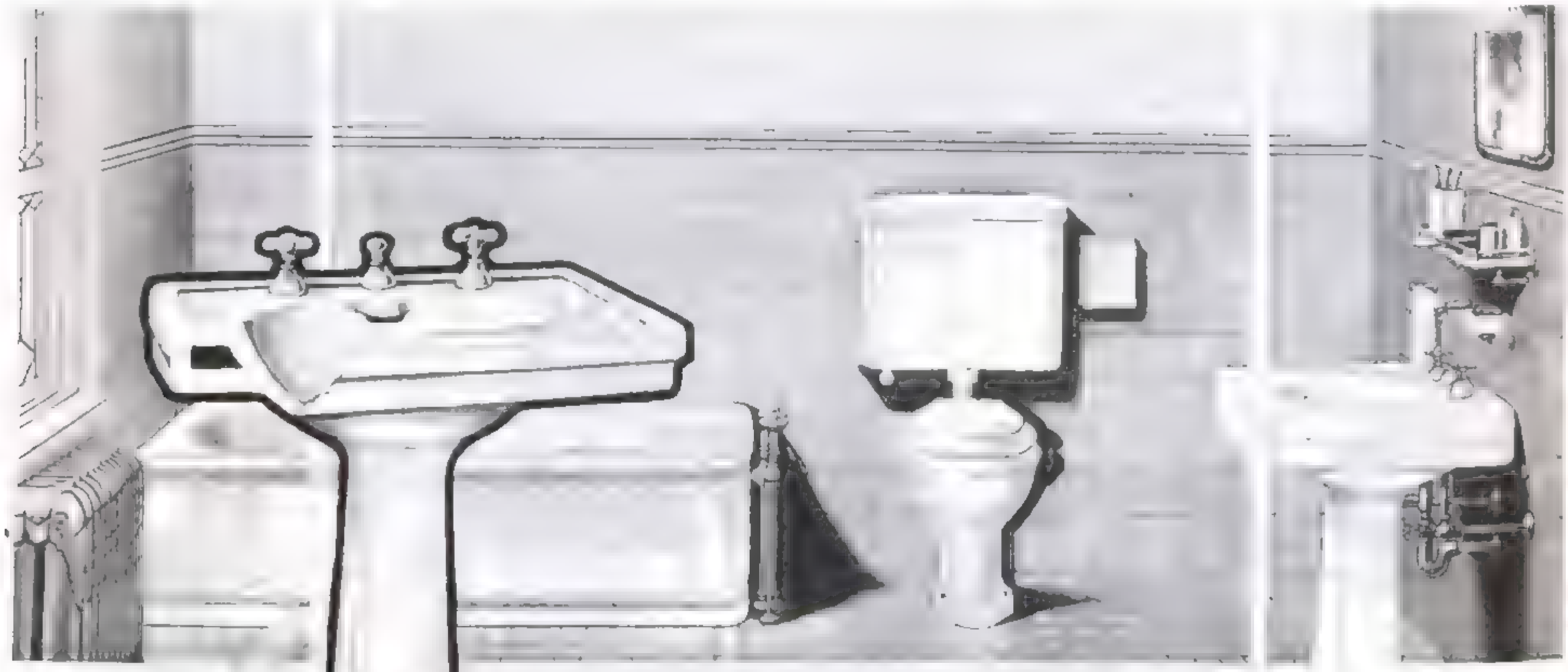

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(Continued from Page 182)

with a jar that unsteadied the lamp flame, since someone had knocked at the front door. Laurence came in slowly and blinked at the light.

"I'm afraid it's very late," he said. "I—I wonder if I could stay here—I mean to-night. I ——"

Maggie mastered the muscles of her throat, and smiled, beaming at him as if nothing surprised her. His clothes were foul with the smell of cars and dust, and all the brightness was gone from his hair. He stood picking at the lid of a sugar bowl on one of the little tables, then laughed emptily.

"Honestly, I haven't done anything, Mrs. Sheehan."

"An' I'm sure you haven't, lamb. Come out in the kitchen and I'll get you some hot cocoa."

"They started hammering on the door," he said, "and father—only he isn't—anyhow he shot at the door. Then Aunt Sadie—you see, she wasn't my mother—and I thought that was funny anyway, because I remember her saying back then that mother was dead. Well, she cried and she gave me some money and said to get to—can't think of it—some point—Rose Point? And I got down the fire escape. She told me to tell him May's buried in Albany. Anyhow, I couldn't think of this man's name, and I kept on running and ——"

The sugar bowl tilted off the table and the lumps rattled on the floor. Laurence sighed.

"I'm very sorry. Well, then I got to a station called Haddam, and I asked for a ticket to Poughkeepsie. Only everyone looked at me, so I got scared and ran off and ——"

"Come out in the kitchen now," she begged, "and sit down, darlin'. I'll look after you. Don't be scared. Maggie'll look after you. So you got on the train and came here? That's fine now. I guess it was to Gross Point your—Aunt Sadie was wantin' to send you."

"I think that was it—some point anyhow, but ——"

He nodded, then his head shook so that his face dimmed into a blur and he slid back against the table, dropped in its shadow. Maggie screamed and knelt down beside him, tearing at his dirty coat. Inside it his shirt was stiff and dark about one shoulder, and the light showed the stain brown as spilled chocolate. Veronica came racing downstairs while she was trying to unbutton the shirt, and shrieked also, but Maggie had got her senses back now.

"Get a bed ready, you silly calf, and get the extract out of my closet. They've gone and shot him, among them. Hurry, will you now, and don't stand there like you was dumb!"

Her niece proved ineffective. Maggie grunted at women generally, and somehow lugged him up the stairs. But the clotted scar under his arm made her sick when she got him to bed.

"Is he dead?" the niece squeaked from the hallway.

"No fault of anyone in the world he ain't. Get your shoes on and run down to the school and tell 'em I want the doctor and ——"

"I'd like a ticket to Framlingham, Massachusetts," said Laurence civilly to the ceiling.

The light had waned in his eyes, which were glazed now and made Maggie think of her husband at his end. She drew herself up from the bedside. If he was dying he must have his brother there, and Doctor Amberly.

"Keep rubbin' his face with the extract and don't let him set up"

"I'm frightened of him," Veronica whimpered.

"You do what I say, and don't leave him!"

Maggie pushed the girl into the room, and ran downstairs, then—without a shawl—down the hill. Age and fear made her legs tremble, and she was conscious of blundering against the wayside brush now and then.

As Maggie ran she prayed aloud. When she got to the school gates there was no light in any building, and she could not see which was the head master's house, but it seemed best to scream for Jerry Newlin. She wabbled along the gravel drive and screamed so that windows went suddenly red here and there, and heads were black against this glow. Voices rose and roared and a boy in white night clothes trotted over the grass to her.

"What is it, Maggie? I'm Jerry."

"Oh, darlin'," said the old woman, "your brother's up to the house and them fools have gone and shot him and he's dyin' maybe and I want a doctor."

Therewith the whole world exploded like a firecracker, and Maggie was blown off to somewhere noiseless.

When noises commenced again she was sitting on the floor of Doctor Amberly's drawing-room with a taste of sherry in her mouth. Morning light was coming through the windows and the head master was watching her politely.

"I'm afraid you fainted," he said.

"I'm sorry to give Your Reverence all the trouble. I ain't fainted since I was fifteen and someone set a dog on me for a joke. And—did you send a doctor to look at him?"

"They've got two specialists from Boston, and three trained nurses, so I fancy he'll be well looked after."

"And where've they got all this army, sir? In my house? I must see what they're doin' to the lamb."

She was aching in all her joints, and her appearance in the hall mirror appalled her. She did not look like a respectable tea shop keeper or an honest gardener's widow. The dogcart carried her back to the cottage, where a strange woman in a nurse's cap asked her what she wanted, and the parlor smelled of drugs like a store.

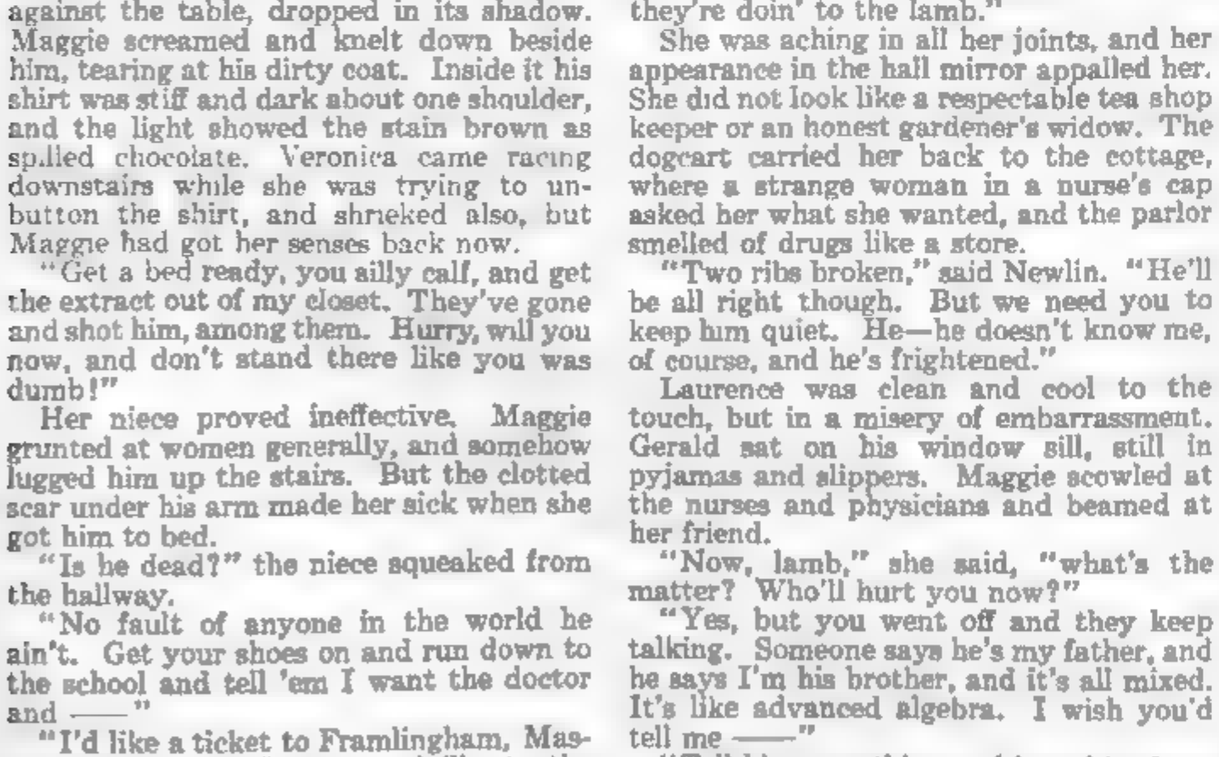
"Two ribs broken," said Newlin. "He'll be all right though. But we need you to keep him quiet. He—he doesn't know me, of course, and he's frightened."

Laurence was clean and cool to the touch, but in a misery of embarrassment. Gerald sat on his window sill, still in pyjamas and slippers. Maggie scowled at the nurses and physicians and beamed at her friend.

"Now, lamb," she said, "what's the matter? Who'll hurt you now?"

"Yes, but you went off and they keep talking. Someone says he's my father, and he says I'm his brother, and it's all mixed. It's like advanced algebra. I wish you'd tell me ——"

"Tell him something and keep him from getting excited," a doctor whispered.



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Simply squeeze a small quantity of Shavaid out of the sanitary collapsible tube and spread it over your dry beard with the tips of your fingers. Then apply your favorite lather with your brush, as usual. But do not rub the lather in.

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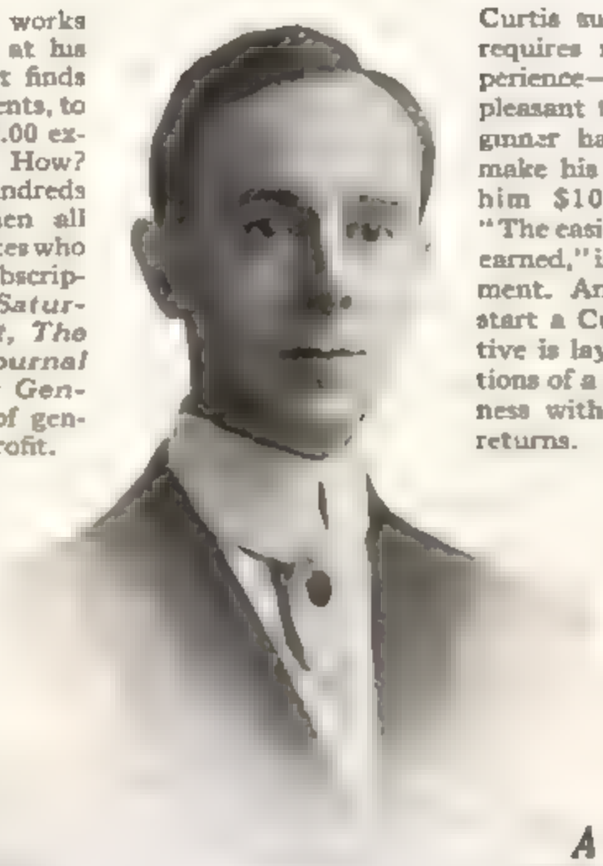

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"Well now, there's nothin' hard to it, lamb. Mr. Newlin's your father and that's your brother Jerry—a silly kind of boy. And you live out in Detroit and your pa he makes automobiles."

"Oh," said Laurence, "so that's it? And where's Aunt Sadie and—he wasn't my father then—but where's he?"

"Oh, they've gone off to England," she smiled, "and you're to stay here with me, darlin'."

Laurence looked definitely relieved, and sighed.

"Then, if you please, Mrs. Sheehan, I'd like some cocoa."

He dropped his head back on the pillow and went to sleep. Maggie stalked downstairs and told her niece to boil cocoa. Doctor Amberly was talking to the physicians and Newlin was trying to smoke a cigarette. Her house was no longer her own, it seemed, and Maggie felt aggrieved.

"I don't see why I can't look out for one boy without ten thousand people all sittin' round gettin' mud on my floors," she hinted over her shoulder. "What with counterfeiters and murderers and one thing and another, it takes too much of my time."

"I really don't see why Mrs. Sheehan should be bothered," said Newlin swiftly. "I think we can all get breakfast at the hotel."

Maggie was soothed by this recognition of her rights.

"As you'll get nothin' fit for a Christian stummick at the hotel, you'd best all stay here for breakfast. But after that I've got to get things ready for the boys, and I'll be obliged if ——"

Gerald came trotting downstairs soon to say that Laurence was awake, and she went up. He was feverish and bothered by something.

"It was a man called Newlin I was to tell about May being buried in Albany. Is that my father?"

"Yes, lamb. A nice, quiet gentleman too. You'll be sure and like him."

"And Aunt Sadie said she was Aunt Cora back when we were in the company. Can you understand that? She had such a lot of names. And that man she was with used to be someone else—he danced in the company. Only mother never liked him. She used to tell me about Gratiot Avenue. Where's that?"

"Detroit," Newlin muttered behind her.

"That's in Detroit, lamb," said Maggie.

Laurence accepted this and went on.

"And Aunt Cora used to call mother May. So I expect it's mother that's buried in Albany. But when we were in Albany Aunt Cora said her name was Sadie, and I wasn't to forget it and I didn't. But when she came back and took me away from the Macknys she said she was mother. Then in Hartford and when we were going all those places she kept crying and saying it was a dirty game to play on Newlin—that's father, is it? And he—Dicky—kept saying I was worth a cool million to them. And I don't understand any of it. Can I stay here with you, Mrs. Sheehan?"

"Of course you can, darlin', if you'll drink some cocoa and go off to sleep like a gentleman's son."

"Well, I'll try," Laurence promised.

When he had fallen asleep again Maggie went down to her kitchen and saw by the clock that it was ten. By half past three boys would come trickling in for cake and cocoa, or—now that the weather was warming—for lemonade and pop, and nothing would be ready. She rounded on Amberly.

"I wish to heaven Your Reverence would get all this mess of folks out of my house! I don't know how I'm to look after the boys if I have to do my cooking with the whole world here."

"I'll see that you're left in peace," he assured her. "You won't mind Mr. Newlin and Gerald staying?"

"I've no objection so long as they keep out from underfoot, sir."

The motor king and Gerald kept still as mice while she made chocolate cake and lemon sirup. Her niece swept the muddy floors and by three all was as it should be. The millionaire stole downstairs and tried to give her a check.

"I don't know why you'd be doing the like of that," she said disgustedly, "and him Jerry's brother. Put it in the kitchen stove. And don't be worryin' Larry or he won't get well in time for baseball season. He'll get used to you by and by, sir. 'And there come the boys now, and if you wouldn't mind goin' upstairs? This is their place, and they don't like old people hangin' round. A boy has to have somewheres to go where no one'll bother him, you know, sir. Thank you kindly."

She watched Newlin go up the stairs, and reflected that parents were necessary, of course, but a nuisance if not kept in their place. Then she turned to the inrush of hungry lads and began to talk about important things.

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The Autocar Sales and Service Company

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Autocar

Wherever there's a road

—and give him orange juice every day

93 Doctors' Opinions

About Baby's Food

HERE are some facts about the feeding of children that every mother will be glad to know.

We asked this question of 118 physicians—"What fruit is best for children under three years of age?"

107 mentioned oranges as one of the most beneficial fruits.

93 of the 107, or nearly 87%, designated oranges without referring to other fruits.

"Oranges (juice) form a valuable article in the dietary of the infant and child, and one that is with difficulty replaced by any other fruit," said one.

"I know of no other fruit that is so excellent for the human being from infancy to old age," was another's view.

"Some fruit juice should be given to most healthy children every day. * * * The best fruit juice is that of the orange which should be fresh and sweet." The last is the belief of the renowned Dr. L. Emmett Holt, expressed in his famous book, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

We could add endless comment. But, better than that, we refer you to your own physician. Show him these statements. Ask him what he thinks and be guided by his advice.

Order Sunkist Oranges. You get them sealed in Nature's germ-proof packages. They are uniformly good—tender, sweet and heavy with healthful juice. They are one of the few fresh fruits that you can get *fresh daily the year round* at all first-class stores.

The following is quoted from the "Keep Well Series" circulated by the Government through the Treasury Department, United States Public Health Service.

"Do you know that bottle babies should have orange juice each day after the first month?"

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers

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Also Distributors of Sunkist Lemons and Sunkist Marmalade

200 Recipes by Alice Bradley. Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, has prepared 200 recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons. You can get them all in the *Sunkist Recipe Book*, which we will send free on request. Send a post card for a copy.

Cooking Utensils

Spotless
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OLD Dutch Cleanser quickly and thoroughly cuts the grease and obstinate burnt-in crusts from cooking utensils. Leaves them shining and sanitary.

Reliable, gives better results, saves time and labor. Use it for all household cleaning.

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